

# Thang On My Hip

Daz Dillinger

What you talkin' bout? Nigga get your gats  
Do niggaz know you? I'ma check your stacks  
We can do whatever, nigga I've been around  
I ain't been up to shit, I rolls from the underground  
Look at the sun, man I see it comin'  
I feel like I'm there, got my whole block runnin'  
If I get hit, or get caught up with this  
You'll get blowed the fuck down talkin' all that shit  
One less nigga gone, got me a chrome  
I'll do-low your man, fuckin' let the nina blam  
I feel like some gats, flyin' just like a bat  
Demonstrate it how you want it like that

(2x)

I always got that thang on my hip, got that thang on my hip  
(The worst thing that you can do is start bumpin' your lips)  
I always got that thang on my hip, got that thang on my hip  
(You can't even look at me crazy, look at me crazy)

(What's up?!) I see they talkin' loud  
But see they love to yap  
I hesitate, NO! - put 'em on they back  
You see we live forever, Big Tookie put it down  
That's how we represent it, for life the Dogg Pound  
Pistol packin' guns, my little homies gunnin'  
We rat-a-tat at them, I got them niggaz runnin'  
If I get attacked, I give 'em no slack  
I make sure all them niggaz get some payback  
Best believe it's on, guess who rule the throne  
I'm in command, kill every nigga where they stand  
I peel they caps back, I dust 'em bat-baddat  
You hear that sound nigga? (click-clack, click-clack)

I always got that thang on my hip, got that thang on my hip  
(The worst thing that you can do is start bumpin' your lips)  
I always got that thang on my hip, got that thang on my hip  
(You can't even look at me crazy, look at me crazy)