

Dr. Dre, Puffin On Blunts

(Dr. Dre)

Yea, yea, yeah, yo, yo let's do this shit
Ha ha, I thought I thaw a puddy tat
Youse a punk-ass nigga
Yo, yea, yo, Death Row's in the motherfuckin houuse
Wreckin shit you know what I'm sayin?
This is Dr. Dre in the motherfuckin houuuse
Yo, I got my homeboys in the houuse
Tha Dogg Pound's definetly in heere, yeayeah
I got my nigga Kurupt ready to wreck some shit, yo
You know what else I got in the house?
Yo, so diggi-Daz step up on that ass
Yeah, guess what's in here?
My home girl Rage, I said my home girl Rage
Yeah, the lyrical motherfuckin murderer's in here
Yo, my nigga Glove behind the boards
Yo, dropping that funky-ass bassline, yeah
You know, you know there's alot of punk-ass niggaz out there
A lot of punk-ass bitches out there
Yo, you wanna write names?
Yo, that nigga Eazy-E, he's a punk-ass bitch, really though
Yo, that nigga Tim M-U-T, he's a punk-ass beatch, beeatch!
Ha ha, you know what I'm sayin?
Oh, oh, oh Luke, I didn't forget about you, beatch!
Really though, yo, Death Row's in the motherfuckin house
Running the 9-3, you know, yeah!
But right about now,
there's a little freestyle session going on, in the studio
We just kickin back gettin fucked up and all
You know, puffin on a few blunts,
Drinkin a little bit of that Tanqueray, Tanqueray
Yeah, Tanqueray's definetly in the house
You knowwhatl'msayin? Ha ha ha
Cause I'm feelin it baby, I'm feelin it, really though
So-a, right about now, aiiyyo Rage
Yo Rage, yo run that shit G

(Lady of Rage)

All ways and forever, forever and all ways
The rhythm will flow from now and through all days
As long as the sun shines
As long as Eisenhower's on the dime
Yo, I'll be kickin the rhyme
One time for your mind, your soul, your body
D-O-G's on the side of me, smooth as E & J, hard as Bacardi
Smackin those yaddy-yacks and ducks keep quackin
Hands that are clappin, end up cracklin
under the heat, the pressure from the one that's deffer
Egyptian ruler, call me Cleo or Nefertiti, yes indeedi
Got the eyes that are beedie, body from Tahiti
Voice of the wind lyrics, blow
Chills up ya spine that's illslow
All thoughts in ya mind drop in, yo
You came in the front, but you'll be kicked through the back door
for tryin to step, tryin to come incorrect
tryin to play the left, tryin to start a mess
tryin to cause fuss, tryin to raise a ruckus...Huh
You'll end up ashes to ashes, dust to dust
A busta, you musta been fuckin on drugs
and alcohol back off, all a y'all, up against the wall
Spread 'em, Doggs, go get 'em
Hand-cuff 'em and stuff 'em, cold shed 'em, don't let 'em
utter a word, not another one heard
If you try you die, visions blurred, speech slurred

Served with a cherry on top
Rage in effect I just begun to rock
Yeah, rock on witcha bad self (RAGE!)
Rock on witcha bad self (RAGE!)
Rock on witcha bad self (RAGE!)
Rock on witcha bad self...

(Dat Nigga Daz) (Kurupt)

Yo..I'm Dat Nigga Daz who packs a tre-8 slug
A true nigga from the hood, and the Pound gives love
You see, niggaz wanna be down but never came around
So back up off my nuts, and stop sweatin the Pound
You see, niggaz get broke off like 1, 2, 3
cause I'm the D-A to the.. (D-A-to the..) D-A- to the Z
Now G'z pay attention to this young ass mack daddy
in a Caddy, had he
not known about the city where the niggaz hang around
So I roll 'em up, and hit 'em up with the motherfuckin Dogg Pound

(Kurupt) (Dat Nigga Daz)

I'm rough and rugged, and up to do dirt
I'm from the Dogg Pound nigga so I'm puttin in work
I'm no joke, who the fuck you tryin to provoke
(1-8-7) It's cool how his ass got smoked
I don't drink no fuckin V-S-O-P
I drink a motherfuckin' O.G. Olde E
I'm from the click that be kickin the gangsta shit bitch
Real niggaz real G'z wit real big dicks
I hit 'em up with the Pound, so what you wanna throw up
Claimin you're cocaine or cavi when you blow up
Know what? The Pound's in the motherfuckin house
Back again we try to get high as we can
Dr. Dre, be kickin fat rhymes and produce, and kick shit
I gets more wicked than Beetlejuice
Motherfuckers get battered, so scatter before I keep ya
hostage, a nigga has to like the grim reaper
So, I'm comin from my hood, what hood?
You really like to know, wouldn't you, I thought you knew
Motherfucker don't you know I'm stranded on the Row
I take a look into the crowd kick a style a flow
I'm mashin, motherfuckers get murdered for askin
Relax kid, you're rollin wit a fuckin assassin
I last did dirt the other day
Betray, the role of a G, from the D-O double G
P-O-U-N-D, Pound, so bow down motherfuckin marks
The execution starts, when the Chronic gets sparked
I'm like ??, rough and rugged, cause I'm like baldhead(??)
Wrecks I flex murderous rhymes to leave you all dead
What's said is what's said, it's already spoke
The dead is the dead +I Ain't No+ fuckin +Joke+
I murder motherfuckers as a hobby
One of my idols +Ain't No Joke+, so why in the fuck should I be?
Fly me, to the Bahamas, ruff rhymer, drama's
what you're kickin, wicked is how I'm-a
approach ya, the locster, who's quick to up and smoke ya
You're lookin like a smoka, grinnin like the joker
I yolk ya from da back like a bitch talkin shit
Cause a bitch ain't shit, but a ho and trick, on my dick
Flip, lets take a trip to the Dogg Pound
Fools tried to punk me when I was young, but I'm a hog now
and I gets respect and I step wit a tec 9
Ready to put somethin up in that ass so you respect mine
Fool, Death Row ain't +Lynchin+ and the Pound ain't +Mobbin+
We all don't give a fuck, run in your crib and start robbin
Throbbin, I'll break a nigga down in the 90's

Maxin at the Pound wit my doggs is where you'll find me
Beatch..

(Dr. Dre)

Heell yeaah

You niggaz can't fade this shit, you know what I'm sayin?

Death Row's in the motherfuckin houuse

The Dogg Pound's definetly in heeree, you knowhat!msayin?

And.. ay yo yo yo yo yo.. you niggaz can't fUCK with this!

So don't even try it

Stay in the studio all you want, stay in the studio all you want

Cause you can't FUCK with this! See ya! {*laughter*}