(tear 'em Off) Me & My Doggz

Snoop Dogg

The dog saw me and, they tear
They looked liked they try to tear him off
I said, "Oh my God! They want to eat my husband"
I was sittin' at the pound about to eat dinner
Had a hard day at the studio, I was gettin' thinner
My nigga Sparky-O was playin' basketball
And my niggas in the backyard about to squab my Doggz
Dirty [Incomprehensible] gets cream, it's a good scheme
But you know it's all a part of the Corleone team
I squabble Friday 'cos that's what I do
Dogg Pound for life nigga, thought you knew but you didn't
You think I'm kiddin' nigga, my Doggz scrap
They get down for theirs, bring 'em right to the back
Hit the gate, don't wait and ask the homey Nate
He gotta pit named Tiny, mobbin' behind him
Now they've got Michael Corleone
Oh kurupt, he got Lonely the psycho assassin'
He likes to smash on and ain't no need
To reach for heat 'cos you can't get your blast on
Doggz, we keep 'em, busters, we sweep 'em
And when it's time all my Doggz'll bite your momma
We leave you niggas on stuck in paws
And I'ma dedicate this one to my Doggz
Remember that pit, the one I had named Petey
She got killed, so I didn't need him
It's like that, what about Sweetie?
He got killed too, so I didn't need him
It's a cold thang but it's a cold game
But when you with a Corleone name, it's a cold thang
Cold name, cold game ya got to get down
'Cos if you don't, then you can't represent the Pound
Now it's like a sport and if I get caught, I'm right back in court
So I got to keep it on the DL and don't yeezell
But you know, I got tha pit bulls for seezell
So if you want one, get one, holla at'cha boy quick
'Cos I'ma be on the lookout for the sell to them pigs
Ask my little homey, Technique
I 'came Scarface, Corleone killers, baby boy OG
The homey Tray Deee, I give him rock seat

But the rest of the pits, they rollin' with me
We're layin' low in the cut, holstered up in Chino
Scrappy-Du and the crew called the Gambinos
Ma bark and she'll spark up some shit real quick
Just last week, you know what? She bit the shit out of me
[Incomprehensible] bitch is a trick, I had to get cold feet
To get the bitch up off me
And I can't tame her and I can't blame her
That's why I had to name her the top Dogg gamer
Man, it's a shame, nigga got love for y'all
But I got more love for my motherfuckin' Doggz
It's just
Me and my Doggz
Me and my Doggz
Me and my Doggz
Now when it comes to my Doggz, they stay fly like geese
But as for me, I'm Snoop Dogg, I'm soopafly like priest
I unleash my Doggz, then I tilt my brim
I'm 'bout to trip off Locko 'cos he go taken my swim
I think 'cos my creamy low get back to the pound
He gon' be itchin' like hell to put the bite on the clown
And when you look with the frown, he gon' get like 12
And ain't a damn thang that your ass can do
I think it's 'cos he lost his big homey, Don Killer see
Who ran the whole yard and gang banged OP
And leave your ass red and yeah, half-head
He's a damn fool, he'll jack you for your pants leg
Don't beg, you're dead and don't dare show fear
Young gangsta fucked with Scrappy and Red tore off his head
And all the kid do was cry like a bitch
His life was a pit and mine's in the shit
Beware, beware
Sick 'em
It's just me and my Doggz
I keep my heat in my seat, my killers in my backyard
Just in case you niggas wanna fuck and try to act hard
[Incomprehensible] deadly serious
In East Los Angeles and South Central
Where people encounter stray dogs on a daily basis
And often bare the scars to prove them

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