

10 Til Midnight

Tha Dogg Pound

That I exposed, my hundred seventy-five flows
The inkling of a sect, suspect me
This assemblies and less than two verses
I'm able to disengage mics
And chew MCs up like Mike & Ikes
When I recite they like two flips
I sink MCs like ships
With my nocturnal vibes, mandatory eclipse
There's no comparison, I embarrassment
Cause microphone harassment
Here's where the fear and terror spin
I'm hit brick, decipher these look-a-like MCs
Claimin' they rock mics like nights for days
So I'm able to have more to perform
I explode on the mic like C-4
I eliminate ya fool microphones
These limited the amount of opponents
Step on the microphone I show em'
Over and over, these weird situations
Enter in the gladiation, now they facin'

Last night I had a dream and it just made me realize
That folks don't give a damn about me (They don't care)
So many haters on the scene, can't stand to see me on the rise
But I'm gon' still remain the same, you best believe
We keep it gangsta, straight gangsta oh (Now that's gangsta)
We keep it gangsta, straight gangsta oh (Now you know that's gangsta)
We keep it gangsta, straight gangsta oh (Now that's gangsta)
We keep it gangsta, straight gangsta oh (Get cho' ass on the floor)

If I wanna fuck a homie I would, ya best believe that
Wanna call me reg, show ya girl where the cheese at
Niggas roll and shit, hatin' on a young bitch
Cause flow I cop or the spots I rock
I'm still classy, playa like me I keeps it jazzy
Still keep it gangsta whether not I'm gettin' sassy
Got a beeper, fly out and release my profile
Or my click bust eighty for all you busters actin' shady
Fake ass ballers wanna-be shot callers
Think y'all holdin' clout, niggas runnin' they mouth
It's still Death Row mackin' when gangs start crackin'
Askin' all you cats in this game yo what's happenin'
Hoes talk about they cockin' back, bustin' guns
Knowin' damn well heat is on deck, you cowards run
Hated by many, yo we loved by few
You ain't gotta like us homie but respect what we do
I'll buck y'all niggas then bust y'all niggas
Set chu' niggas up then wet chu' niggas up
Seen a jazzy hoe steppin' out with the gators
Hold up haters I'm executin' all the fakers
Lettin' all you cats know I just wanna fuck you
Back to ya wifey, it's her job to love you
I'm lookin' for my baby daddy, what's he got
He old enough to cum, he old enough to get fucked
Yeah, SKG Death Row mackin' the new bitch in town
That's how I get down

If I had a million dollars then I'd be rich
If ya ho was on deck then I fuck yo bitch
It's Gotti in the cut with the Don Corleone
And Dillinger with the hollow tip chromes
Catch ya and travel, leave ya flabbergasted
Stalkin' y'all walkin' caskets
Hit the spot where the smokers hold
Low and behold, the tightest composition composed
Can ya catch it, I threw my thoughts like a quarterback
So when they ain't around, I angle murder and slaughter act
React, actions speak louder than words
But ain't nothin' more important than vision
I've seen optical collisions corrupted
I'm spontaneous when I combusted melon
Can't escape a lyrical felon
Excellin' in the out, like it's in from smokin' the bong
Koran Don, set to explore like napalm
Cataclysmic, with a habit to form collisions
Various visions, intellect sharp enough to injure
Like incisions with the deadliest intentions
To grab the heat and bust niggas into different dimensions
I had thoughts, had thoughts of electricity
Murdered by millions of volts
I got a forty cal cold
I'm all about business
Life ain't what it seems in two seconds
I peeped the red beam, I tried to dodge
Grabbed the chrome plate, I dumped once
But I was two seconds late cause the size I was
Was the first mistake
My moms came and shook me I didn't awake
Cause in my position that's the chance ya take
In the dream, in the world with no way to escape