

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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