

# Tha Dogg Pound, Sittin On 23'z

(Intro)

Gotta gotta blunt that I'm smokin weighin mo' than 8 grams  
Sittin on 23's, sittin on-sittin on 23's  
S-sittin on 23's, sittin on-sitton on 23's  
Wheelin-wheelin hundred spokes, wheelin-wheelin hundred spokes  
Gotta blunt that I'm smokin weighin mo' than 8 grams

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

Sittin on 23's, sittin on-sittin on 23's  
S-sittin on 23's, sittin on-sitton on 23's  
Wheelin-wheelin hundred spokes, wheelin-wheelin hundred spokes  
Gotta blunt that I'm smokin weighin mo' than 8 grams

(Verse One)

Yeah, when you see me ridin just realize it's not a game  
It's just me and the homies (sittin on them chrome thangs)  
(24's, 25's, 26's)  
(Pirellis on deep dishes) scrapin out on you bitches, look  
Don't trip player, hittin niggaz 'cross the head  
Or maybe I should just slap your bitch instead  
From the G's to the Vogues to the hundred spoke gold  
My nigga, Dogg Pound Gangstaz fo' sho', my nigga  
(C'mon and light it up, blaze it blaze it blaze it up)  
(Sittin real high my nigga come and raise it up)  
(Shine hard like the diamonds on my neck)  
(Maserati, Corvette, love the way that it sit, cause I'm)

(Chorus)

(Verse Two)

Just pulled up at the stoplight high  
On cool, pullin up to the stoplight high  
Trippin, look who pulled up on the side  
My nigga, D-A-to-the-Z is on the ride  
(Fresh paint, 6 coats of clear, your boy glossy on 'em)  
(I'm drippin wet, leavin stains when I hit the corner)  
(Oh-six, digital up, I'm futuristic)  
(Look at that nigga Daz & Kurupt, them boys glistenin)  
I'm rollin in, rollin up weed at the same time  
Pimpin through the streets in the daytime  
It ain't nuttin but a G thang  
I got my biscuits on, pimpin in three lanes

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)

We get swizzy on a bizzy (pimpin through the strizzeets)  
And everywhere we gizzoe (we keep that hizzy)  
(Got my grand national international)  
(Dogg Pound international, fuck thinkin rational)  
(I'ma scrape the curb and hit donuts)  
I get to burnin mo' rubber when that nigga show up  
Impala Regal, Alco's, 84's with elbows  
Lean low, burn rubber, hit the gas, go slow  
(Little mama wanna take a ride in my Southside)  
(Monte Carlo with the aqua blue outside)  
Old school, new school, chrome shoes, oooh  
Put it in drive and everything is cool cause I'm

(Chorus) - 2X