

Best Run

Tha Dogg Pound

Gangsta shit, I'ma show you how the gangsters do it
Word to mother, Kurupt Young Gotti
Excuse me for a second while I blow, on this bomb
{*inhaling and coughing*}
Beans, Beanie Sigel, yeah
Daz Dillinger, Dat Nigga Daz, bitches

I gotta little bit of somethin that you'll never understand
With that double deuce, double up, hammer in hand
Got so many different advances, different chances
lead to different circumstances, enhancements
Calibers, mental mind gallagher, shells
Hit niggaz like hammers hit nails
I'm Apocalypse 6000, I remember that hoe
Bitch don't you owe me 6000? I'm countin(?) to ten

I slide through on some ol' outlandish shit
And roll up anybody on some skanless shit
Many try to be I, wanna bang the gang
Screamin our name, the Dogg Pound Gangsta gang
They call me Young Rosco, young and ho-stile
If it ain't on D's, then I can't even ride yo
I'm so caught up in the streets I need to lie low
And I'm runnin out of sheets, to weed that I blow

Best run, getcha guns, spittin dum dum
slugs at the thugs, y'all niggaz don't want none
Here we come, best run, spittin dum dum
slugs at you thugs, y'all niggaz don't want none
Here we come, best run, spittin dum dum
slugs at you thugs, y'all niggaz don't want none
Here we come, best run, spittin dum dum
slugs at you thugs, y'all niggaz don't want none

The Gooch is back, the hold up man with deuce gat
(Blow up fam) You fold up fan, you're fruit cat
Niggaz gettin swoll up, plans for loose tracks
When I roll up fam (yeah nigga) produce scraps (kick in)
You know I'm all about the street dollars
Follow your trail and blaze niggaz with +techs+ like 'Sheed Wallace
They say the streets talk and I ain't hearin a word
Feet to the ground got my ear to the curb
Roll with niggaz disappear in them burbs
Pop up appear with them birds, in darkness prepare you for worst
(Listen) - in other words stop talkin
I slim up your legs, curl up your hands, nigga you stop walkin
when the fifth stain leave shit stains off in
your Pampers, get your shit bag changed often
You niggaz soft and the fifth lift chains off often
Get your block chalked when the glock start barkin

Who wanna get 'em up? Nigga let's get 'em up
Why the fuck they act like you know, and so we did 'em up
When the uz' bruise I serve crews, act like you know
Rude bwoy tryin to walk in these shoes
I ain't impressed off dues with that bullshit, I pull quick
And y'all dumb hoes suck dick - she just a bitch

I hit the switch and peel out, and wheel out, throw up a (?)
I get shit, get get done with it, and so I get out
The smallest of my hustle so I floss off bones
Pay the cost of the death, watch you die when you step
Seven to ten niggaz drop when they step
Don't sweat the technique or get chin-checked

Pimpin never gave a fuck, Sigel Daz and Kurupt
Rosco, (??) you can't bite my shit, it causes fiascoes
My rhymes is designed, drinkin tobasco
I'm dippin, rollin, that's the way the (?) bowl
D.P.G.'s bowl, R.O.C. soul
controllin, foldin, suckers like envelopes
Rollin on hundred spokes, smokin on a pound of smoke

Dogg Pound Gangsterville, where the gangsters at
Sigel came to roll through and smoke us out
So what's wrong with that? Nigga, ha? Yeah
Daz Dillinger, yo, the one-shotter
Shootin niggaz down cause it's nuttin
The first nigga to take off, nigga boulder boy
Yo, Kurupt Young Gotti, ha?
You know that nigga, that one nigga, set it off on ya
Pleezbelieveit ya bitch
I know bitches when I see a bitch and youse a bitch
And bitches get treated like bitches..

Roc-A-Fella, Dogg Pound nigga!