

# Dre Dog (Andre Nickatina), Off That Chewy

how can sick can one nigga be  
you think im off that PCP but its Chewy!  
a lot of niggas never heard of me  
i said beware of me  
now they scared of me  
hu...i said come to my sunday service  
nigga seen who the reverend was then they got nervous  
the niggity nasty Jim Jones  
boot ya in the head,  
steal toes to the dome  
poted dank, fools its your choice  
niggas hate my face but they love my voice  
and just like that, i make them ball and nob  
kiss the hand of a true dog god  
cross ya heart foo, and hope to die  
cause you will die when you crucify  
cause i gots frisco all sewed up  
pitbulls in a bunch hidin in the cuts  
cause when i say it, i mean no mercy  
the frisco hitler, turnin cali to germany  
im a down muthaf\*\*ka when my homies call  
20 rock while my dogs roll up like fog  
this was a triple six verse not a triple four  
and after this, im gonna give you some more

yeah and it don't stop  
yeah and it won't quit  
dre dog is in the house  
f\*\*k that muthaf\*\*kin bullshit

my father abandoned me, my mother couldn't handle me  
thats why i made ill mater of my family  
nigga you ain't shit, im the lyrical lord  
ask whats up nigga, two plus four  
cause when i catch you im gonna bust your dick  
roll up a blunt, chewy and tai stick  
i snort caine, and do cocktails  
make way for the six five killa whale  
that love to box and don't care if i die  
with fists that will open and shut your eye  
niggas hate dre dog, so i'll die one day  
but reappear like the lord on easter sunday  
yeah, dankers going to call me puff daddy  
dippin in a caddy, pant hood a saggy  
i don't play dead, i don't roll over  
turn ya back and i'll break ya shoulder

a voice that will suffocate your ass like plastic  
a throat that will chug a lug battery acid  
im dre dog, can you tell im high?  
nigga heres a shovel, dig deep into my mind  
you violatin, and a blow ya a chin  
and after this muthaf\*\*ka i'll come again

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open up the frisco gates of hell  
fillmo, HP, dre, RBL  
and the siccer i come, the more they run  
im in a rage, off that indo and cocaine  
you got my fade nigga that was my chewy  
F\*\*k ya crew cause ya crew never knew me  
and just like the world turns muthaf\*\*ka that burns like mase  
when dre dog is in ya face  
so come nigga, but im a come quicker  
finger nails will make ya call me jack the ripper  
and then i'll crack yo back like a flower seed  
punch you in the back of ya head and make ya eyes bleed  
dre dog won't stop  
cause its 187 on a muthaf\*\*kin cop  
and ya stripes will get took quick, bust ya damn dick  
by a reckless young black pit  
indo or tai, nigga lets get high  
2 to 3 blunts and watch the red eyes  
plot, watch me plot  
911, 415, coughnut im in a hot spot  
get ya glock, and ya guage your there for me  
and fortay get the rest of OCP  
and all the punks will pound them  
you want to hear this with a beat nigga, buy the f\*\*kin album  
but for now heres a scripture,  
in the back of the bible you'll see my picture  
ill mannered, RBL, fortay, its a triple team  
and man im ghost and oh yeah sweet dreams