

Bad Azz, Ready 2 Bang

Shabba dabba doo

Bad Azz, this is another Dogghouse experience

Feels good in here, baby

If a busta ran up on you

Bad Azz, tell me what would you do

We get ready 2 bang

That Dogghouse Gangsta Gang

Psycho like no Dogghouse niggaz

So fire up the doo-doo

We get ready 2 bang

That Dogghouse Gangsta Gang, Westcoast

Holla at a playa when you see me in the streets

I'm often traffic tryin' to get it 'cuz a nigga gotta eat

We can holla if it's 'bout fillin' my plate

I feel like killin' somebody when a nigga ain't late

It's about weight when you workin' smart shit it don't flip right

Put the wrong ties and dees, it won't slip right

Get the wrong blunt for the weed it won't hit right

And money don't grow on trees so what I look like

Make moves, can't lose if I do it that way

Fuck a fight, ain't nobody fin' to put they gat away

That's fast lane, lil' kids here to blow your head away

Holla at a playa when you see me in the streets

Who got the cell phones for sale?

Who got it crackin' with the heat?

Who got the club with the top shop and parks for cars?

The Ese homies do the paint and body shop in the yard

Who got the hook-up with the burned out 2 way pagers?

Can you give me a vest or a infrared laser?

See me, I'm just a smart brother everything made for

If a busta ran up on you

Bad Azz, tell me what would you do

We get ready 2 bang

That Dogghouse Gangsta Gang

Psycho like no Dogghouse niggaz

So fire up the doo-doo

We get ready 2 bang

That Dogghouse Gangsta Gang, Westcoast

Holla at a playa when you see me on the streets

I'm often traffic tryin' to get it 'cuz a nigga gotta eat

We can holla if it's 'bout fillin' my plate

I feel like killin' somebody when a nigga ain't late

It's about weight, fuck a few ki's move freight

And you doublin' your money if you take it upstate

Once you outta town get the prices on the pound

Shoot the number to your boy have him come on down

With a few of those who know money like y'all

All Lakers say is, "Damn, y'all niggaz is ballin'";

Y'all back callin' all shots round here

Used to have to bring two Glocks 'round here

It's about five different gangs and the cops 'round here

And today Long Beach's about as crazy as it is

And maybe we'll live, if we ever even see it

Believe it and how they get money ain't no secret

But they gon' try to keep it from you when they see you

Learn to keep on movin' you gon' see the tables keep on turnin'

First I was destined with no paper and no hoes

Now I got bitches in the show biz glow

So holla at a playa when you see me in the streets

Don't let the green grab fool you, tryin' to test me with some heat

'Cuz bye-bye you outta here, gon' see you later

When I'm still here a small part of everything major