

# Give It 2 'Em Dogg

## Tha Eastsidaz

Give it up, give it up nigga, you know what's happenin  
Lil Goldie Loc'll keep the DoggHouse crackin, lackin  
We usin dubs for the subs and 15's for the tweeters posted up by  
The tray, like gangstas with the heaters  
Gangbangin is my shit nigga  
Is you still gon be my homie if I get a little bigger  
Fuck a bitch, never switches my motto  
And if you disagree with me watch out for my hollows  
Booyaka, booyaka, that's the sound from a cannon  
Ouick to leave a motherfucker dead right where you're standin  
You wanna roll with the doggs, but you can't  
You too busy ridin nuts fool, get out the paintWe came to give you what the fuck you want  
(Give it to em dogg, do it to em dogg....)  
We came to give you what the fuck you want  
(Give it to em dogg, yeah, yeah, bang bang...)5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, ya bound to get dirty  
Ya herdy, was servin, birdies, for herby and scrappy  
That nigga lyin dogg go on and slap him  
That's probably how rumors get started  
See niggas be yappin off at the mouth  
And don't be havin their heart in  
Suckers, that's probably why I stay in the hills  
And let my pitbulls smash on niggas that feel  
I owe em somethin, dogg, throw me somethin  
Nigga throw me somethin, shit I'm doin badder than you  
And I aint even fakin or frontin  
So, quit the hatin 'fore I start dumpin  
I jump in the 8 5 0 and smash on out  
Meet me and Goldie Loc at the DoggHouse  
Smoked out, Hennessy and plenty weed  
Wit mo bitches, 4 bitches, some cole bitches, c'mon bitchesWe cold vicious, known pimpin, with no simpin  
Stone crippin, low clippin, 4's drippin  
Wet from my set, check my rep I'm a vet  
Ex-felon, never tellin represent it to death  
Pack my flag, wear khakis with that extra sag  
Mad dog in every last motherfucker I pass  
Never ask would I mash with the tray on my neck  
And my status been a classic I stay on the set  
Let it rain, let it drip, turn the change to chips  
Never nervous, stay in service from this gangsta shit

Cool time on the grind never mind the danger  
Gun slanger, gangbanger, Long Beach mangler  
Bringa of the noise like the Real McCoys  
Niggas talk shit, walk quick or feel the toys  
We in this business to win this whatever the cost  
Goldie Loc, Snoop, and Tray Deee you're never to cross  
Motherfuckers

Songwriters

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