

# Dogghouse Ridaz

Bad Azz

I read them Dogghouse niggaz is Rip ridin'

(YEA!)

I'm so proper - I came up like a liquor store robber

I'm so L.A., like the Dodgers or the Lakers

Man I put money on players

On the corner, with the Mayor of Pomona

So break down, bitch, in a serious fashion

If the pimpin' don't kill you than I'm forced to blast ya

It's a paper thang, it ain't about the pussy and dick

It's the difference between you walkin' and you pushin' a whip

See it's a major type of paper, caper, motivator, playa, neighbor

Haters hate us, I don't give a fuck if you don't play this later

I'm to the strip, I gotta check my money makers

Do it to 'em now and save some for later

Dogghouse niggaz, we ridaz

We always got a car load of bitches beside us

You punk motherfuckers want to try and divide us

The homies on deck with the heaters behind us

Wide up, so bonafied up

This ain't that same ol' shit you get tired of

The heat for the street from the best suppliers

(West and Eastside up, Eastsidaz)

You might not ever get rich...

So you might as well go ahead and bust you a bitch...

Nigga, now if I hang around nine squares (I would be the dif')

And if I hang around nine fools feelin' loose (I would be the dif')

But if I hang around nine projects a mile (I would be the dif')

And if I hang around nine rich business men (I would be the dif')

Now if I had wings - I'd fly

And if it was a fifth - I'll be alright

It ain't so sippin' in my pimpin'

(They don't know)

We got them regulars trickin'

(We got it crackin' on the stroll)

And I know sometime when I pee I forget to lift the seat

But she don't cook, clean, cash every night, and her hair's always neat

Nah nah, get gone

Don't forget to remind me to whoop your motherfuckin' ass as soon as we get home

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Now this is dedicated to hoo-bangin', slangin'

Catch heat from this motherfuckin' dirty rap game

I won't tell you nothin', that you might have been told

I won't sell you nothin', that you might have had bought  
Just fuck wit cha nigga cause I stay low gold  
Quick to blast moms and pops and the dog To-to  
You don't know me nigga, so keep my name out your grill  
If I see you on the streets I'm just gon' keep it way real  
They know again, keepin' that shit gangsta cuhz  
I got my head on straight, with my brain on buzz  
Trust a slug, when it slip the AK's flip  
Squeezin' on the trigger yellin' Rollin' 20 Crip  
Walkin' through the shadow of death, I see my shadow on my left  
Grip tight with the heat on my right  
Will I make it through these fucked up situations?  
I'm headed to Dogghouse, so D's paper chasin' (motherfucker)

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Yeah, Bad Azz  
'nuff said, ha ha  
Smoke some nigga  
Yeah yeah, Dogghouse  
Beotch!