Snoop Dogg, Ride On/caught Up

[Kurupt]

A bitch is a bitch, whether she poor or rich

She still gettin a gang of dicks

It don't matter what you do or say

Cause bitch you can't change my feelings no way

I been across the whole U.S.A.

Same ol' hoes on different days

Just ask my big homeboy Snoop de Snoop

Bitch you ain't cute, with all that (woop de woop)

I might just rock ya, I ain't afraid to blast

I might rock a fella like Dame and dash

Grip the heater and slap your ass

Cock it back, automatic clap your ass

Now this is how a gangster mash out

The homies in the Coupe, me and Snoop in the glass house

Bouncin (bouncin) bouncin (swervin)

Blaze up a whole ounce and get the ramen with the cotton candy

Chorus: Snoop

Yeah, and all my niggaz say... ride, ride on

Yeah, and all the honies say... ride on

Yeah, and all the bitches say... ride on

Yeah, and all the robbers say... ride on (can't get caught up)

(repeat 2X except last line)

[Snoop Doggy Dogg]

I'm out to paper count the paper bump some bitches and move

I take a trip with my click on a three day cruise

Spank the corner in the fo', sittin low gettin low

Now we headed to the sto' in the fo', hoes holler

Top dollar with the gold flea collar

Dippin in my blue Impala

They say Snoop Dogg is a fool, cause he got the bitches

And the little homey sellin weed up outta high school

I never ever break the law, I just bend it

Keep everything splendid, that's how I intend it

Class is in session, you might get suspended (shhhh)

If you don't shut the FUCK UP and listen for a minute

I been in it for life, with two kids and a wife

With no tattooes just stress and stripes, so

I'ma do what I feel and do what I like

But I won't go to sleep without my heater at night (ride on)

Chorus

[Kurupt]

Nigga gimme erything you got, from your hat

To your contacts, t-shirt to your socks

Dogg Pound affiliate? Hell naw nigga

Certified branded Cedar Paul nigga

Mashin, grey and, blue all day

All night all heated with heaters, mac-11's

Nine millimeters, whattup Big Nate

I got a bitch that gobble up dicks like steak

She lives upstate, and I don't think

Near a one of those bitches is proper, stash the chopper

DPology (DPG) but first call Snoop

Whattup big homey niggaz with the swoop

The homey jumps in whips out the four pound

When we get there, we shakin all motherfucker down

It's what I had in mind, let's get paid

Hit the spot just like a raid one of the homies got a gauge

Come on

Chorus

[Snoop Doggy Dogg]

Let me holler at y'all for a minute man

I mean this game is gettin real deep

We got niggaz that be misrepresentin

I mean, motherfuckers you know thinkin that DPG

Is a motherfuckin football game or a football team or somethin

Niggaz walkin on and shit like they free agents

And just leavin when they want to

Nigga this ain't no game, this is a motherfuckin way of life

DPGC, Dogg Pound Gangsta... nigga!

The fuck wrong with these niggaz man?

Niggaz be straight tryin to put they little twist down (holla at em)

But you know we tryin to stay two steps ahead of the game baby, y'know?

Let me holler at y'all for a minute, especially YOU

You done stepped in some Dogg Shit, check your shoes

Nigga this ain't Hollywood, the House of Blues

It's the Dogg House, so regroup your troops

And tell em... it's Kurupt and Snoop

Fuck your crew it's on I take your Brome

It's Don Corleone in the Chronic zone

I turn your dubs into nickels, while I'm chillin

I melt your rhymes into icicles, while I'm killin

Sell em, I tell em, Kurupt, what's up

I know you feel like, givin it up

We can't stop, won't stop, what foe

Cause every other day another nigga tryin to pull a dulo

You know, when I was fuckin with the hood

It was all bad, thought it was all good

A nigga had to take a breather

Now I'm Living Single, like Khadijah, cause they'll squeeze ya

Fuck a feeding fish, I put my dick in your bitch

And make a wish, ha hah

Nigga that's gangsta shit, with the gangsta twist

Yeah, Dogg Pound gangsta...