

A Doggz Day Afternoon

Tha Dogg Pound

Yeah! Straight up 9-5!
Kurupt the motherfuckin Kingpin, Dat Nigga Daz
Creepin and crawlin through your hood, smokin, loccin
Provokin punk motherfuckers like this stuff
Wuz happenin?

In the dead of winter is when I kick my coldest phrases
Mentalest telepathy, lyrically it amazes
Constructioning thoughts that's as lethal as turpentine
An expert when I flex rhymes feared like ex-cons
In my zone (zone) you can't even find like Atlantis
Stalk like a prayin mantis, leavin battered bodies on the canvas
The burial ground for clowns, open casket
Trackin niggas down like fuckin basset hounds
Tragic how the mic gets handled
Prodigious like a vandal on a midnight scandal
The scramble like Randall abusive when I recite on the stage
Double access with a brand new motherfuckin mic

Now can I grab the microphone and spit some shit that's known
to blow the mind of Michelangelo's poems, clones get crushed like stones
I forbid, for rusty motherfuckers to be actin like they all in
with the click got checks that shit
And once again it's on and it's on with the gangsta shit
I create the beats that beats the fucks right outta ya speakers
Amps are blown, shown for me to grab the microphone alone
Like Jodeci, notice-see ya self needs help
The homie style got the strap on deck
Don't neglect the fact I can make you or break you (Break you)
Awake you to a new plateau wit' mo' hoes
Now the paper is made, now don't think twice
Niggas is gettin pimped because their game ain't tight
Now well well (well), now welcome where the ballers dwell
Another day, another dollar, Blueberry to sell
I makes that fast cash, hmm Dat Nigga Daz
I'm quicker ta out slick ya, blast in half

DPG eliminates the whole area beyond the thought dismemberin
Motherfuck surrenderin; who, what, when, let's tear shit the fuck up
The homies coolin while you an' ya chest get fuckin blue an'
Provoke us, survey with the superior focus
I'm that nigga like Daz, crooked as scoliosis
S'impossible to survive on my arrival when I arrive
It's left to ya instinct of survival
Mashin, cashing in chips I gotta loose sadistic sick mind
They define it I'm mentally sick, and batter
It doesn't matter when ya into it
Ya just entered in a war-zone all alone with ya microphone unguarded
I just started poetical poltergeist precise and cold-hearted
Empty, tempt me, simply ya get shot
Ya forgot I'm down to empty out my clip on ya block
Stop let the whole place evacuate
wait until we're face-to-face then it escalates
Duck-down, Kurupt clowns niggas daily, hos can't play me
Observe I serve those that betray me

I ain't never seen a joint that I couldn't light

And I ain't never seen a buster that didn't fight
I ain't never seen a G that would go for that
Especially when he knows Tha Dogg Pound got his back
I ain't never seen a game that did multiply
We gettin kinda deep, yeah the crew and I

And who am I?
And who am I?
That crazy motherfucker from the DPG, do or die!