

## What Cha About

### Tha Dogg Pound

Yeah, you know, I'm slidin y'knahmsayin?  
Rollin' down the streets doin' my thang y'knahmsayin?  
That's the flow, whattup?  
Smokin' my weed, y'knahmsayin? Drinkin' my joint  
This bitch man, this bitch roll up to me man  
This bitch pull up inside and shit  
Roll down the window and shit, I'm like - "Fuck you want bitch?"  
Bitch, tell me, y'knahmsayin?  
She tell me "Turn that shit down, Tha Dogg Pound broke up"  
Heh, hehehe, haha, I had to laugh at the hoe, y'knahmsayin?  
That's some funny shit  
For real though man, tell these motherfuckers what's happenin'

What you about nigga?  
(Dogg Pound for life)  
Do ya smoke nigga?  
(I'll smoke a pound tonight)  
How ya feel nigga?  
(I feel larger than life...  
Dogg Pound for life)

Life without money - that's like breathin' with no air  
Prepare, there's no love in warfare, engage  
I'll make the front page, like Nicholas Cage  
And get served, front and center stage  
I'm breakin' through, throw up your teflon barriers  
And get penetrated, teleconnetic superior  
Hostile, verbal apostle in 3D, hittin' every galaxy throwin' up D.P.  
Now I could be quick as a cheetah  
And rip through ya shit like a motherfuckin' wild hyena  
From the city where lights shine bright at night  
Emcees is unique when speakin' upon the mic  
From L.A. to the city of Phil' (Phil')  
When you approach Kurupt approach with skills  
Cause if you don't you'll get shook - and broken  
Nigga I rock it and break it open

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Dogg Pound for life)  
(What you about) -

You servin' me? (hell nah) I think not  
That's facin' a blizzard in a fuckin' tank top  
I took trips from New Jers' to Cape Cod  
You could be adventurous up againt tremendous odds  
And face a poltergeist, I'll bring it to ya nice  
I had the whole scenery surrounded like the vice  
Who could it be comin' through in all blue? (Who?)  
Dogg Pound Gangstas - number one, number two  
Never evade the principle, the top principle  
Up against the top invincible, rhyme assassin  
I lay the cards on the table, take a pick

The wrong choice'll get your whole chest cavity split (ahh!)  
That's when all the bullshit ceases  
His whole frame and format crumble right before his eyes into pieces  
Fake ass assassin with no heart, no mind  
No money, no hoes, no flows and no rhyme  
Waitin' for the poetical Satan  
Creatin' slaughters, runnin' through camps like Walter Payton  
I'm all about money makin', and not makin' mistakes  
You're only worth what you create in a garden of snakes  
Now all I can do is survive, and stay alive  
Money 'til I motherfuckin' die  
Stranded on the Row, I'm in this motherfucker to grow  
And make fetti like I'm sittin' on a mountain of snow

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