

# DPG

## Tha Dogg Pound

My nigga Daz  
The funkiest nigga to make beats  
Nobody sees him, East to West coast Say what? Sat what?  
Motherfucker too much, too much, too much  
(I heard somebody bit our shit 'cuz)  
Where we from? yeah Dogg Pound Gangstas, baby  
Dogg Pound Gangstas  
(Say what? Say what?)  
Dogg Pound Gangstas, baby  
Dogg Pound Gangstas  
(Motherfucker, too much) Dogg Pound Gangstas, baby  
(Too much)  
Dogg Pound Gangstas Gangstas  
(Too much)  
Dogg Pound Gangstas, baby  
Dogg Pound Gangstas  
(Hey, Daz) I heard of a lot of dope ass rappers and I'm down with 'em  
In deed we all smoke weed and clowned with 'em  
Hung around with 'em, one man, with my gun in hand  
There's only one land, niggas down with me I can count on one hand  
(Dogg Pound) The Carma get dumb-a, the double barrel pump-a heat bump-a  
And I been rocking mic's since funky drum-a  
These adventures reek havoc  
Speak lavish lifestyle but crack your clavicle for the cabbage Rhyme savage, introduction to death  
Murder MC's till ain't shit left  
In a sector, why must MC's flip  
Like gymnastics, just to get they ho ass whipped Claiming they classic, but you don't set no classic examples  
With your fucked up beats, and your fucked up samples  
Ya last verbal war, you won't survive no more  
I turned the channel, 'cuz niggaz you ain't live no more I use to follow, but now your's a legend like sleepy  
hollow  
I shoot to kill on horse, peel your cap, swallow  
There's no tomorrow, nigga, it all ends  
I been rocking a mic nigga since hip-hop began I'm the man, now what is this that I'm told to be red on the spot  
Dissed by a nigga I admire  
(Sucka)  
Oh shit, hell no this can't be  
Who's this on the radio dissing me D O double G, P O U N D, shit scorcher  
Doing a video for a song that got blew outta proportion

I found he's the deadliest force in the world  
 Where it's all about glamor, fame, and fortuneAs we blast and creep, so fuck you  
 Your homeboys and any fools trying to compete  
 We the elite, dat nigga Daz is back and he's blasting  
 And anytime we meet face to face we mashingDogg Pound Gangstas, baby  
 Dogg Pound Gangstas Gangstas  
 (Say what? Say what?)  
 Dogg Pound Gangstas, baby  
 Dogg Pound Gangstas Gangstas  
 (Too much)Dogg Pound Gangstas, baby  
 (Too much)  
 Dogg Pound Gangstas Gangstas  
 (Too much)  
 Dogg Pound Gangstas, baby  
 Dogg Pound Gangstas Gangstas  
 (You know what?)So gimme, the heat to the motherfucking Jimmies  
 Hit slimmies, like 3's and I be's penny  
 Raw, like fifteen separate sawed-offs  
 To you chest, lethal techs, and pissed to get complexIf I had a million dollars, then I'd be rich  
 If your ho was on deck, then I'd fuck yo bitch  
 It's Gotti in the cut with the Don, Colene  
 And Dillinger, with the hollow tip chromesCatch you in traffic, leave you all flabbergasted  
 Stalking you all, all walking caskets  
 Hit the spot where the smoke is sold  
 Low and behold, the tightest composition composedCan you catch it, I threw my thoughts like a quarterback  
 So when they in the realm wit I mangle, murder, and slaughter at  
 React, actions speak louder than words  
 But ain't nothing more potent than visionI seen out in through the visions, erupting  
 I'm spontaneous rapping, busting your melon, then escape a lyrical felon  
 Accelling in and out like, as if I'm smoking the bomb, boom  
 And hit 3's as my D's shine and keep it gangstaDogg Pound Gangstas, baby  
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 Dogg Pound Gangstas Gangsta  
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