

# Tim Dog, Dog Baby

Huh...yeah...  
Comin back with that East Coast flavor...  
1994...yeah...

Mista Busta, where you at?  
Can't scrap a lick, hey yo those rhymes is whack  
You need to keep yo corny ass at makin beef  
You be soundin like a kid from Sesame's Street  
Tryin to dis D-O-G when that ain't right  
Sickin Snoopy on me when that ain't right  
Gettin funky on me when that ain't right  
When I be givin it to your girl every other night  
I get down for my crown and I represent  
Do whatever I gotta do just to pay the rent  
And if it means dissin you (fool) and yo crew (fool)  
I'm comin to your house with the Bronx Zoo  
Rappers frontin on the dog on the mic get stepped upon  
And when you get crapped upon you can stomp like a leprechaun  
Straight up, word up for the real  
deal, not Hollyfield but still  
I might send in the dogs just like Mike Tyson  
When I'm grabbin the mic, everything is alright, yeah  
And I just lay back in the flow  
Rappers wanna step to me but they just don't know  
That I'm the Dog...

(CHORUS:)

(It's the dog, baby baby  
the dog, baby baby  
the dog, baby baby  
Tim Dog !)

(4x while Tim Dog goes:)

Yeah !  
Comin back with that East Coast flavor  
Yeah !  
Comin back like that !

I'm sittin in my crib watchin MTV  
when this skinny muthaphukka on the telly try to dis me (Baby)  
He try to flex on the D-O-G  
But if I gave that punk binoculars he still couldn't see me  
So shake your bones and your rattle  
and leave your toy 9 at home and bring your skills to the battle  
like Jeru, I'm gonna damage  
Lookin for success and your ass is a Burgerking sandwich  
It's a pitty fake niggaz gotta show off  
I'll bust yo skinny ass with a saw-ed off  
shotgun ! Didn't even know that I got one  
I'm aiming at your brain  
Come in my house of pain  
Suckers try to flip, yo, I'm comin quick  
with some super super bad boogie down Bronx shit  
You rappers better run and hide  
Tell yo ho Dr.Dre I got something to ride (Let me ride)  
on my D-I-...see ya  
Told you you would D-I-...  
E if you ever step to the D-O-G  
Punk, you besta know the game  
My nutsack is bigger so what's my name ?

(CHORUS)

I came in the door, I said it before  
I never dissed that punk Dr.Dre no more

But he's bitin me, fightin me, invitin me to rhyme  
I can't hold it back, I'm gonna go for mine  
The original hardcore lyric ballbreaker  
When it comes to whack MCs no I'm not a funk faker  
I just smash, crash on that ass and put that ass in the trash  
like it's nuthin you learned in class  
I'm a real MC and I'm on my own  
and if nobody got my back, I can hold my own  
If I die, I die, if I live, I live  
But if Hip-Hop survive, I got something I can give  
I don't care if you don't think I can win (word)  
And I don't care if you don't wanna be my friend (word)  
And if the Pound get mad and they wanna step in  
come on and step right in, step right in to the...

(CHORUS)