

# Daz Dillinger, Ain't Nuthin But A Gangsta Party, P

(feat. Whiteboy Ryan)

Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party, party, party (X4)

Yea, club packed tonight, you know what I mean  
You know it ain't nothin but a gangsta party in this motherfucker  
I'm back, Dat Nigga Daz

[Chorus]

Now do my niggaz run this motherfucker? (Hell yea!)  
Or do my ladies run this motherfucker? (Hell yea!)  
Or do my gangstas run this motherfucker? (Hell yea!)  
Now do my bitches run this motherfucker? (Hell yea!)

[Daz Dillinger]

Dat Nigga Daz is back in the house, gangsta'd out  
Showin' you what I'm all about  
Who run this motherfucker? - Dogghouse  
Nobody else, so got new shit on the shelf  
And play the cards that were dealt  
You know I'm feeling high, so high that I could reach the sky  
But if you reach for your pistol, and then you die  
I'm gettin' cold like just fights, when the party bite  
No fights all night until the moonlight  
You know the ladies is feelin' it  
The hoes is chillin' with the gangstas and thugs, two partners is who they gettin' with it  
It ain't no party like a Dogghouse party cause a Dogghouse party don't stop  
You know we rock the party, and it's everybody  
Fuck the cops and we chillin' on the block  
You get dust off, you snitches, you suckas!  
Put your sets in the air and represent for your colors!

[Chorus]

[Whiteboy Ryan]

It's a gangsta party, bitches bout' to get naughty  
And on that Mo we like to sip (C'mon)  
We up at Dogg's house gettin' head on the couch  
Hater bitches gets the tip stuck dead in they mouth  
Now we bangin' Daz Dilli  
Crip walkin' with a Philly hangin' out my mouth  
Got that G-Pimp step and there ain't no doubt - when it comes to the blunts  
We up in smoke house, hit up the whole house  
Now this is a gangsta party, bout' to bump me into a mami  
Ooh! she freakin for weekend tonight  
Get a cup filled up so she feel me right  
Now this is a gangsta party, bout' to bump me into a mami  
Ooh! she freakin for weekend tonight  
Get a cup filled up so she feel me right

[Chorus]

[Daz Dillinger]

I get the crowd hyped, that's when I step on stage  
Mic and 12-gauge, I keep the people a rage  
Who afraid of the true Dogg's, true G's of the West Coast  
Get smoked, we no joke onsite you get smoked - layed out, stretched out  
Your best route to get to steppin'  
Packin' weapons, you entered the smoke session  
Blaze it up, young sag, Chuck's and blue rags  
Nothing but DPGC's nigga your had  
Grab for your shit - comin' quick, it's getting tense  
Having money out to break a bitch  
You know my job is to keep you movin'

To keep doin' what your doin' on that note homeboy you've been ruined, ruin your crew  
If you approach the Dogg's you'll get smoked  
And to smoke all slobs - that is our job  
You see I walk with a limp, smoke blunts and pimp  
I keep it gangsta, nigga - you know my click

[Chorus]

Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party, party, party (X4)

[Julio G]  
187.4 FM on your dial  
W-Ballz back in the house  
Lookin' for your ear hole, look  
I'm Julio G, we do it high  
Right here live and direct from the West Coast, California  
We call it Dogg Pound  
Daz Dillinger...he's a million dollar motherfucker  
Have you heard?