

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
Oquick to leave a motherfucker dead right where you're standin
You wanna roll with the dogs, 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

Broadus, Calvin / Spillman, Keiwan Dashawn / Davis, Tracy La Marr / Maroney, Tyrone
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