

Tha Dogg Pound, Dogg Pound Gangstaz

Intro: Dogg Pound

What up?

Like that muthafucka, ay blaze it up!

Like that muthafucka

(Don't shoot!)

Verse One: Kurupt

Now my rhymes, are as potent as pipebombs

It takes time to concoct rhymes like mines

Like land mines, all set to explode

Microphones, all set to unload

So, watch the means, watch the zone

I made it different with a million dead MC microphones

And they all wanted back by their peeps

Sleep if you dare, cause death catch niggaz when they sleep

Beware of the consequences, it's senseless

to face a prosecuted life or death MC sentence

Travel through your inner thoughts

Just to vision how far I can get, explore to the inner core

and ain't stopped yet, continue the journey

Cause all that shit you kick just don't concern me

You can't U-turn me, back... to... reality... where niggaz pack straps

and they mentality react so violently to leave MC's breathin silently

with hollow point talons for the violence

Ain't no harmin me, ain't got no love for no hoes in harmony

It's easy to find MC's to execute

Chances of survival too small to compute

Recognize, like this was Samuel Sneed

I grip the microphone continue with my devilish deeds

Cause all I see, in my M-I-N-D

Is D-P-G, for L-I-F-E

And all I see, on the M-I-C

Is another mangled MC opposin me

Supposed to be, regulatin in this rap era

Made one error up against the microphone terror

It takes two to tangle

I told Daz don't worry like Keith Murray I'ma strangle

MC's, with the microphone cord

You don't faze, your thoughts been invaded and explored

I know the ins and the outs to you buddy

I know where you live, and how you make your money

I came to violate you, desicrate you, I create two

murderous scenes, can you relate to

Chorus: Dogg Pound (gun fight in background)

A Dogg Pound Gangsta (DPG)

I'm a Dogg Pound Gangsta (DPG) - 2X

Straight Dogg Pound Gangsta

Verse Two: Daz

I got the right to serve your ass when you headin to school

Cause I'm Dat Nigga Daz bitch, and I'ma fuckin fool

Don't play with my head nigga, killers don't speak

Come out the woodworks on your ass, then niggaz start to streak

Unmatched in my inner circle

Where only G's roam, hellhounds in the war zone

Not giving a mad fuck (about what?)

About your click, or what you representin ain't meanin shit

Bustas jump and get they fuckin wig split

Caught up in the twist while I'm stickin dick to your bitch

You don't know me cause I'm down to do low
Your bitch is jockin Daz I'm diggin deep as Cousteau, check it out
I'm, massive, you get your ass kicked
Tangle with assassins down for mad shit
Nigga the strap's in your hand, now what you gon do
Is you gon blast me, and blast Kurupt too
Are you just gonna hold it and act like a bitch, where's he at?
Cause I got me a gat
And I'ma show him how a true G's sposed to act with a strap
(There's somethin bout bein a Dogg Pound Gangsta nigga)
Till I die, Dogg Pound for life
Show me a hoe and I'll be fuckin that bitch by midnight (but see)
It ain't nuthin nice, shakin these niggaz like dice
I told you once, so I ain't sayin it twice

Chorus (varations repeat 2X)

W-BALLS radio skit follows