

# Bg Knocc Out & Dresta, Dpg Killa

(dresta)

Easily I approach

The microphone because I ain't no joke

Nigga tell kurupt, nate and daz i'mma buck 'em

Matter of fact tell that whole pound I say f\*\*k 'em

It's a new year so put the bustas in their plizace

Bg knocc and gangsta dresta bring it to your fizace

Riders on a mission

I catch you slippin, you getting struck clown

So f\*\*k any busta thats down with the mutt pound

(bg knocc out)

It's the compton city g nigga

Bow to your knees nigga

Run up in your hood

Cock back my strap and pull the treez nigga

And if you slippin, you know I'm gonna wet cha

I'm the baby boss hogg, better known as the dogg catcher

Bow wow yipee yay, didn't you hear me say

I'm a dogg killa, cos all doggs have they day

Now who wanna fool me, if your not prepared to fight

Little knocc out can't be phased, baby gangsta for life

Chorus x2

Dat nigga daz (killa)

Kurupt (killa)

Dr dre (killa)

Mark ass niggas

Snoop dogg (killa)

Nate dogg (killa)

Tha dogg pound (killa)

F\*\*k, f\*\*k all y'all, niggas

(dresta)

I bring the noise everytime a nigga wind me up

I pull my nine and blow a mind, everytime I bust

I trust no man and thats from now until infinity

Nigga you either my homie or just consider yourself my enemy

Niggas out here fake dog, like nate dogg

I swear you made it, but talkin that shit to dre

Will get you and your dj regulated

Bitches come a diamond sack, so lets get it straight

A fake is what I hate, so f\*\*k kurupt, daz and nate

(bg knocc out)

Motherf\*\*king fake

Niggas be thinking that they can get with the real deal

What I would do, if I was you is take a chill pill

Yet and still tricks, I gave your click a bust

But when I see that busta daz

I gotta fade his ass

Smash, down another puppy pound clown

With the round from my smith

And watch his body shift

Drift his soul in the wind as they carry you

And big k-o can dig your hole before they bury you

Bridge x2

Pranksters, studio gangstas, bustas

Softer than a bitch but betrayed the role of gangsta

Pranksters, studio gangstas, bustas  
Stupid motherf\*\*ker, yeah thats what I'm saying

(bg knocc out)

So now you niggas know, who in the f\*\*k you f\*\*king with  
B-g and d-r-e nigga, the baby gangsta click  
As we drop some gangsta shit  
From a real g's perspective  
Niggas get all like pumped  
While I stay calm and collective  
I check those suckas  
They callin self and causing ruckus  
94 set claimin, snoop, d-o bangin bustas

(dresta)

Much love, to the bg, cpt  
Much love, to the dre, obg  
Much love, to the eazy-e, cpt  
And dpg don't wanna see us, see see  
You fools ain't nothing but marks, so f\*\*k your set  
Now what's next  
I doubt if you wanna flex, no respect  
Run up and get wrecked  
You tried to diss the bg, although we let that shit pass  
Daz you f\*\*k around and find your ugly ass  
Smashed in a trash bag, fool  
You wanna be caught up be laying down  
If you keep f\*\*kin around with the comp-town

Chorus x2