

# Dog Action

Icewear Vezzo

(Jose the Plug)

Woo, this that dog action  
Four spots on one street, bitch, they all slappin'  
Got some glass Hi-Tech, I want all caskets  
Shoot a nigga then check him, bitch, I ball backwards  
Just bought another 'Dweller bone, yeah, that's sixty thousand  
This big chop around my neck, this bitch splittin' houses  
If it's up with my gang, ain't no gettin' out it  
Yeah, I'll leave somethin' like I'm irresponsible  
Niggas goin' back to court, cut they time faster  
Ask Cudi what he do for work and he said rob rappers  
Seen them RIP shirts, I was crying laughin'  
And fuck your homie that got whacked, he should've died faster (Iced Up Records, ugh)  
Bitch, I get high as NASA  
Since I jumped off the porch, I been buying ladders  
Cash a nigga whole load, you should've bought it faster  
Brand new 911 Porsche Turbo, this bitch automatic  
I'm just talkin' 'bout my life, I be hardly rappin'  
Want the money and your ice, that ain't all we asking  
Nigga ever see me starving, I was only fasting  
Got a whole brick of white on wrap like a tall T tag-ins  
Huh, this a party package  
Soon as that Perkio kick in, I'ma start relaxing  
And I ain't never finish school, I was always absent  
I'm so used to doing turn-arounds, I be walking backwards, ugh

Bitch, I'm drinking raw Acky  
Plain Rollie on my arm, it came from dog packing  
You got a 'Master on your wrist, you say your arm dancing  
Nigga, that's your brother Yacht, so I'ma call him captain  
Fuck some coffee cups, we drink Hi-Tech out of tall glasses  
Shoot a nigga in his forehead, make him fall backwards  
I do more than hit the work, bitch, I bodyslam it  
If you hear a nigga caught me slippin', Glocky probably jammed up  
Ayy, I just thought of something  
Am I a trick? 'Cause I just fucked this bitch and bought her something  
Shout out to that nigga Peezy 'cause he taught me something  
He introduced me to that rizzy, then I saw a hundred  
Now my pockets swollen  
Nigga, that's a 36, that is not a trophy  
I just bought a 36 but it is not a Rollie  
Nephew picked me up in the Hellcat, I hope it's not a stoley  
This nigga bad as hell  
My nigga said he had some Wocky, I was glad as hell  
Told that nigga bring that bitch right now long as it got the seal  
Man, this nigga pulled up with some green, I was mad as hell  
This lame nigga want some Percs, I'm finna tax him twelve  
Sold his ass some diet pills, he was fat as hell  
Short a nigga thirty grams, and he had a scale  
I'm a rapper now, remember when I had a bag to sell  
My uncle got caught with some blow, now he sell crack in jail  
You can take a nigga out the hood, can't take the clientele  
I pulled up to the spot for nothing, I thought I had a sale  
Even though I rap, I'm still shiesty, I'll jack myself  
Boy, I got a hundred pages in this magazine

I'll open this bitch up, I hope your ass can read  
Doing donuts in that 'Vette, I almost smacked a tree  
My ex asked me why I'm drinking Tech, I'm tryna catch some Z's