

Don Doggy

Snoop Dogg

[Intro:]We'd like to welcome y'all to the fabulous Carolina West

I own this motherfucker and my name is Taa-Dow

Y'all niggaz know who I am y'all niggaz tearin up shit

But we got somethin old, and somethin new for y'all tongiht

Put your hands together for Snoop Doggy Dogg

The Dogg Pound, and the fabulous Dramatics[Verse One: Snoop Doggy Dogg]It's like everywhere I look, and
everywhere I go

I'm hearin motherfuckers tryin to steal my flow

But it ain't no thang cause see my nigga Coolio

Put me up on the game when I step through the do'

Ya know, some of these niggaz is so deceptive

Usin my styles like a contraceptive

I hope ya get burnt, it seems ya havn'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 goin on

It make me wanna holler, 'cause my dollars come in ozones

Lone for the break-up, so take off your clothes

and quit tryin to spit at my motherfuckin hoes

Seakin of hoes, I'll get to the point

You think you got the bomb 'cause I rolled you a joint

You're a flea and i'm the big Dogg

I'll scratch you off my balls with my motherfuckin paws

Y'alls, niggaz, better recognize

And see where I'm comin from it's still East Side till I die

Why ask why? As the world keeps spinning to the D-O-Double-G-Y[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[Verse Two: Kurupt]Well if you give me ten bitches then I'll fuck all ten

See my homey Snoop Doggy sippin juice and gin

Don't slip, I'm fo' to set trip, to get papers

Styles vary, packin flavor like Life Savors

Ain't that somethin, talk shit and I'm dumpin

I had your whole fuckin block bumpin

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 fuckin menace, usin hoes like tennis rackets
It's on again, it's on and poppin
All I see is green, so there ain't no stoppin
I wanna see some panties droppin
I'm comin 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 dishin out blues, I'm upsetting like bad news
Cut off khakis, french braids, and house shoes
Kurupt, the name's often marked for catchin slugs
and I smoke weed for the fuck of it
Ruff and rugged shit, it's unexplanitory how I gets wicked
but it's manditory 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 stickin and movin
Prepare for a war, it's on, I'm head huntin
Hit the button, and light shit up like Red Dawn
Peep, the massicre from a verbal assassin
Murderin with rhymes packin Tec-9's for some action
You really don't know, do you, you fuckin wit a hog
You can't do me, I'm goin out looney like O-Dog[Chorus][Verse Three: 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 motherfuckin 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 screamin that (bitches ain't shit)
Now i'm the mack daddy, had he, not known about
the city where I'm from, dum diddy dum
As you groove to the gangster shit
The D-O-Double-G the P-O-U-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]

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