

Ridin', Slipin' And Slidin'

Tha Dogg Pound

It's a brand new day in the hood
It's money to make and I'm doin' bad and it ain't lookin' good
It's all about the you know what everywhere that I roll
And never leave empty handed without packin' my chrome

If it's on, it's on, I put down my gangsta hand
Show and prove and be gat, put the jack down a chance
See I can put down like this and you don't know why
Niggaz always would try but soon they all just die

How they come up, like I would put my biz in the street
I'd like to say is that the Jack made my life complete
Fifty four thousand, the cash he left cheesed and stitched
But it still ain't enough so what can I plot next?

An armored truck'd be fine, as I come up from behind
Grab 7 bags and fled, not wastin' no time
Coppers tailin' my ass, breathin' hard on my back
Now my biz in the corner as I aband' the 'Llac

Grab the satchel full of money brother Star crib
I throw the money on the table say, "Be back in a bit"
I caught the biggest dope sack, I got my hood sewed up
Now everybody bought to make the bomb soaked uncut

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Ran out a door, my situation's back where I left
A voice quietly tellin', "You got to come up on some bread"
Don't get twisted for shit, see, I be mashin' on my own mission
Never dreamin' or wishin' the money that I'm missin'

I heard some, niggaz doubt clockin' rakin' in all the dough
And since I'm doin' bad, I gotta jack for they dough
Called my partners in crime, Kurupt, Nate Dogg, Style
True soldiers from the Dogg Pound, puttin' it down

Kick the door in with the gauge and fo'-fo'
Blast a couple of niggaz as I style with all the dough
Five pounds of Coke, two pounds of Now we baggin' it up and smokin' all nigh
t long

I wanna trip then I didn't have no chip
And my pockets be short and I started to trip
To maintain with no problem stopped by my bitch house
She was poppin' with them sales, I don't play that shit
And sold five hundred in Cavi barely happy today
Feelin' knockin' rowdy and my homey had to say

Well, I got me a plot on the Westside on the town
With some mark ass niggaz from the other side
(Yeah, let's put it down)
Now Dogg Pound Gangstaz true indeed we see
The layout down, as we proceed

Two in the front, three in the back, I'm about to make niggaz collapse
Cocked back the strap two minutes before the jack takes place

Now we face to face and I'm in the mood for a murder
So I'm all for the do low and you know the chances advances stages
Gauges and three eighties, crazy, nigga shady to my lady

What I'ma do is mine for my loot
With the homies mash on the massion about quarter to two
When we arrive, I be the first nigga to dip
Straight to the front door and intention's to straight trip
I gotta make my grip and I made my grip with the quickness
Niggaz here to lick and got paid, bitch

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I don't trust a bitch so fuck a bitch
What's the function, what's the game?
All aboard, the Cavi train
All you busters riding round
You don't wanna see the Pound