Doggy Dogg World

[Snoop Dogg](#)

We'd like to welcome y'all to the fabulous Carolina West
I own this motherfucker and my name is Taa-Dow
Y'all niggas know who I am y'all niggas tearing up shit
But we got something old, and something new for y'all tonight
Put your hands together for Snoop Doggy Dogg
The Dogg Pound, and the fabulous Dramatics[Snoop Doggy Dogg]
It's like everywhere I look, and everywhere I go
I'm hearing motherfuckers trying to steal my flow
But it ain't no thing cause see my nigga Coolio
Put me up on the game when I step through the do'
Ya know, some of these niggas is so deceptive
Using my styles like a contraceptive
I hope ya get burnt, it seems ya haven't learnt
It's the nick nack patty wack, I still got the bigger sack
So put your gun away, run away, 'cause I'm back (why?)
Hit em up, get em up, spit em up, now
Tell me what's going on
It make me want to holler, 'cause my dollars come in ozones
Lone for the break-up, so take off your clothes
And quit trying to spit at my motherfucking hoes
Seaking of hoes, I'll get to the point
You think you got the bomb 'cause I rolled you a joint
You'se a flea and I'm the big Dogg
I'll scratch you off my balls with my motherfucking paws
Y'alls, niggas, better recognize
And see where I'm coming from it's still East Side till I die
Why ask why? As the world keeps spinning to the D-O-Double-G-why[Chorus]
It's a crazy mixed up world, it's a Doggy Dogg World
It's a Doggy Dogg World, it's a Doggy Dogg World
The Dogg's World[Kurupt]
Well if you give me ten bitches then I'll fuck all ten
See my homey Snoop Doggy sipping juice and gin
Don't slip, I'm fo' to set trip, to get papers
Styles vary, packing flavor like Life Savors
Ain't that something, talk shit and I'm dumping
I had your whole fucking block bumping
Don't sweat, but check the technique, I'm unique like China
Ya never find the bomb-a-rama then this Nigga behind ya
So peek-a-boo, clear the way, I'm coming through

One-two, three, you can't see me
I'm a G like that strapped with hit hard tactics
A fucking menace, using hoes like tennis rackets
It's on again, it's on and popping
All I see is green, so there ain't no stopping
I want to see some panties dropping
I'm coming from L.A., she used to chill with Dre up in Compton
(All I ever did was just use that hoe
Show her my dickies, get with these, and kick flows)
I'm dishing out blues, I'm upsetting like bad news
Cut off khakis, french braids, and house shoes
Kurupt, the name's often marked for catching slugs
And I smoke weed for the fuck of it
Ruff and rugged shit, it's unexplanitory how I gets wicked
But it's mandatory that I kick it
Check it, I'm runnin hoes in 94, now must I prove it
Hoes call me Sugar Ray for the way I be sticking and moving
Prepare for a war, it's on, I'm head hunting
Hit the button, and light shit up like Red Dawn
Peep, the massacre from a verbal assassin
Murdering with rhymes packing Tec-9's for some action
You really don't know, do you, you fucking with a hog
You can't do me, I'm going out looney like O-Dog[Chorus][Daz]
Tha Dogg Pound rocks the party (all night long)
Tell when (till the early morn)
It don't stop (and uh) it don't quit (for the)
The Dogg Pound clique (to drop the cavvy Dogg shit)Diggity Daz out of the motherfucking cut once mo'
So grab a seat and grab your gin and juice and check out the flow
I flip flop and serve hoes with a fat dick
Till I die I'm still screaming that (bitches ain't shit)
Now I'm the mack daddy, had he, not known about
The city where I'm from, dumb diddy dumb
As you groove to the gangster shit
The D-O-Double-G the P-O-you-N-D, the gangsta clique
Now as the Pound break it down with the gangsta funk
I can see and I can tell that's what the fuck you want
So I blaze up the chronic, so I can get high
I promise I'll smoke chronic till the day that I die[Chorus]