

Bad Azz, How We Get Down

(feat. Doggy's Angels, LaToiya Williams)

Uhh, purple, uhh, yeah, it's Dogghouse y'all

[Bad Azz x2]

See me, I be about my dollars
In my own world, wit my own girls poppin collars
I'ma G, we, be up for the Impalas
wit the juice, gettin loose on y'all, I make ya holla

[Bad Azz]

I make ya feel like ya drunk, you on a gallon of strong gin
What's happenin, it's a party crackin up in my play pen
The play pen party is poppin, it's strait line up
It's an after Aftermath party and my bed's smelly bottom
Oh you gone, I see real wierd 'til it's over
When we leave, we gon' peel out in the limo wit the chauffeur
Wit the doja, gat, Congnac and some soda, uhh, uhh (c'mon, c'mon)

[Kola - Doggy's Angels]

Who make 'em chat? Angels rule the world
Who make these niggaz wanna leave their girl? (Kola, Kola!)
Who got the turk to the dirt? Throwin nose and dope
Got niggaz cummin from the lyrics I quar (Kola, Kola!)
Dogghouse checkin niggaz wit the switch in their walk
Niggaz would talk, slept wit my, leave 'em in chalk
Keep it pimpin (truly!) Got 'em screamin (ooh wee!)
Angels reppin wit B-A-D A-Z-Z!

[Chorus: LaToya Williams]

(oh, oh, oh, oh) How we get down
(oh oh, oh, oh) This is how we get down
(oh, oh, oh, oh) How we get down
(oh oh, oh, oh) This is how we get down

[Bad Azz]

Money talks, nigga bullshit, run a marathon
Gotta have bread, every month, every cent, every blunt
Every single bottle of 'gnac, you could shine
it ain't no thang, show your paper stack (check it out)
Money makes girls, take bitches, make niggaz
Take money by the motherfuckin gun
See I'ma gangsta from the East side, the L.B.C.
I wouldn't do it if it wasn't no fun (c'mon)
Oh you gone? I see it real wierd 'til it's over
Where you at? We still smokin and this is Conyiac

[Conyiac - Doggy's Angels]

It's only one way, Dogghouse is doin movies
Fun stack to unlimited, riches with intentiones
Regulate every aspect of the game
(Brain loose, sippin purple smoke)
That got me and Angels choked out (no doubt)
They formally stampeded like Kurk (?) (have some partys)
Step up wit quiet and I could get us
Rep the 'boes, stickin clicks, sick dumbs never holla
I be out, thugged out, then follow, make 'em swallow

[Chorus x2]

[Bad Azz]

Three, two, one, it's at the NFL like the thang just begun
I'm fucked up, I can't believe I'm still lookin at butts
I can't quit, I'm off the hizzle wit this kinda shit

It's gon' be all away, done before we tryin to split
When it's this kinda party, we always act dope
Now you all doped up and you think ya mad dope
Gotcha homegirls talkin to you, glasses of, damn
I done, drank all my 'gnac and Cola, whassup Chan?

[Big Chan - Doggy's Angels]

Uhh, know I, not tap, no hats, nuttin but hand claps
Slap the pistol cause my holsters snap, and dudes get snapped
Time to act up, and I could definitely dig that
We gots to get paid to snitches mases, my decision is made
Y'all bought - y'all paid
We be fiends, everywhere, the Angels are back
Hold that, so let it go and put the bang-bang
That's how we doin the damn thang (damn thang)

[Chorus x4]