

Do What I Feel

Tha Dogg Pound

Now here's the perfect niche to let it bubble and foam
Wait these seconds then watch the microphone get blown
It's the mischievous lyrical genius on the loose
And I pack the deuce, deuce of some act right juice
I'm in my own space and time
The elevation of my rhymes elevates your mind
It's a clear blue sky and a clear blue day
Foe a G from D P G to wear clear blue and gray I come, I came, I am, I ain't
The nigga ya wants ta fuck with, get peeled like paint
Bottoms up, nigga give it all ya got
From the bottom to the top or get shanked, get shot
Provocative footage of this lyrical abuse transgression
From this infectious enemy, they on the loose
And unstoppable, Daz
My motherfuckin' nigga from back in the past Now imagine yourself in a bottomless pit
With no way you're climbin' out and this ain't the punishment
Deadly as crystal crack, how should I react
With intentions to keep on mashin' strap to strap
Is this my boundary from county to county?
Your homies wanna try to soak me like Bounty?
Dogg PounG Gangsta all day, all night
Partyin' like a motherfuckin' now all night
But uhh, simple as fact I been wantin' to serve your whole fuckin' crew
So now whatchu wanna do? Load up your weapon slowly step in caught your homey straight slippin'
You shoulda known from the jump nigga that I was trippin'
I get to bustin', you get to duckin'
Dogg Pound Gangsta gets to dippin' in the cut
My performance is enormous, the way that I stayed up on 'em
I catch 'em and let 'em have it, what's up with my opponents
I hold it down for the two and I'll be gunned down by no one
Forever I reign, top Dogg number one
My rhyme to some inflanable and Doggs that's untrainable
Uncontainable, my mind state's so strainable I'm a D.P.G.C. for life
I do what I feel and I do what I like
I'm a D.P.G.C. for life
I do what I feel and I do what I like I'm a D.P.G.C. for life
I do what I feel and I do what I like
I'm a D.P.G.C. for life
I do what I feel and I do what I like I hits it like shots from the homey strap

I smoke indo and I sip Cognac
Give a fuck, whatcha name is, I tell ya quick
Face to face, punk you can eat a dick
'Cuz you're all out of time, out of sight
Out of mind, somethin' I wouldn't do without a nine
I got a pocket full of papers and a trunk full of beat
Mashin' all through the streets, rollin' wit some heat I'm heated, repeat it day after day
Daily survival tactics in L.A.
I'm on point and alert
With skills like a huntin' expert, fuck around and get hurt
Lurked, I puts in work like a chemist
Mentally known to cause motherfuckin' dilemmas
See me in black and beware
It's a Dogg Pound Gangsta on the loose out there Now here's the kickoff, as I'm about to rip off
Rage is knockin' lips off, travellin' like a spitball, I hit y'all
Right between the eyes, smack dab in the middle
With my rhymes or my riddles, ain't got no time to fiddle
Faddle, dibble, dabble
Gotta rock like Fraggie
I'm hittin' so hard I'm leavin that I'm leavin' 'em snagged
Like Leon Spinks this black cat's got ya jinxed
Fuck around and you'll get chipped off like the Sphinx
Think about it, better yet forget it
Uhh, play like En Vogue 'cuz you're never gonna get it The style, the flavor, the flow, the soloist
Hit you in a second, one two mic checkin'
That's my lethal weapon like a chain and ball
I'm wreckin', shop, tech and glock
Not in my pocket, no need for cock and
Gauges just flip the scripts and rippin' pages
Rage is the amazin', trail-blazin'
Flows shavin' like Norelco you can't let go, hell no
I'm that Lyrical Murderer
Stranded on the row with my ill type flow and uhh

Songwriters

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