

Tha Dogg Pound, Stop Lyin'

(Chorus)

Cause you ain't gotta lie - to kick it
This is for my niggaz, this for my bitches
(Nigga you could die, get flipped up and twisted
Nigga you know we ain't gotta get specific)
Cause you ain't gotta lie - to kick it
This is for my niggaz, this for my bitches
(Nigga you could die, get flipped up and twisted)
Cause you ain't gotta lie...

(Daz Dillinger)

I hear the story everyday
on how many niggaz that you done shot
How many rocks you done chopped up and sold on the block

(Kurupt)

Is it true, you ain't a busta?
Is this really what it is motherfucker?

(Daz Dillinger)

Yeah, the nigga rentin' Benz's
and Phantom's, but the shit ain't yours
You a soft ass nigga, wanna be hardcore

(Kurupt)

I heard ya bombin', frontlinin', Young Osama
Bangin' on niggaz like it ain't a thang
it's nothin', it's common

(Daz Dillinger)

Man, he never ever bust a gun, he never talked that shit
Don't know if he from Blood or from Crip
but always bang that shit

(Kurupt)

Now that's a bitch in my book
Somethin' to bake and cook
Real niggaz don't die, that don't apply to hooks

(Chorus)

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(Kurupt)

(Why you gotta lie?)
I thought you was the truth, fire-proof
Remember goin' out with a bang off of the roof?

(Daz Dillinger)

(Why you gotta lie?)
You say that you related to Snoop
But I'm his first-cousin bitch and I don't really know you

(Kurupt)

(Why you gotta lie?)
Oh... is that right?
You ready any time, any place, day or night?

(Daz Dillinger)
(Why you gotta lie?)
Yeah, why ya (lie)
Why ya - why ya - why ya (lie)
Nigga why you gotta lie?

We got ya now, fresh out the pen
Broke with no ends, that what you get
motherfucker when you lie to your friends
I heard it, there's million stories
All that jibber-jabber won't bring ya no glory

(Kurupt)
This is his story, he's so G
Ain't scared to squabble, might make niggaz wobble
We the type of niggaz that make history
So stop tryin' to tell me what you supposed to be
Stop lyin' nigga

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(Daz Dillinger)
You's a motherfuckin' lie and the truth ain't in ya
Ya fake ass nigga, you's a fake ol' pretender
Ya wannabe, ya busta mark ass, you's a reject
And you the type of nigga gets no respect

(Kurupt)
All I'm gon' do is tell ya this
D.P.G.C., born and breaded since a teen
Fire it up and let it slide fool, just tryin' to warn ya
Cause I'm postin' and the lil' homies might take off on ya

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