

**D.P.G.**

## **Tha Dogg Pound**

My nigga Daz, the funkiest nigga to make beats  
Nobody see's him, East to West coast (No disrespect)  
Say what? (Say What, Say What?)  
Motherfucker too much, too much, too much  
(I heard somebody bit our shit cuz!)  
Where we from?

Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by, Dogg Pound Gangstas (Say what?)  
Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by, Dogg Pound  
Gangstas (Motherfucker, too much)  
Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by (too much),  
Dogg Pound Gangstas (too much)  
Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by, Dogg Pound Gangstas (Hey Daz)

I heard of a lot of dope ass rappers and I'm down with 'em  
In deed we all smoke weed and clowned with 'em  
Hung around with 'em, one man, with my gun in hand  
There's only one land, niggas down with me I  
can count on one hand (Dogg Pound)  
The carma get dumb-a, the double barrel pump-a heat bump-a  
And I been rocking mic's since funky drum-a  
These adventures reak havoc,  
Speak lavish lifesyle but crack your clavicle for the cabbage  
Ryhme savage, introduction to death  
Muder MC's till ain't shit left  
In a sector, why must MC's flip  
Like gymnastics, just to get they ho ass whiped  
Claiming they classic, but you don't set no classic examples  
With your fucked up beats, and your fucked up samples  
Ya last verbal war, you won't survive no more  
I turned the channel, cuz nigga you ain't live no more  
I use to follow, but now you's a legend like sleepy hollow  
I shoot to kill on horse, peel your cap, swallow  
There's no tommorrow, nigga, it all ends  
I been rocking a mic nigga since hip-hop began  
I'm the man, now what is this that I'm told to be red on the spot  
Dissed by a nigga I admire (sucka)  
Oh shit, hell no this can't be  
Who's this on the radio dissing me  
D-O- double G, P-O-U-N-D, shit scorcher  
Doing a video for a song that got blew outta porportion  
I found he's the deadliest force in the world  
Where it's all about glamour, fame, and fortune  
As we blast and creep, so fuck you  
Your homeboys and any fools trying to compete  
We the elite, Dat Nigga Daz is back and he's blasting  
And anytime we meet face to face we mashing (ha-ha)

Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by, Dogg Pound Gangstas (Say what?)  
Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by, Dogg Pound Gangstas ( too much)  
Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by (too much),  
Dogg Pound Gangstas (too much)  
Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by, Dogg Pound Gangstas (you know what?)

So gimmie, the heat to the motherfucking Jimmies  
Hit slimmies, like 3's and I be's penny  
Raw, like fifteen separate sawed-offs

To you chest, leathal techs, and pissed to get complex  
If I had a million dollars, then I'd be rich  
If your ho was on deck then I'd fuck yo bitch  
It's Gotti in the cut with the Don, Coleone  
And Dillinger, with the hollow tip chromes (Yeah)  
Catch you in traffic, leave you all flabbergasted  
Stalking you all, all walking caskets  
Hit the spot where the smoke is sold  
Low and behold, the tightest composition composed  
Can you catch it, I threw my thoughts like a quarterback  
So when they in the realm wit I mangle, murder, and slaughter at  
React, actions speak louder than words  
But ain't nothing more potent than vision  
I seen out in through the visions, erupting  
I'm spontaneous rapping, busting your melon  
Then escape a lyrical felon  
Accelling in and out like, as if I'm smoking the bomb (boom)  
And hit 3's as my D's shine  
And keep it gangsta

Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by, Dogg Pound Gangstas  
Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by, Dogg Pound Gangstas  
Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by, Dogg Pound Gangsta Gangsta  
Dogg Pound Gangstas ba-by, Dogg Pound Gangstas