D.P.G.

Tha Dogg Pound

My nigga Daz, the funkiest nigga to make beats
Nobody see's him, East to West coast (No disrespect)
Say what? (Say What, Say What?)
Motherfucker too much, too much, too much
(I heard somebody bit our shit cuz!)
Where we from?

[Chorus]
Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by, Dogg Pound Gangstas (Say what?)
Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by, Dogg Pound Gangstas (Motherfucker, too much)
Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by (too much), Dogg Pound Gangstas (too much)
Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by, Dogg Pound Gangstas (Hey Daz)

[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 reak havoc,
Speak lavish lifesyle but crack your clavicle for the cabbage
Ryhme savage, introduction to death
Muder MC's till ain't shit left
In a sector, why must MC's flip
Like gymnastics, just to get they ho ass whiped
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 nigga you ain't live no more
I use to follow, but now you's a legend like sleepy hollow
I shoot to kill on horse, peel your cap, swollow
There's no tommorrow, 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 porportion
I found he's the deadliest force in the world
Where it's all about glamour, fame, and fortune
As 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 mashing (ha-ha)

[Chorus]
Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by, Dogg Pound Gangstas (Say what?)
Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by, Dogg Pound Gangstas (too much)
Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by (too much), Dogg Pound Gangstas (too much)
Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by, Dogg Pound Gangstas (you know what?)

[Kurupt]
So gimmie, 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, leathal techs, and pissed to get complex
If 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, Coleone
And Dillinger, with the hollow tip chromes (Yeah)
Catch 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 composed
Can 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 vision
I 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 gangsta

[Chorus]

Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by, Dogg Pound Gangstas
Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by, Dogg Pound Gangstas
Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by, Dogg Pound Gangsta Gangsta
Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by, Dogg Pound Gangstas

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