

# Tha Dogg Pound, We Livin Gangsta Like

(Kurupt)

Yeah Yeah  
Gangsta like, uh huh  
To all my O.G.'s and all my Y.G.'s  
Daz Dillinger, Daz kurupt (dat nigga daz!)

(Xzibit)

I move bricks of yae, I freeze it with ice  
I keep my business separate from my personal life  
Me and my niggas hustle enough, move enough weight  
To buy real estate, vehicles, paper weights, straight  
Little niggas try to calculate the money I make  
I ain't having it, I keep the gauge cocked in the kitchen cabinet  
Grabbing it for any altercation  
catch a permanent vacation f\*\*king with the son of satan  
And I ain't waiting for the one time to catch me  
Arrest me, arraign me, humiliate then stress me  
I'm at the crib trying to chill with my little kid  
Had everything in controlled or at least I thought I did  
Telephone rang, when I answered then they hung up  
Three niggas kicked the front door with they guns up,  
Cover my son up, and let the lead off  
Get the pump to pumping, Xzibit took them niggas heads off (BITCH!)

(Chorus - 2X)

We living gangsta like (living the gangsta life)  
Living the gangsta's life (living the gangsta life)  
We living gangsta like (living the gangsta liiiiiife)  
Living the gangsta's life

(Daz)

I wake up five in the morning, smoke a sac to the head  
Sneak out the back, grab a strap, and dock and dogging the feds  
Slanging hanging on the corner regulating the hood  
Banging and robbing transporting the goods (nigga)  
Popping and bugging up on the cell in my pocket  
Grab my strap and cock it and see my homie hopping the fo's  
Watch the young ho's jocking that gangsta life  
Niggas is heated down to dump on site  
Nah, I just swerve the boulavard and maintain the status of a G  
'cause ain't nothing but the hog in me  
Niggas around my way don't get along with me (why?)  
Because they jelous that I'm clocking more than thirty G's  
Nigga, cocaine and weed was a main factor in my life, I'm coming up  
I'm running on anybody who post and ran up  
Everybody in my family path was jail  
Heaven and hell, that's where my homies 'ill dwell  
STRAIGHT GANGSTA!

(Chorus)

Chorus X2

(Bridge)

What would you do if you could  
Get with my crew, baby  
What would you do if you could down with the dog pound

(Kurupt)

Gangstas, just let it all go no games  
No snitching allowed, spitting no names  
I'm Gand You ain't

I can and you can't  
Ever since you dropped names, your out of sight  
Snitching on your homeboys, that ain't right  
I always grew up since eighteen and up  
With something to throw up, what hood we threw up? (Dogg Pound Gangstas)  
Blast backs at times we got bust at  
Turn around, bust back then scat  
Moving on up to the top of the map  
'cause gangstas 'ill be here 'till the curl come back  
This is our world, land of the gangsta macks  
Controlled by the blue and red rags  
Out here we ain't into ice  
Just banging, dice, and the gangsta life

(Chorus)

Chorus X2

(Bridge)

Bridge X3

We live the gangsta life, live the gangsta life, we live the gangsta life