

Dog Beats

Insane Clown Posse

Yeah what you need?
Yeah let me get a large order of fries and uh
No fries
Excuse me?
No fries man
Oh, well must be out then
Alright then give me a large double slam and...
Nope
What?
Can't do it
Why not?
No meat?
No meat man damn
Alright then, I'll take a salad then
Better grow yourself one
what's that?
We ain't got no damn salad man
Ah, well then what the hell do you have?
We got the Dogbeats
Oh yeah the Dogbeats huh?
Yup
Alright, then I'll take an order of that to go then
Inner City Posse's got the Dogbeats
ICP we got the Dogbeats
No you don't stop with the funk from the old days
Start on your head as the beat plays
Yo, the ICP has got the Dogbeast
Inner City Posse and were playin for keeps
And I know you likin' this funk
'cause I can hear my voice commin out your trunk
Of your ride, don't take me for a sucker
You leavin unattended I'm a take the mutha fucker
2 to the D to the o-p-e
Hittin 03 with the ICP
I like bass, treble, and the test up
Throw kick it in the back of a Sector Bus
With that 40-0, or that's trouble
Shootin' craps in the back of the liquar store
And I'm hittin, and we'll keep it at that
You out Joe?
Nope, 2 Dope at that
Rollin and I'm headin for the Clark Park
Just finished shootin 8 with the dark shark
Seen the freak with the bright white tank top
Keep rollin 'cause I know I'll see my bank drop
Homeboy if you want to keep your riches
Stay the hell away from them more money
From the truck to the bikers to the jeeps
The ICP has got the Dogbeats
Bow-wow-wow Yipy-yo Yipy-yeah
Bow-wow-wow Yipy-yo Yipy-Yeah (4x)
Street lights glearin off the windshield
Mear coke crackers on the general wheel
6 Pack in the back and a dousand
Keep the sounds up find skate 1 thousand
2 Dope gotta keep his own style
Home made kicken box 4 tendance Posse

ICP make the whole car hop
When we let the bass drop
Inner Citty Posse's got the bad rep
Like my man on the cruches took a big step
And I can't stand the neighborhood menace
So I swell his chin like Rocky Denice
Bass in the car somethin stacks
I now hear me roamin them Pontiacs
Everyone's brittle when the bass rocks
So I got a little somethin in the glovebox
Long black hair with the white rag
40 cent Faygo in a brown bag
Jump Steady, Rude Boy, and Nate The Mack
Chillen by my side 'cause my Posse's stacked
I know I'm gettin famous just think for a minute
Stole the car radio and my tape was in it
Sounds bringin life to the streets
The ICP got the Dogbeats
Bow-wow-wow Yipy-yo Yipy-yeah
Bow-wow-wow Yipy-yo Yipy-Yeah (4x)
Inner City Posse got the Dogbeats (3x)
Is in the house
Waiten at the light as my bass thumps
And I'm gettin jocked by these local chumps
They point, they wave, they stare, they look
I been jocked so hard I could write a book
Violent J down with the pimp daddy's (3x)
Smooth plushc rides in the velvet caddy's
All the way live down Jefferson
Inner City Posse's got the best of them
With a tape and your system beat
ICP has got the Dogbeats
Bow-wow-wow Yipy-yo Yipy-yeah
Bow-wow-wow Yipy-yo Yipy-Yeah (4x)
Inner City Posse got the Dogbeats
ICP we got the Dogbeats (4x)