

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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(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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