

Dog About It

Mack 10

Look here my nigga, it's for your own motherfuckin' good
You wanna keep your bling, stay out my neck of the woods
If you a stranger, caught anywhere in my hood
How you get left, the only thing people can say is "Ughh"

I been know for reignin' choppers, bluka-bluka
Been stankin' baller blockers and duckin' coppers
Got a holla, from my nigga Mack 10-sion
An told me to meet him at LA X and its 'bout some business

I flauge in, he tellin' me some busta trippin'
Please let your lil' dog pay this cat a visit
Fuck wit' the O.G. and B.G. get busy
Make sure his days livin', cut to a minimum

I speak this shit 'cause I mean it my nigga
I creep and where I catch ya, is where I leave ya my nigga
A lot of niggas don't walk it, and talk about it
But this nigga B.G. gon' be dog about it

Now when we come, we come, and dog we ain't playin'
It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame
We a dog nigga
We walks that walk and talk that talk, nigga

Now when we come, we come, and dog we ain't playin'
It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame
I'm a dog nigga
And I'ma walk that walk and talk that talk, nigga

Nigga I'm 'bout Sherm' smokin' and trigga chokin'
And leave my enemies dead and their fuckin' blood soakin'
Don't doubt it, it's C.M.R so I shout it
Like navigation, I map it out, route it then be a dog about

I lay low, jack you for every dollar and panceo
That's all Hoo-Bang did, homies above, everything else I love
Say B.G., you need a hundred stack from Mack
You'll need 20 jugs of water plus a whole gang of crack

But firsts things first, find him, hit' em wit the tool
Then make his blood ooze until there's no more to lose
Murder, murder's a must, take the stairway to Heaven
And if you fuck wit' Mack, then it's a 187

So if you do me, then I'll do you
But when I do you, I want your whole fuckin' crew
So fill the church up and get the units you recite of
I'm a straight dog about it plus a Westside rider

Now when we come, we come, and dog we ain't playin'
It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame
We a dog, nigga
We walks that walk and talks that talk, nigga

Now when we come, we come, and dog we ain't playin'
It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame

We some dogs, nigga
We walks that walk and talks that talk, nigga

I hit the street, you know I be thugged-the-fuck-out
When I beef, slugs get bust at your house
All week, its drama, ya block like ghost town
You want peace, it's too late the water started to boil now

I tried to tell ya when you was buckin', "Settle down"
I tried to tell ya that, "Lil' B.G. is ghettoed down"
I tried to tell ya that, "Niggas raw from Uptown"
And release nothin' but a hundred plus rounds

Hold up B.G. blood, check it, I gotta know homie
And this punk we thought was a real nigga is a motherfuckin' phony
Big Stunter Corlone gave the word and now it's on
Said he wanted a close casket, chigga-chop 'em in his dome

Then act like Rambo, turn into Mack Soprano
Fill him full of ammo, the blood gushin' from his flannel
Fluka-flames wit' nothing but red-dot aims
Chicken heart plucking out a Chevy, ain't a damn thang changed

When we in beef, we come, and dog we ain't playin'
It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame
We a dog, nigga
We walks that walk and talks that talk, nigga

When we come, we come, dog we ain't playin'
It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame
We some dogs, nigga
We walks that walk and talks that talk, nigga

When we come, we come, dog we ain't playin'
It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame
We a dog, nigga
We some hogs, nigga, whatever