Tha Dogg Pound, Ridin', Slippin', & Slidin'

Ahhhhhwww shit, fuck!

(Dat Nigga Daz) It's a brand new day in the hood It's money to make, and I'm doin bad and it ain't lookin good It's all about the you know what everywhere that I roll And never leave emptyhanded without packin my chrome If it's on it's on, I put down my gangsta hand Show and prove and be gat, put the jack down a chance See I can put down like this, and you don't know why Niggaz always would try, but soon they all just die How they come up like I, would put my biz in the street I'd like to say is that the jack made my life complete Fifty-four thousand the cash he left cheesed and stitched But it still ain't enough, so what can I plot next? An armored truck'd be fine, as I come up from behind Grab 7 bags and fled, not wastin no time Coppers tailin my ass, breathin hard on my back Now my biz in the corner as I aband' the 'Llac Grab the satchel full of money brother Star crib I throw the money on the table say 'be back in a bit' I caught the biggest dope sack, I got my hood sewed up Now everybody bought to make the bomb soaked uncut

Ridin', slipin' and slidin'

Ran out a door my situation's back where I left A voice quietly tellin me -- you got to come up on some bread Don't get twisted for shit, see I be mashin on my own mission Never dreamin or wishin the money that I'm missin I heard some, niggaz doubt clockin rakin in all the dough And since I'm doin bad I gotta jack for they dough Called my partners in crime, Kurupt, Nate Dogg, and Style True soldiers from the Dogg Pound, puttin it down Kick the door in with the gauge and fo'-fo' (don't move) Blast a couple of niggaz as I style with all the dough Five pounds of coke, two pounds of? Now we baggin it up, and smokin all night long I wanna trip, then I didn't have no chip And my pockets be short, and I started to trip To maintain with no problem stopped by my bitch house She was poppin with them sales I don't play that shit (bitch!) and sold five hundred in cavi barely happy today Feelin knockin rowdy and my homey had to say

(Kurupt)

Well I got me a plot on the Westside on the town With some mark ass niggaz from the other side (yeah let's put it down) Now Dogg Pound Gangstaz true indeed we see the layout down, as we proceed Two in the front, three in the back, about to make niggaz collapse Cocked back the strap two minutes before the jack takes place now we face to face and I'm in the mood for a murder, so I'm all for the do low and you know The chances, advances stages Gauges and three-eighties, crazy, nigga shady To my lady, what I'ma do is mine for my loot with the homies mash on the massion about quarter to two When we arrive, I be the first nigga to dip Straight to the front door and intention's to straight trip I gotta make my grip and I made my grip with the quickness niggaz here to lick and got paid, bitch

Ridin', slipin' and slidin'

I don't trust a bitch, so fuck a bitch What's the function, what's the game All abord, the cavi train All you busters, riding round You don't wanna, see the Pound