

# A Doggz Day Afternoon

## Tha Dogg Pound

Yeah, straight up 9 5  
Kurupt the motherfuckin' Kingpin, Dat Nigga Daz  
Creepin' and crawlin' through your hood, smokin'  
Loccin, provokin' punk motherfuckers like this stuff  
What's happenin'?

In the dead of winter is when I kick my coldest phrases  
Mentalist telepathy, lyrically it amazes  
Constructioning thoughts that's as lethal as turpentine  
An expert when I flex rhymes feared like ex-cons  
In my zone you can't even find like Atlantis

Stalk like a prayin' mantis, leavin' battered bodies on the canvas  
The burial ground for clowns open casket  
Trackin' niggas down like fuckin' basset hounds  
Tragic how the mic gets handled, prodigious like a vandal  
On a midnight scandal the scramble like Randall

Abusive when I recite on the stage  
Double access with a brand new motherfuckin' mic  
Now can I grab the microphone and spit some shit  
That's known to blow the mind of Michelangelo's poems  
Clones get crushed like stones I forbid

For rusty motherfuckers to be actin' like they all in  
With the click got checks that shit and once again it's on  
And it's on with the gangsta shit, I create the beats  
That beats the fucks right outta ya speakers amps are blown  
Shown for me to grab the microphone alone  
Like Jodeci, notice see ya self needs help  
The homie style got the strap on deck

Don't neglect the fact I can make you or break you  
Awake you to a new plateau wit' mo' hoes  
Now the paper is made, now don't think twice  
Niggas is gettin' pimped because their game ain't tight  
Now well well, now welcome where the ballers dwell  
Another day, another dollar, Blueberry to sell  
I makes that fast cash, Dat Nigga Daz  
I'm quicker ta out slick ya, blast in half

DPG eliminates the whole area beyond the thought  
Bismemberin', motherfuck surrenderin' who, what, when  
Let's tear shit the fuck up, the homies coolin'  
While you an' ya chest get fuckin' blue an'

Provoke us, survey with the superior focus  
I'm that nigga like Daz, crooked as scoliosis  
S' impossible to survive on my arrival when I arrive  
It's left to ya instinct of survival  
Mashin', cashing in chips I gotta loose sadistic sick mind  
They define it I

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