

# 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!