

# It's All Hood

## Tha Dogg Pound

It's all hood, put him on the set...  
It's all hood, it's all hood...  
{"L.A. - City of Angels"}  
It's all hood...

We from the West Coast... The City of Angels  
Where we love to swang them thangs  
Where we love to bang on you  
(What up Diggy Daz?)  
Man, I'm straight West Coast'n  
The B-dogg's B-doggin', the C-R-I-P's straight loc'n  
Eastside, Northside, Southside, Westside  
Land of the set-trip, where we all ride  
We don't die homeboy, yeah we multiply  
Do this for life, the homeboys gettin' hood stripes  
It's the nigga that ya love to hate, with a double dose  
Dogg Pound bangin' nothin' but the West Coast  
Throw up your set 'cause we love to ride  
In the city where them young gangstas born to die

If you're from the West Coast nigga (Give it up!)  
If ya love the West Coast nigga (Give it up!)  
If ya don't give a fuck nigga (Give it up!)  
West Coast niggaz for life, nigga (Give it up!)

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I'm tired of the motherfuckin' actin'  
Niggaz do another video in the hood I'm straight jackin'  
(Give it up) No more T-shirts with the khakis  
For all you off-brands, gotta get a new tactic  
It's a mind of distraction  
Hollywood goin' back Hollyhood, nigga we blastin'  
Askin' no questions, givin' you suggestions  
On how you need to get yo' ass up out the West'  
Cause we put niggaz on the set, slide up on him with the tec  
Make a nigga run up out his shit  
Havin' fun up out his shit, nigga come up out yo' shit  
Yeah them West Coast niggaz is sick  
I sent a lil' bitch upstairs  
She played with it, layed with it, made a nigga say "fuck yeah!"  
Thought you was a player or a boss  
Lil' bitch on the twist for the chips, call her Kriss Kross

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Nigga, let me just bang out on these  
Punk-ass motherfuckers tryin' to bang out on us  
Ride out on 'em, slide out on 'em  
Sock his ass nigga, inside-out on him  
You take from us but you never give back

I'm a dump ya bitch ass out, nigga like that  
I'm a bounce the Cadillac around and back  
To the hood motherfucker, waitin' to get a sack  
Try that, get bombed on so fast  
Nigga watch who you with, watch where you at  
Me and D-A-Z, we gonna watch where you at  
Just in case we gotta pop up and squash where you at  
Land of the .9 millimeters and K's  
When we came to your town we had pies for days  
You deliver us, we got high for days  
Then we robbed all your homeboys and dipped away, nigga

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Yeah, Dogg Pound Gangstas  
What you claim homie?  
Yeah, bangin' out on these bustas, D.P.G.  
Yeah, new millenium shit bitch  
All hood... what can they do about that, Battlecat?  
Daz, Kurupt, Bigg Snoop, Nate, G-Dub, what up cause?  
(My nigga Soopa-doopa') - fly... bitch!  
(West Coast, uh  
My niggaz out in The Bay, all the way down  
Yeah, you know what time it is  
Battlecat, let 'em know where we from)  
Let's ride out, Daz

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