

# Gangsta Rap

## Tha Dogg Pound

Yeah, it's that untouchable gangsta Crooked in to I go  
I'm from a long lost tribe called "Fuck a Hoe"  
Come through in a new Chevy, droppin game like it's too heavy  
Well for you suckers that's the ceiling  
A metaphor for over ya head, dumb dumb  
Speak to ya double O.G., that's where good game come from  
Dogg Poundin

Six straight, six fo', L co's, missed it  
Cause that's what one of us, nigga don't touch it  
The people of the side for the urban  
I like to work for top, or make 'em work it  
.. Whattup?! I see my niggaz all in the cut  
Layed back, actin a nut, waitin 'til we 'rupt  
No remorse, as we bust, let you feel the dust  
Let us do what we gotta do, it's fuckin it up  
Let it be known, Daz Dillinger rough to the bone  
All alone roamin ya neighborhood at high exhaust  
High stylin and profilin, niggaz comin after me  
(fuck y'all) In actuality they face the technicality  
(whattup dawg?) Let 'em feel the battle, it was a tragedy  
(hell yeah) On site a nigga die for the salary (boo-ya!)  
We the gang and we walk like we talk and we stalk  
And we do what we do after dark (yeah!)

This is for the ballers - gangsta rap  
What all the hoes love - gangsta rap  
What the hoppin six-fo's do - gangsta rap  
You could do what you want to - gangsta rap  
Yeah, this is for the ballers - gangsta rap  
What all the hoes love - gangsta rap  
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Nigga, I buy new blocks for war  
A few shots, a broad, that make you drop  
Then I'ma pop two cops or more  
I'm too hot, come through wit two proper whores  
Playin Tupac Shakur, gettin 'em blue socks the Lord  
Crooked I's the name, man that boy just hopped off the train  
Wearin a platinum chain striked with that thang  
It's the youth game, doin it big  
You don't like it, you and yo' kid get you and the whip, shit  
Nigga, I spray clips, shots flop quicker than space ships  
Then shapeshift yo' facial "Matrix" like a facelift  
So face it, y'all ain't nuttin to see  
Ain't a nigga dead or alive who fuckin wit me  
Keep the Death Row chains out  
My left blow connect so hard your head blow  
Now let's blow brains out (uh-huh), just thought I had to warn ya  
Don't come to Long Beach, Cali-take-off-on-ya-fornia, nigga

Innie, minnie, mini, mo, pick the do' or the flo'  
Hoe you gotta go if you ain't takin off ya clothes  
All I really wanna do is stick a dick up in you  
So fast, in a flash, then I gotta slash, whattup Daz?  
We the realist, kickin back, and feelin real chillin

Dope laws, ooh you get tossed, we dump nigga  
It ain't nuttin to applaud (uh-huh)  
Never slippin dick nigga, to the West then took it straight  
"This kid's a psycho gramma!" Fuck a hoe cous'  
Took it, what it is, what it was  
Blood, nigga what it is, what is was  
My niggaz, California nigga what it is  
Fuck the rap game if you can't pay mayne  
Obsessed with the West (West coast!), rack 'em shells  
And we started off the motherfuckin multi-platinum sales  
Biatch!

Gangsta rap.. gangsta rap  
Gangsta rap, gangsta rap, gangsta rap

Yeah, two gangstas from radio  
Kurupt - kill Blood, Daz Dillinger, Crooked I, yeah  
.. Biatch! Uhh!