

Tha Dogg Pound, Thrown Up Da C

(Intro: Daz)

Yeah, this goes out to all them gangstas out there
You know what I'm sayin'?
Keepin' it goin' everyday all day
And it just don't stop (Once again)
Dogg Pound, K-U-R-U-P-T... D-A to the Z
Soopa-doopa on the beat...

(Kurupt)

First thing I do is blaze up a sack
Hit up my nigga Daz like what's today's plans?
Rollin', ridin', or crackin' a bitch
Hittin' switches in the toys, on perk with the twist

(Daz Dillinger)

We in a drop-top, platinum 23, sky blue
And got what we got from bein' real and bein' true
And no clue - they never imagined
how the two come back, with Kurupt with a mag'

(Kurupt)

Daz with the .45 caliber, refuse to lose
Me and my nigga Daz been over the moon and back down
Been on opposite sides and still roam
I missed my nigga, damn it feels good be home

(Daz Dillinger)

It's reality check
Live in your face with a semi artillery tec
Dumpin' til' the whole clip's empty
I'm sippin', Daz and Kurupt in a rental
Life is the key of the situation homie
'cause it's drastic and mental, cuz

(Chorus)

Everybody could (see)
We throwin' up the (C)
Can't nobody (see)
D.P.G. (C)
Drinkin' Henne(ssy)
Cause they all wanna (see)
From here to over the (sea)
D.P.G. (C)

(Kurupt)

We got a D.P. picnic poppin', it ain't stoppin'
Music knockin', scores of fours hoppin'

(Daz Dillinger)

Now everybody wave your hands from side to side
And everybody get your pistols if you're ready to ride

D.P.G. (C)

(Daz Dillinger)

That's our terminology
Fuck it 'cause it gotta be, broken off properly
The new and improved Dogg Pound Gangsta crew
Lace your Chucks homies 'cause you're catchin' the blues - onsite
You know my crew love to fight, like a 747 take flight
See it's a cold night, full moon
You know we creepin' round your neighborhood, nigga BOOM-BOOM

(Kurupt)

We been through ups, downs, rights, wrongs
Right, left, two step
Rider music, let's ride
Push on, hood slide

I get to thinkin' I guess when I get to drinkin'
I do too much - but my homies love me anyway
Back to back, we down to let the semi spray
Chubby Lil' Daz and Trent growin' up with Corday

(Chorus)

(Kurupt)
Nickels and nines
Hesitation could make a nigga lose his life
These women can make a nigga lose his mind
All we got is each other, health and time

(Daz Dillinger)
See "I Ain't Mad At Cha" homie like the homie Makaveli
It's Kurupt Young Gotti, Dat Nigga Daz Dilly
The arsonal is active, flip you up backwards
To killers to gangstas, from criminal jackers

D.P.G. (C)

(Kurupt)
Rider redemption, firin' plastic... nothin' but classics
bumpin' out my motherfuckin' speaker box
Me and Daz, an outcast, heaters cocked

(Daz Dillinger)
See we some young niggaz growin' in the life of crime
We crack a nigga from his ankle, chest plate and spine
Them Dogg Pound Gangstas, we one of a kind
And yo Gotti, would you kick it for me one more time?

(Chorus) - 2X