

Dogghouse In Your Mouth

Snoop Dogg

1998, Dogghouse Records steps on the scene
Unlike any other record label, we plan to get green
And keep it clean, and stay oh so mean
So rough so tough, haha

What his here? This for them suckas
Nigga I came from a long line of playas
that ain't scared of NAR' ONE OF Y'ALL MOTHERFUCKERS!!
I see these niggas wanna see me catch a case and get struck out
But I'm laughin', 'bout to knock they ass the fuck out
Bitch quit actin' like a stuck up clown
That's why yo raggety-ass attitude is fucked up now
Suga Freeeeeeee.....hahaha
Bitch swingin' on my dick sayin WEEEEEE!
The pimpin' is crackin' so I feel like mackin' tonight (aight)
Now them 70 niggas? 30 gon' hate us
That's why I play the role, keep control
and throw them off wit' these dirty gators
See time was torn
Cuz if I bought me somethin' to eat, shit
I bought you somethin too, WHAT'S MINE IS YOURS!
BUT NOW?! You'd rather bring me down and see me fall
Walkin' wit my head down straight dependin' on y'all

The call me Honcho
I like to Spark-le
I'm 'bout to barbecue a bitch like the charcoal
Am I a star? NO Ya' in my car? NO
My name is Soopafly, bitch so ya' all know
Now heffer don't act stupid, cuz y'know who I am
The nigga quick to talk shit and don't give a damn
I tell that hoe run, man that hoe better scam
I pimp across the land
Better read ya' motherfuckin' press telegram
Snoop Dogg told me that
Now blow me back while I'm pimpin on this funky track
Bang E.S. we givin' it up got the bitches singin' the rest
We blastin' motherfuckers, run up and come test
Better, hide yo chest and fasten yo vest
No bullshit, take yo bitches so quick and so fast (so fast)
Fuck wit' us I'll put a foot up yo ass

Collect calls from the pen, so I catch it in the kitchen
The homie say, send him naked pictures of bitches
And if they talkin' backwards, he'll have a homie's jackup
That nigga fucked Pat up, fuck havin' a homies tack up
We slap hoes that step on toes of our DaDa's
and ask them niggas in the Source Awards when I caught them
while y'all was pacin', the homies was bringin' up situations
Eliminating fake niggas while I'm paper chasin'

Dogghouse (woof) in ya mouth (we'll make you go away)

Yeah nigga, Dogghouse, this Kurupt bitch, yeah

OK, let the homies spray the K
Dippin hittin' switches bouncin' over ditches
Callicodes collapse niggas, perhaps niggas
Trap or dap and clap niggas, I'M YOUNG GOTTSTRA
Put it up, pistols might sizzle a nigga
For shizzle my nigga Kurizzle was nizzle my nigga
Like a bitch or a busta, bust a, four fizzle
surface the air miss wit a homie, wait for the whistle
Who you thought we was? Temperatures might rise
Before everybody feel the fire from the 5's
I told Daz we about to fry niggas like fries
And separate them by 5's, and light up the skies
Crip that D.P., K-U-R-U-P-T
Dippin' and I'm out, put a dick in yo mouth
Dogghouse gangstas (woof, woof, woof, woof)
Dippin' and I'm out, put a dick in yo mouth, ya bitch

Like this, for the sake of the game
Bitch nigga jaw-jackin' get ?blasted? out the frame
Let them punk punk you up
You jumped up and got stomped the fuck down, what now?
Showdown, got your three ring circus Bozo's
cannot work or see the tears of a clown
Listen nit wit, you can't get wit
try to sit wit, and get yo shit split quick
If you wanna say the word is bond
word is bond, then, I attack like ninja hunter
You rhyme soft like the other Hunter
Heather Hunter, fake a gangbang fronter
Capital D to the O-G-G
Capital H-O-U-S-E in ya mouth, oh bitch if ya didn't know
Long Beach City dirty like THE SOUTH!

?Wit Suga Free in? I'm in this motherfucker leanin'
I'm quick to do it umm, meant to do it
Stayed on my toes like the nigga pimpin', watching the corner
Much love to my niggas rippin', in California
Doin it big with my nigga Bad, these niggas mad
At the 2001 Benz, guzzlin' Henn
It's Dogghouse and we all in, ballin'
Goldie got a couple of hoes hoppin' out the Rolls, we chillin

I came in bangin dub ?minutes? (20 minutes)
All my niggas know I ain't no motherfucking gimp
I get down damn, runnin' from damn town
Dogghouse nigga, Dogg Pound bound
How you motherfuckers like me now when I do it like
Bust on the microphone, cuss on the microphone?
Yeah this nigga like Tracy, Tray Deee
Bang his ass, slap his ass in the striz-neet
Catch him wit the headlock, pistol whippin' wit the glock
Lil' Goldie Loc about to set up shop
These motherfuckers don't like me anyway
Shit, I ain't got nothing to say, wit no time to play
What these motherfuckers thought I was about?
When I bust this bitch i put my dick in her mouth
Now all them niggas got something to say
But I'ma tell 'em Lil' Goldie don't play, nigga

Yeah it's the genius of the click
Known to sleep a nigga quick
So watch how ya' gums bump speakin' on the wrist
I drew the diagram how to mash the game
Never hesitated when it came to blasting thangs
From the knuckle shoes buckle when we lock and strap
I'm a real rider nigga you can drop the act
I got stripes and bars from a life at war
Twice as hard, as niggas claim they sheisty y'all
Criminal, lay 'em down for their stacks and sacks
For the mic, used to trife with the mass and gats
Do or die, to survive from my time of birth
Then I'm out for gettin' mine till I ride the hearse
It's going down, Dogghouse gangsta style
And fuck Death Row, we'll take 'em out
We got the whole rap game bangin' now (C--RIP!!)
What you motherfuckers think this game's about?

Oh, good evening Topp Dogg I'm so glad you're here
All the bitches in the front, the gangsters in the rear
I'm not Dr. Jekyll nor Mr. Hyde
Whoever told you that, they told you a lie
You been a waitin' and a waitin', as I can see
So treat me like the pope and bow to your knees
Oh the genius on the mic is back again
So get on the phone and go tell a friend
I been a waitin' for a while as you all know
And now I'm back on the mic doggin' the show
I got platinum 'round my neck, that will never fade
The name of the chain's Mixmaster Spade
A sure shot, body rockin'
A c'mon everybody get ready to rock
A sure shot, body rockin'
A c'mon everybody.....