

Bad Azz, We Be Puttin' It Down!

(feat. Snoop Dogg)

(Dogg Pound Gangstas rip) [x2]

[Verse 1: Bad A\$\$]

Word on tha streets, see it aint nobodies business
secret to keep, so keep heat incase things get deep
peace box is where it starts, scarred flesh and broke hearts
since a kid this is how we live, aint nuttin to look forward to
schools full of devils
the church don't work cuz all the lies that they tell us
ya'll it'll be hell before we get there
survivin guns and drugs and see if you can deal with this germ warfare
thats endin us
they anti-christ, I'm anti-fair, anti-vice, anti-nice, anti-spice
up your life, I'll make you love it
cuz it's real and you bump it cuz it's tight
yeah, people make the world go round, and it's a gang
of us all gathered up in our game colors
man, these my gang brothas
what, you aint heard of us
you aint never ever heard the word murderer's
we make the news what it is
you ask what is this
we the reason why the police in business
so run up on us with your knife and your pistols
we'll plague your character with rifles and missiles
I dropped my pack and drove my back to the eastside
smash in this coupe with my passenger Snoop.

[Chorus: Snoop Dogg]

(Dogg Pound Gangstas rip)
Them Long Beach niggas be puttin it down
Dogg Pound Gangstas make the world go round
(Dogg Pound Gangstas rip)
so get cha' ass up just to get on down
Snoop Dogg and Bad A\$\$ is puttin it down
repeat

[Verse 2: Snoop Dogg]

Never pause on my feet, I'm DPG, LBC, me and B-A-D
low ridin', and Navigators foe the haters
I take some for now, and save some for later
smoke with Coke Loc
a dip with Tip Tip
get heat a chrome plate, a D from Tray Deee
livin that DP, give me that ST
in a 4-0 a 0-E from my OG
and a bag of them ol' hot ass skins
some Colt for this hand
and some juice for this gin
aint no bitch like this bitch I got
cuz this bitch I got, clock nots and rocks
money, cheese, paper, fedio get doctor Nedios, and stank is steady goin
bangin that, slangin that, and hangin that every corner
from up north to Dogg Pound California
you heard of that gangstaville
the city where they don't talk and everybody C-walk
it's a dirty shame, but it's a dirty game
and you got to have heart from the start man
fake snitches and fake bitches
thats probably why I break niggas and break bitches

word on the streets Bad A\$\$ is a fool
then he fuckin with his homeboy from the old school
Low life gangstas, Dogg Pound gangstas, put them all together
man I love gangstas
head, shoulders, feet and toes
lets dip to the club and bust some hoes
V.I.P. on DPG, Snoop D-O double G, and the B-A-D

[Chorus x1]

[Verse 3: Bad A\$\$]

Only talk what you know
I never seen you round the Pound
so won't you keep the eastside and deez out ya mouth
don't speak on dat
don't bring up Daz and Kurupt, just to say wussup, nigga hit my blunt
we keep a money move, hate while we regulate
and get real papes, rich like Bill Gates
while you make it to the Haters Hall of Fame
we'll be whippin Navigators
winnin this baller's game
yellin Long Beach niggas keep puttin it down
Lowlife and at the Pound while we smoke on an ounce
steady plottin on big mail
layin in the hotel
chop my quarters down to dubs and watch my dope sell
I hit Darochee come and scoop me
drop me off ?and they was snoopy's? said he puffed a little ?play?
and shorty played it only ?twice?
ay, they set a 8 beat
it's them and 6 hoes in a jeep
they better go flag em' down in the street
ay, follow us to the spot
while the playa hatas pray that we stop

[Chorus x2]