

## Best Run

### Tha Dogg Pound

Gangsta shit, I'ma show you how the gangsters do it  
Word to mother, Kurupt Young Gotti  
Excuse me for a second while I blow, on this bomb  
{\*inhaling and coughing\*}  
Beans, Beanie Sigel, yeah  
Daz Dillinger, Dat Nigga Daz, bitches

I gotta little bit of somethin that you'll never understand  
With that double deuce, double up, hammer in hand  
Got so many different advances, different chances  
lead to different circumstances, enhancements  
Calibers, mental mind gallagher, shells  
Hit niggaz like hammers hit nails  
I'm Apocalypse 6000, I remember that hoe  
Bitch don't you owe me 6000? I'm countin(?) to ten

I slide through on some ol' outlandish shit  
And roll up anybody on some skanless shit  
Many try to be I, wanna bang the gang  
Screamin our name, the Dogg Pound Gangsta gang  
They call me Young Rosco, young and ho-stile  
If it ain't on D's, then I can't even ride yo  
I'm so caught up in the streets I need to lie low  
And I'm runnin out of sheets, to weed that I blow

Best run, getcha guns, spittin dum dum  
slugs at the thugs, y'all niggaz don't want none  
Here we come, best run, spittin dum dum  
slugs at you thugs, y'all niggaz don't want none  
Here we come, best run, spittin dum dum  
slugs at you thugs, y'all niggaz don't want none  
Here we come, best run, spittin dum dum  
slugs at you thugs, y'all niggaz don't want none

The Gooch is back, the hold up man with deuce gat  
(Blow up fam) You fold up fan, you're fruit cat  
Niggaz gettin swell up, plans for loose tracks  
When I roll up fam (yeah nigga) produce scraps (kick in)  
You know I'm all about the street dollars  
Follow your trail and blaze niggaz with +techs+ like 'Sheed Wallace  
They say the streets talk and I ain't hearin a word  
Feet to the ground got my ear to the curb  
Roll with niggaz disappear in them burbs  
Pop up appear with them birds, in darkness prepare you for worst  
(Listen) - in other words stop talkin  
I slim up your legs, curl up your hands, nigga you stop walkin  
when the fifth stain leave shit stains off in  
your Pampers, get your shit bag changed often  
You niggaz soft and the fifth lift chains off often  
Get your block chalked when the glock start barkin

Who wanna get 'em up? Nigga let's get 'em up  
Why the fuck they act like you know, and so we did 'em up  
When the uz' bruise I serve crews, act like you know  
Rude bwoy tryin to walk in these shoes  
I ain't impressed off dues with that bullshit, I pull quick  
And y'all dumb hoes suck dick - she just a bitch

I hit the switch and peel out, and wheel out, throw up a (?)  
I get shit, get get done with it, and so I get out  
The smallest of my hustle so I floss off bones  
Pay the cost of the death, watch you die when you step  
Seven to ten niggaz drop when they step  
Don't sweat the technique or get chin-checked

Pimpin never gave a fuck, Sigel Daz and Kurupt  
Rosco, (??) you can't bite my shit, it causes fiascoes  
My rhymes is designed, drinkin tobasco  
I'm dippin, rollin, that's the way the (?) bowl  
D.P.G.'s bowl, R.O.C. soul  
controllin, foldin, suckers like envelopes  
Rollin on hundred spokes, smokin on a pound of smoke

Dogg Pound Gangstaville, where the gangsters at  
Sigel came to roll through and smoke us out  
So what's wrong with that? Nigga, ha? Yeah  
Daz Dillinger, yo, the one-shotter  
Shootin niggaz down cause it's nuttin  
The first nigga to take off, nigga boulder boy  
Yo, Kurupt Young Gotti, ha?  
You know that nigga, that one nigga, set it off on ya  
Pleezbelieveit ya bitch  
I know bitches when I see a bitch and youse a bitch  
And bitches get treated like bitches..

Roc-A-Fella, Dogg Pound nigga!