Tha Dogg Pound, One By One

Now I can't trust none of these hoes nowadays Cause they be runnin round with that shit called AIDS and every girl I meet nowadays is lit So I can't to do them what I would to do you, so...

Another session, check in session Dogg Pound Gangstaz

(Dat Nigga Daz) I'm on top of the world, with niggaz with perms and jheri curls Runnin around town with the flyest girls Ain't no place like home, nigga that I can call my own Smokin dove sacks and quarter pounds down to ozones (who you?) I'm Dat, Nigga, D-A to the Z (uh-huh) A motherfuckin playa, for the D-P to the G

(Kurupt)

Connectin lyrics like dot to dot, connectin blocks I concoct vocals that's libel to make your heart stop Termination completed, and I'm out like the seasons Murderin MC's for no fuckin apparent reason (motherfucker) Dis, lyricist, kicks lyrics so intent to disable to kill your whole vocals existance Like in for instance, the murderous methods of my ridin The Thunderdome, niggaz had em squabbin Shit, all I know is you could talk that talk (this Dogg Pound) and you best to be able to walk that walk, because we ride right, daylight, or after midnight Game Trump tight, down to dump on sight Call me the sniper with mo' chips than Wesley Snipes Niggaz oppose me to get cracked like the pipe Born in the East, raised a G on the West Westide, smokin and rollin with a S on my chest

(Dat Nigga Daz)

I roll swift as a pigeon, diggin niggaz graves in tomb stones alone One on one, microphone or phone Stampedin like a heard of buffalo you tumble Now when you try to get up, motherfucker you stumbled Now it's a must that I can bust, from the shots from my 12 gauge dust to get you high blown in the meanwhile my profile of my styles unusual from a buckwild child But in the meanwhile... I can tear that ass off be like an Al B. song I maul fifty MC's, divided just by one Now who's the greatest motherfucker other than myself Droppin lyrical vitamins for your health, motherfucker

chorus

One by one, we'll start to subtract And see how many motherfuckers got your back Cause when it comes down to it, we outs to clown It's them Dogg Pound Gangstaz, puttin it down (repeat 2X)

(Dat Nigga Daz) Now picture that ass and frame it, what a shame motherfucker to remain to obtain game

(Kurupt) I'm on another journey, my mind set on twisted gettin twisted and twist this fool for his grip then dash Daz in the Jeeps that the church drive cause he don't give a fuck, and down to put in work And this is how it's done like one two three Kurupt, and I'm quick to fuck shit up on G.P., lethal There's no stoppin me, top notch, there's no equal to the philosophies that I concoct

(Dat Nigga Daz)

We makin examples out of motherfuckers like you Nigga there's no idea, nigga, and there's no clue, you through You outta here motherfucker, finished you scared admit it Your new album... shiiiit! So realize with your two eyes that my rhyme hypnotize just like Jim Jones bapnitized his followers The wrath, of the slaughter, have you ever heard of a serve from my homey now he rhyme for baby sharks (and I) I load for ammo for ammo the young hollow is dippin to Pomona Ave to ride up on you on the corner It's kinda cold, how his ass got smoked (well alright) And now you know that we ain't no joke

(Kurupt)

I never trust a busta, so I never trust yo' ass Hope you got satellites around when we bust yo' ass I peeped you out the sides of my eyes, cause I be peepin Murderous situations, you got yourself knee deep in You're walkin around while you're sleepin So awake yourself nigga then break yourself And I don't give a fuck if your money is spent I want your hat to your clothes cause dollars make sense I got so many hoes on my dick, I gotta shake hoes and I'm controllin mines, like Waco Texas, Mr. Flossy in the Lexus Super supreme I plot schemes like Stephen King and

chorus

DPG, yeah I thought you knew, DPG Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah, DPG *etc.*