

Tha Dogg Pound, Crip Wit Us

(Chorus - Daz Dillinger) 2x

All my niggas won't you Crip with me
All my bitches won't you Crip with me
If you ain't Crippin, you my e-ne-my
Everybody won't you Crip with me

(Daz)

Awwwww!
Emcees I assassinate
Don't play no games, don't procrastinate
Got my homeboy Slip, playin 'round with the clip
Ready to slap a bitch, and poppin' off at the lip
Whatchu want somethin', get my gauge and pop somethin
Quick to pull it out, clop ka-pop-pop somethin
What the fuck all y'all niggas want to know about the Gang
Actin like y'all niggas ain't really knew my name
Nigga you see, we gangstas, hearts and all
Let it spark, get the niggas through the dark and all
See 'em all runnin through the parkin lot
Give a fuck homeboys cuz we sparks it off
I'm a R.A.W. dog assassin from the D.P.G.
And I'll be one precious and duchess emsee
When ya catch us in the cut and ya lookin like what
Best believe it be Daz and that nigga Kurupt
We got it all locked down cuz you ain't hittin no mo'
Washed up, what the fuck, you ain't hittin no mo'
The radical, dramatical assassin, my gat is askin
To motherfuckin blast it, stretch like elastic
Now you been a has been, took out the game
Ran smack dead into a train, motherfucker
And gettin busy like an everyday thing
Long Beach, Eastside insane, motherfucker

(Chorus - Daz) 2x

(Kurupt)

Ske-daddle, emcees, well these two ranest terrorists
Pterodactyl overlookin the plains, off a propane flame
Stickin niggas paraputic, poetical, we theraputic
Emcees propurized, punished, and executed
Don't say I shoot, homeboy shooted
You up against the grizzly, cuz McKenzie
I'm on a friend, ain't nothin fun or friendly
I'm headed to where your friends be, yea motherfucker
You wanna bust it in or off the head motherfucker
You heard what I said motherfucker
Yea Kurupt, what the fuck, kidnappin 'em duck

(Daz)

Niggas like you don't make it over here
Where it's all about your heart and the clothes you wear

(Kurupt)

I move out this bitch at the age of sixteen
Got my first M-16 at eighteen
First thing I knew was 11-8 gangstas
Then don't ya know, moved by the 6-0's
Ya ever got quoted, well I did nigga
Quoted on by, ?, Embart, and Harthone
In this land we in homie it's all about stripes
The fool thinkin a nigga settle down with kids and a wife
Fuck a bitch homie, but I warned you homeboy
You can't beat on 'em in California, they'll call the cops on ya
Born in the illy Philly Philadel

When from Sheltoe and Dekes to heat and Canishel
When from rhymin on the block, to mini-macks and knots
The macks, petas, mini-mags, and glocks, motherfucker

(Chorus - Daz) 2x

(Daz)

Oh yea, we are most definately in effect
Right about now
Dogg Pound gangstas
Kurupt and Dat Nigga Daz
Pushin all them other suckers to the side
All the niggas ran out on us
Shit, we're soundin dope, we right here
Kurupt and Dat Nigga Daz {*toilet flushes*}
Took five years to digest this shit
So now you got it, be-atch!