

# Snoop Doggy Dogg, Doggy Dogg World

Intro:

We'd like to welcome y'all to the fabulous Carolina West  
I own this motherfucker and my name is Taa-Dow  
Y'all niggaz know who I am y'all niggaz tearin up shit  
But we got somethin old, and somethin new for y'all tonight  
Put your hands together for Snoop Doggy Dogg  
The Dogg Pound, and the fabulous Dramatics

Verse One: Snoop Doggy Dogg

It's like everywhere I look, and everywhere I go  
I'm hearin motherfuckers tryin to steal my flow  
But it ain't no thang cause see my nigga Coolio  
Put me up on the game when I step through the do'  
Ya know, some of these niggaz is so deceptive  
Usin my styles like a contraceptive  
I hope ya get burnt, it seems ya haven't learnt  
It's the nick nack patty wack, I still got the biggest sack  
So put your gun away, run away, cuz i'm back (why?)  
Hit em up, get em up, spit em up, now  
Tell me what's goin on  
It make me wanna holler, cuz my dollars come in ozones  
Lone for the break-up, so take off your clothes  
and quit tryin to spit at my motherfuckin hoes  
Speakin of hoes, I'll get to the point  
You think you gots the bomb cuz I rolled you a joint?  
You's a flea... and I'm the Big Dogg  
I'll scratch you off my balls with my motherfuckin paws  
Y'all, niggaz, better recognize  
And see where I'm comin from it's still East Side till I die  
Why ask why? As the world keeps spinning to the D-O-Double-G-Y

Chorus:

It's a crazy mixed up world, it's a Doggy Dogg World  
It's a Doggy Dogg World, it's a Doggy Dogg World  
The Dogg's World

Verse Two: Kurupt

Well if you give me ten bitches then I'll fuck all ten  
See my homie Snoop Doggy sippin juice and gin  
Don't slip, I'm fo' to set trip, to get papers  
Styles vary, packin flavor like Lifesavers  
Ain't that somethin, talk shit and I'm dumpin  
I had your whole fuckin block bumpin  
Don't sweat, but check the technique, I'm unique like China  
Ya never find a bomber rhymers than this nigga behind ya  
So peek-a-boo, clear the way, I'm coming through  
One-two, three, you can't see me  
I'm a G like that strapped with hit hard tactics  
A fuckin menace, usin hoes like tennis rackets  
It's on again, it's on and poppin  
All I see is green, so there ain't no stoppin  
I wanna see some panties droppin  
I'm comin from L.A., she used to chill with Dre up in Compton  
(All I ever did was just use that hoe  
Show her my Dickies, get with these, and kick flows)  
I'm dishin out blues, I'm upsetting like bad news  
Cut off khakis, french braids, and house shoes  
Kurupt, the name's often marked for catchin slugs  
and I smoke weed for the fuck of it  
Ruff and rugged shit, it's unexplanatory how I gets wicked

but it's mandatory that I kick it  
Check it, I'm runnin hoes in 94, now must I prove it  
Hoes call me Sugar Ray for the way I be stickin and movin  
Prepare for a war, it's on, I'm head huntin  
Hit the button, and light shit up like Red Dawn  
Peep, the massicre from a verbal assassin  
Murderin with rhymes packin Tec-9's for some action  
You really don't know, do you? You fuckin wit a hog  
You can't do me, I'm goin out looney like O-Dog

Chorus

Verse Three: Daz

Tha Dogg Pound rocks the party (all night long)  
Tell when (till the early morn)  
It don't stop (and uh) it don't quit (for the)  
The Dogg Pound clique (to drop the cavvy Dogg shit)

Diggity Daz out of the motherfuckin cut once mo'  
So grab a seat and grab your gin and juice and check out the flow  
I flip flop and serve hoes with a fat dick  
Till I die I'm still screamin now (bitches ain't shit)  
Now i'm the mack daddy, had he, not known about  
the city where I'm from, dum diddy dum  
As you groove to the gangster shit  
The D-O-Double-G the P-O-U-N-D, the gangsta clique  
Now as the Pound break it down with the gangsta funk  
I can see and I can tell that's what the fuck you want  
So I blaze up the chronic, so I can get high  
I promise I'll smoke chronic till the day that I die

Chorus