

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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