

# Just Doggin'

## Tha Dogg Pound

It's just another day in the hood for Kurupt, yeah, that's me  
Got schooled by Snoop in a black Cherokee  
Daz in the back, Warren G. in the front  
Nice sack of chronic with some gin in a cup  
Back up I stack up the weed  
Tha Pound and the Row is my only friends  
If you talk shit, I hit you hard as I can  
You talk shit once but never again

Well, I'm back with the bubonic chronic sack for that ass  
So all my doggs pack the back, laced his ass  
To the fullest feeling I'm feelin you never could feel  
While your mind is comin where your body is chill  
As I mob with tha pound and my nigga Nate Dogg  
Not flaggin, not saggin, but havin a ball  
Yo, saw y'all motherfuckers wanna see like doggs  
Wanna be like doggs, but can't compare to doggs

It's like one to the two, two to the three  
K to the U-R-U-P-T  
In fact, I steps with a tech in the back  
In the hood, ain't got no love, so I packs a strap

And I once knew a nigga named Dr. Dre  
He was a baller from the motherfucking CPT (a baller from the CPT)  
He hooked up with the niggas from the LBC  
And now they fuckin up the whole rap industry

Well, check it out, and peep game on the one they call Dat Nigga Daz  
An OG straight puttin it down for the Eastside (right)  
But this is just a dove sack of dope  
So till yo ass dopes this mo  
Now, you can't see my mothafuckin homies from the CPT  
And you can't see my mothafuckin doggs from the LBC

Check this flow, Hoover ain't the word to describe me, nigga  
Remember, I'm murderin niggas as a hobby  
Bodies get battered for fuckin with the best dogg dump  
With the tech-n-terror to fuckin chest start  
Do I give a fuck (hell no) I'm a locc nigga  
Who you tryin to provoke (nigga) step up, get smoked nigga  
Get the strap in the back I'm rollin and a bumpin  
Niggas talk shit I won't write and start dumpin  
Uh, who play the role like the G's  
Punk ass middle fuckin mark niggas, please  
Murder in the first degree  
I step with a tech, burst and flee  
You'll find none worst than me  
See, motherfuckers murdered and mangled, strangled  
Our bitches like a bangled  
Take ya from a whole different angle  
Bitches, I'm never sympin, You'll see me pimpin  
I step the clip in, bust a cap  
Watch them fall flat on they back  
Like this and like that from an automatic strap  
So for tryin the techno  
Respect I gets wrecked with a glock

And it just don't stop  
I check every nigga known that's tryin to check me  
I wreck microphones verbally, respect me  
I'm off to the sto(re) to get me a fo(ur)  
Oh, so I'm headed out the door

Now as I roll with Kurupt and my cousin Eastwood  
On a mission up to no good  
We don't love you bitch  
After we finish diggin  
Tha Pound's about that dollar and takin no shit  
From the busta ass niggas, Bell it out shit  
Trick, recognize game when it slaps your face  
See I ain't no fzzzake, I take you to the next stzzage  
One time can't trzzzace, now why you punk twice

Now, you've been sleeping on the desk for a long time  
Waitin for the nigga to come bust a dogg rhyme  
So motherfuckers throw your hands in the air  
And get your proper groove on like you don't care

See I don't love them hoes  
I like a butta nose  
Keep my mind on my money, that's just how my money flows  
And so  
How, I thought you knew, but now you know

Dogg Pound's in tha house, now in the coupe, Just Doggin  
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