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...