

I read them Dogghouse niggas is Rip ridin'

(YEA!)

I'm so proper - I came up like a liquor store robber
I'm so L.A., like the Dodgers or the Lakers
Man I put money on players
On the corner, with the Mayor of Pomona
So break down, bitch, in a serious fashion
If the pimpin' don't kill you than I'm forced to blast ya
It's a paper thang, it ain't about the p*ssy and dick
It's the difference between you walkin' and you pushin' a whip
See it's a major type of paper, caper, motivator, playa, neighbor
Haters hate us, I don't give a f*ck if you don't play this later
I'm to the strip, I gotta check my money makers

Do it to 'em now and save some for later

Dogghouse niggas, we ridaz
We always got a car load of bitches beside us
You punk motherf*ckers wanna try and divide us
The homies on deck with the heaters behind us
Wide up, so bonafied up
This ain't that same ol' shit you get tired of
The heat for the street from the best suppliers
(West and Eastside up, Eastsidaz)

You might not ever get rich...
So you might as well go ahead and bust you a bitch...
Nigga, now if I hang around nine squares (I would be the dif')
And if I hang around nine fools feelin' loose (I would be the dif')
But if I hang around nine projects a mile (I would be the dif')
And if I hang around nine rich business men (I would be the dif')

Now if I had wings - I'd fly
And if it was a fifth - I'll be alright
It ain't so sippin' in my pimpin'
(They don't know)
We got them regulars trickin'
(We got it crackin' on the stroll)
And I know sometime when I pee I forget to lift the seat
But she don't cook, clean, cash every night, and her hair's always neat
Nah nah, get gone
Don't forget to remind me to whoop your motherf*ckin' ass as soon as we get home

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Now this is dedicated to hoo-bangin', slangin'
Catch heat from this motherf*ckin' dirty rap game

I won't tell you nothin', that you might have been told
I won't sell you nothin', that you might have had bought
Just f*ck wit cha nigga cause I stay low gold
Quick to blast moms and pops and the dog To-to
You don't know me nigga, so keep my name out your grill
If I see you on the streets I'm just gon' keep it way real
They know again, keepin' that shit gangsta cuhz
I got my head on straight, with my brain on buzz
Trust a slug, when it slip the AK's flip
Squeezin' on the trigger yellin' Rollin' 20 Crip
Walkin' through the shadow of death, I see my shadow on my left
Grip tight with the heat on my right
Will I make it through these f*cked up situations?
I'm headed to Dogghouse, so D's paper chasin' (motherf*cker)

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Yeah, Bad Azz
'nuff said, ha ha
Smoke some nigga
Yeah yeah, Dogghouse
Beotch!