

One By One

Tha Dogg Pound

Now I can't trust none of these hoes nowadays
Cause they be runnin round with that shit called AIDS
and every girl I meet nowadays is lit
So I can't to do them what I would to do you, so...

Another session, check in session
Dogg Pound Gangstaz

I'm on top of the world, with niggaz with perms and jheri curls
Runnin around town with the flyest girls
Ain't no place like home, nigga that I can call my own
Smokin dove sacks and quarter pounds down to ozones (who you?)
I'm Dat, Nigga, D-A to the Z (uh-huh)
A motherfuckin playa, for the D-P to the G

Connectin lyrics like dot to dot, connectin blocks
I concoct vocals that's libel to make your heart stop
Termination completed, and I'm out like the seasons
Murderin MC's for no fuckin apparent reason (motherfucker)
Dis, lyricist, kicks lyrics
so intent to disable to kill your whole vocals existance
Like in for instance, the murderous methods of my ridin
The Thunderdome, niggaz had em squabbin
Shit, all I know is you could talk that talk (this Dogg Pound)
and you best to be able to walk that walk, because
we ride right, daylight, or after midnight
Game Trump tight, down to dump on sight
Call me the sniper with mo' chips than Wesley Snipes
Niggaz oppose me to get cracked like the pipe
Born in the East, raised a G on the West
Westside, smokin and rollin with a S on my chest

I roll swift as a pigeon, diggin niggaz graves in tomb stones alone
One on one, microphone or phone
Stampedin like a heard of buffalo you tumble
Now when you try to get up, motherfucker you stumbled
Now it's a must that I can bust, from the shots from my 12 gauge
dust to get you high blown in the meanwhile my profile
of my styles unusual from a buckwild child
But in the meanwhile...
I can tear that ass off be like an Al B. song
I maul fifty MC's, divided just by one
Now who's the greatest motherfucker other than myself
Droppin lyrical vitamins for your health, motherfucker

One by one, we'll start to subtract
And see how many motherfuckers got your back
Cause when it comes down to it, we outs to clown
It's them Dogg Pound Gangstaz, puttin it down

Now picture that ass and frame it, what a shame
motherfucker to remain to obtain game

I'm on another journey, my mind set on twisted
gettin twisted and twist this fool for his grip then dash
Daz in the Jeeps that the church drive

cause he don't give a fuck, and down to put in work
And this is how it's done like one two three
Kurupt, and I'm quick to fuck shit up on G.P., lethal
There's no stoppin me, top notch, there's no equal
to the philosophies that I concoct

We makin examples out of motherfuckers like you
Nigga there's no idea, nigga, and there's no clue, you through
You outta here motherfucker, finished you scared admit it
Your new album... shiiiiit!

So realize with your two eyes that my rhyme hypnotize
just like Jim Jones bapnitized his followers
The wrath, of the slaughter, have you ever heard of a
serve from my homey now he rhyme for baby sharks (and I)
I load for ammo for ammo the young hollow is dippin
to Pomona Ave to ride up on you on the corner
It's kinda cold, how his ass got smoked (well alright)
And now you know that we ain't no joke

I never trust a busta, so I never trust yo' ass
Hope you got satellites around when we bust yo' ass
I peeped you out the sides of my eyes, cause I be peepin
Murderous situations, you got yourself knee deep in
You're walkin around while you're sleepin
So awake yourself nigga then break yourself
And I don't give a fuck if your money is spent
I want your hat to your clothes cause dollars make sense
I got so many hoes on my dick, I gotta shake hoes
and I'm controllin mines, like Waco
Texas, Mr. Flossy in the Lexus
Super supreme I plot schemes like Stephen King and

DPG, yeah I thought you knew, DPG
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah, DPG