

# Snoop Doggy Dogg, Me And My Doggz

(Snoop Dogg)

I was sittin at the pound about to eat dinner  
Had a hard day at the studio, I was gettin thinner  
My nigga Spanky-Loc was playin basketball  
And my niggas in the backyard, y'all about to squab my Doggz  
Dirty Red gets CREAM, it's a good scheme  
But you know it's all a part of the Corleone team  
I squabble...Friday cos that's what I do  
Dogg Pound for life nigga, uhh thought you knew  
But you didn't, you think I'm kiddin nigga, my Doggz scrap  
They get down for theirs, bring em right to the back  
Hit the gate don't wait and ask the homey Nate  
He gotta pit named Tiny mobbin behind him  
Now they've got Michael Corleone  
Oh, Kurupt he got Lonely the psycho assassin  
He likes to smash on, uhh  
And ain't no need to reach for heat cos you can't get your blast on  
Doggz we keep em, busters we sweep em  
And when it's time all my Doggz'll bite your momma  
We leave you niggas on stuck in paws  
And I'ma dedicate this one to my Doggz  
Remember that pit, the one I had named Petey  
Uhh, she got killed so I didn't need him  
Uhh, it's like that, what about Sweetie?  
He got killed too (damn) so I didn't need him  
It's a cold thang but it's a cold game  
But when you wit a Corleone name it's a cold thang  
Cold name, cold game ya got ta get down  
Cuz if you don't then you can't represent the Pound  
Now it's like a sport  
And if I get caught I'm right back in court  
So I gots ta keep it on the DL and don't yeezell  
But you know I gots tha pitbulls for seezell  
So if you want one, get one, holla at'cha boy quick  
Cuzz I'ma be on the lookout for the sell-to-dem pigs  
Ask my little homey Technique  
I 'came Scarface, Corleone killers, baby boy OG  
The homey Tray Deee I give him rock seat  
But the rest of the pits they rollin wit me  
We're layin low in the cut, holstered up in Chino  
Scrappy-Du and the crew called the Gambinos  
Ma bark and she'll spark up some shit real quick  
Just last week y'know what? She bit the shit out of me  
Man this bitch is a trick, I had to get cold feet  
To get the bitch up off me  
And I can't tame her and I can't blame her  
That's why I had to name her the top Dogg gamer  
Man, it's a shame-uh nigga got love for y'all  
But I got more love for my motherfuckin Doggz  
It's just....

(Chorus)

Me & my Doggz (sick em), me & my Doggz (sick em)  
(Beware, beware) Me & my Doggz

(Snoop Dogg)

Now when it comes to my Doggz they stay fly like geese  
But as for me I'm Snoop Dogg I'm soopafly like Priest  
I unleash my Doggz then I tilt my brim  
I'm bout to trip off Locko cos he go taken my swim  
I think cos my CREAMy low, get back to the pound  
He gon' be itchin like hell to put the bite on the clown  
And when you look with the frown he gon' get like 1-2  
And ain't a damn thang that your ass can do

I think it's cos he lost his big homey Don Killer see  
Who ran the whole yard and gangbanged OP  
And leave your ass red and yeah half-Dead  
He's a damn fool, he'll jack you for pants leg  
Don't beg you're dead, and don't dare show fear  
Young gangsta fucked wit Scrappy and Red tore off his head  
And all the kid do was cry like a bitch  
His life was a pit and mine's in the shit

(Chorus)

(Beware, beware)

(Sick em) It's just me & my Doggz

I keep my heat in my seat, my killers in my backyard

Just in case you niggas wanna fuck and try to act hard