

Mack 10, Dog About It

(feat. B.G.)

[B.G.]

Look here my nigga; it's for your own motherfuckin' good
You wanna keep your bling, stay out my neck of the woods
If you a stranger caught anywhere in my hood
How you get left, the only thing people can say is "Ughh"
I been know for reignin' choppers, bluka-bluka
Been stankin' baller blockers and duckin' coppers
Got a holla, from my nigga Mack 10-sion
An told me to meet him at LA X and its 'bout some business
I flauge in, he tellin' me some busta trippin'
Please let your lil' dog pay this cat a visit
Fuck wit the O.G. and B.G. get busy
Make sure his days livin', cut to a minimum
I speak this shit 'cause I mean it my nigga
I creep and where I catch ya, is where I leave ya my nigga
A lot of niggas don't walk it, and talk about it
But this nigga B.G. gon' be dog about it

[Chorus: B.G.]

Now when we come, we come, and dog we ain't playin'
It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame
We a dog nigga, we walks that walk and talk that talk nigga

Now when we come, we come, and dog we ain't playin'
It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame
I'm a dog nigga, and I'ma walk that walk and talk that talk nigga

[Mack 10]

Nigga I'm 'bout Sherm' smokin' and trigga chokin'
And leave my enemies dead and their fuckin' blood soakin'
Don't doubt it, it's C.M.R so I shout it
Like navigation, I map it out, route it then be a dog about
I lay low, jack you for every dollar and panceo
That's all Hoo-Bang did, homies above, everything else I love
Say B.G. you need a hundred stack from Mack
You'll need 20 jugs of water plus a whole gang of crack
But firsts things first, find him, hit' em wit the tool
Then make his blood ooze until there's no more to lose
Murder, murder's a must, take the stairway to heaven
And if you fuck wit Mack, then it's a 187
So if you do me, then I'll do you
But when I do you, I want your whole fuckin' crew
So fill the church up and get the units you recite of
I'm a straight dog about it plus a Westside rider

[Chorus: B.G.]

Now when we come, we come, and dog we ain't playin'
It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame
We a dog nigga, we walks that walk and talks that talk nigga

Now when we come, we come, and dog we ain't playin'
It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame
We some dogs nigga, we walks that walk and talks that talk nigga

[B.G.]

I hit the street, you know I be thugged-the-fuck-out
When I beef, slugs get bust at your house
All week, its drama, ya block like ghost town
You want peace, its too late the water started to boil now
I tried to tell ya when you was buckin', "Settle down"
I tried to tell ya that, "Lil' B.G. is ghettoed down"
I tried to tell ya that, "Niggas raw from Uptown"

And release nothin' but a hundred plus rounds

[Mack 10]

Hold up B.G. blood, check it, I gotta know homie
And this punk we thought was a real nigga is a motherfuckin' phony
Big Stunter Corlone gave the word and now it's on
Said he wanted a close casket, chigga-chop' em in his dome
Then act like Rambo, turn into Mack Soprano
Fill him full of ammo, the blood gushin' from his flannel
Fluka-flames wit nothing but red-dot aims
Chicken heart plucking out a Chevy, ain't a damn thang changed

[Chorus: B.G.]

When we in beef, we come, and dog we ain't playin'
It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame
We a dog nigga, we walks that walk and talks that talk nigga

When we come, we come, dog we ain't playin'
It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame
We some dogs nigga, we walks that walk and talks that talk nigga

When we come, we come, dog we ain't playin'
It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame
We a dog nigga, we some hogs nigga, whatever