

## Dpgc Muzic

## Tha Dogg Pound

It's that D.P.G.C. music  
Pop it in your deck, bounce, don't abuse it  
Rock to the rhythm, let me see you boogie  
Doggy Biscuits, khaki'd up in black hoodie  
Let me see you do what them G's do  
Throw up your hood motherfucker, let me see you  
O.G.'s, B.G.'s, represent that hard  
Hoodstars, Dogg Pound, yeah you know who we are

From the cradle to the grave, I'ma bang in a beret  
Throw everything I got up, first to fade  
Hood hop, I'm bouncin' in Bigg Hump's drop  
Riders, rollin' through the streets and each block  
Reach out, get touched, get banged and bust'  
Runnin' up on these niggaz like "nigga what up"  
Get choked, get broke, get hogtied  
And we gon' show you how the real hoggs ride

Yeah, the way that we be blastin' they all die  
They made no offer 'cause they all try  
Bang to the boogie 'cause we boogie to bang  
Up jump the boogie 'cause we boogie to bang  
With the gangsta swang, like this  
Move it all around, throw your sets up  
Do the Dogg Pound - get up  
Gangsta gangsta, the G's is here  
You know what's goin' down when the G's appear

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Nigga, Chevy Impala, Monte Carlo, El Camino  
I'ma scrape and peel - in that 2006 Snoop DeVille  
Rider music, my lil' nigga Big Tri cuhz  
is up in this bitch in khakis and Chucks  
I'ma bang on these niggaz, I'ma ride 'til I die  
I'ma cause a riot right now, so press fire  
They bangin' in New York now nigga  
We international gang bang figgas  
And we don't trip off bitch ass niggaz

And to solve them problems, we bust them triggers  
So we the G niggaz who don't give a fuck  
We come through you're block like "yo what up"  
I keep it hood everyday all day the Crip way  
D-O double-G, the P-O-U-N-D  
You know I'm stompin', bumpin' my music so loud  
Cause that's what I do, you know I move the crowd  
I'm on the prowl like a lion or cheetah  
It's Dat Nigga Daz and Kurupt, motherfucker

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Yeah, stand up, get yo' ass off the wall  
Niggaz makin' money, yeah we ballin' to fall  
Three vodka pineapple and a bottle of this  
And my nigga Young Gotti just swallowed a fifth  
Uh, you know everywhere we go we hearin' it  
That me and my click is the shiznit  
Catch a slug or give me some love  
This is how we do it when we up in the club  
Gangstas, killers, hustlers and thugs

What it is, what it was, what's crackin' cuhz?  
Slauson twist - tequila and grapefruit mix  
This is it, G shit, tuck or spit  
Don't trip, I dare you to do what you did  
Last night, when you was talkin' shit all night  
Like there was nothin' wrong, everything was right  
All ball, now you in the homies zone  
It's on, I'ma show you where you went wrong  
The first thing you shoulda did nigga was take off  
But you didn't, now I'ma show you consequences  
We used to jackin' niggaz, jumpin' over walls and fences  
Relentless, winners, losses ain't in us

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