

Tha Dogg Pound, Keep It Gangsta

Kurupt:

Yeah that gangsta shit always bangin'

Supafly you sick fa this

We goin' show them how the Dogg Pound Gangstaz bang and rock

Yeah.....

Hey Sean let's bang this, turn it up, man

Let me talk ta these niggaz

verse 1: Kurupt

Who you aimin' at, nigga?

You know I got you

Look me up ta find (Nazperatu?)

You'll neva get away muthaf**ka we after ya

I drain MC's, poetical Dracula

I take away your mind, body, soul and spirit

Vampirin', I mutilate with words and lyrics

I injure with verbs off herbs and spirits

I'm everywhere like germs and spirits

You could here me everywhere, day and night

Like birds and crickets

I got birds worth fourteen tickets

You ain't got no money, no ridaz, no squad or bitches

Quit bullshittin', you ain't gotta lie ta kick it

Rolled up on this nigga like, "Nigga what up?"

He said, "Ya name ain't Kurupt, nigga, ya name is Bankrupt", huh!

First thing I did was just smirked and laughed

I looked over at Daz and then we whooped his ass!

The present is the present and the past is the past

And ta stay in the present you should learn this fast

Dogg Pound is forever, you should learn this fast

Fo' we flash in a flash, millimeters n' macs, nigga

Chorus:

Daz- Just keep it gangsta

Kurupt- Bustaz banged on, ridaz pushin', that's what you betta do, nigga

Daz- Just keep it gangsta

Kurupt- Cuz if ya don't, the millimeters'll spark, and that's the end of the talk, we just...

Daz- Just keep it gangsta

Kurupt- All we know, through the highs 'n' lows is West Coast, muthaf**ka, muthaf**ka

Daz- Just keep it gangsta

Kurupt- Listen ta me, D-P-G-C, a nigga fly cuz I just, keep, it, gangsta

Daz- Just keep it gangsta, nigga!

2nd verse: Daz

Glock 40, grip it tight, AK on the back seat

Don't ask me shit, muhf**kaz don't like me

And you, I don't like you too, so

This is what I'm goin' do

Leave ya ass seasick, just like tha flu

His temperature rise, and analyze and surprisin' you

Niggaz on lockdown feel what I'm kickin'

Them niggaz sellin' that weight, yeah, pluck them chickens

Get it like ya give it, give it how ya live it

And when I'm full a that spinach the 20 inches spinnin'

When the revolve click back

On the fa-rilla my nigga ya don't want that

A mainside nigga but I'm West Coast'd out

Pistol in my hand and a blunt in my mouth

What is the (statue?) amount, nigga?

I'm about them G's

And blastin' on rats, we about that cheese

From a G-ass nigga, behind the mask, behind tha trigga

Layin' 'em down, muhf**ka what you figure?

repeat chorus

verse 3: Lady of Rage

I'm not the Dogg Pound Gangsta crip
But I'm that chick from the Dogg Pound Gangsta Click
And I'm tha chick that'll dog these wankstaz quick
Big body on that Dogg Pound gangsta shit
Now when I go bananas
Ya'll goin' need ta go get tha Sopranaz
Any mob, any gang, wear the blue bandanaz
Goin' let you know I bang straight from the gate
See these flows f**k it up like it was a case a weight, now
In 'n outta state, I
Bend 'em outta shape, I
Wipe 'em off my slate, I
Clean 'em off my plate, I
Squash these kids, eat 'em like sausages
Roll, where my dogz at?
Here's a sausage? Here's a treat
For your appetite of lyrical roughness
The toughest, bustaz, still "can't touch this." (MC Hammer sample)
F**k this shit, ya'll must of forgotten
I still give it to ya like I gave his only begotten, son
Spit mo' shit than a little bit, huh?
But the (fu-hah?)
I'm so over pissy drunk
(??this line unintelligible??)
Cuz lyrically and literally Rage stay strapped
It's big payback, (??)
If ya feelin' froggish in heat
But I don't just keep doggin' tha beat
Kapeesh? Sweat the the technique that I just freaked
I'm bringin' raw heat, have enough ta cook ya raw meat

repeat chorus