

We Livin Gangsta Like

Tha Dogg Pound

Yeah Yeah
Gangsta like, uh huh
To all my O.G.'s and all my Y.G.'s
Daz Dillinger, Daz kurupt (dat nigga daz!)
I move bricks of yae, I freeze it with ice
I keep my business separate from my personal life
Me and my niggas hustle enough, move enough weight
To buy real estate, vehicles, paper weights, straight
Little niggas try to calculate the money I make
I ain't having it, I keep the gauge cocked in the kitchen cabinet
Grabbing it for any altercation
Catch a permanent vacation fucking with the son of satan
And I ain't waiting for the one time to catch me
Arrest me, arraign me, humiliate then stress me
I'm at the crib trying to chill with my little kid
Had everything in controlled or at least I thought I did
Telephone rang, when I answered then they hung up
Three niggas kicked the front door with they guns up,
Cover my son up, and let the lead off
Get the pump to pumping, Xzibit took them niggas heads off (BITCH!)
We living gangsta like (living the gangsta life)
Living the gangsta's life (living the gangsta life)
We living gangsta like (living the gangsta liiiiiife)
Living the gangsta's life
I wake up five in the morning, smoke a sac to the head
Sneak out the back, grab a strap, and dock and dogging the feds
Slanging hanging on the corner regulating the hood
Banging and robbing transporting the goods (nigga)
Popping and bugging up on the cell in my pocket
Grab my strap and cock it and see my homie hopping the fo's
Watch the young ho's jocking that gangsta life
Niggas is heated down to dump on site
Nah, I just swerve the boulevard and maintain the status of a G
'cause ain't nothing but the hog in me
Niggas around my way don't get along with me (why?)
Because they jelous that I'm clocking more than thirty G's
Nigga, cocaine and weed was a main factor in my life, I'm coming up
I'm running on anybody who post and ran up
Everybody in my family path was jail
Heaven and hell, that's where my homies 'ill dwell
STRAIGHT GANGSTA!

What would you do if you could
Get with my crew, baby
What would you do if you could down with the dog pound
Gangstas, just let it all go no games
No snitching allowed, spitting no names
I'm Gâ?|and You ain'tâ?|
I canâ?|.and you can'tâ?|
Ever since you dropped names, your out of sight
Snitching on your homeboys, that ain't right
I always grew up since eighteen and up
With something to throw up, what hood we threw up? (Dogg Pound Gangstas)
Blast backs at times we got bust at
Turn around, bust back then scat
Moving on up to the top of the map
'cause gangstas 'ill be here 'till the curl come back

This is our world, land of the gangsta macks
Controlled by the blue and red rags
Out here we ain't into ice
Just banging, dice, and the gangsta life

We live the gangsta life, live the gangsta life, we live the gangsta life