

Cyco-lic-no

Tha Dogg Pound

Back in your ass with a twenty sack.
Straight up, Dogg Pound Gangstas in effect for the 9-5 y'know?
We been havin a little confrontation with a lot of motherfuckers out there and,
but y'know they just can't do the thangs that we seem to do.
And the things that we seem to do is make platinum hits!
Straight u, motherfuckers can't even fade me.

N-N-Now who the hell wanna phase me?
To make me act a complete fool lately
It's been cruel, my mentality plus don't helps me cope
With no smoke, I'm depressed and easily to provoke
..45's and Nines I'm heated, me and Kurupt puffin on a Berry all day
Repeatedly and immediately in the days we stoned and phased
In the back of the truck lies a gauge, be any buster
Acting brave, maybe I can see what no other rapper assault
With my skills to murder em all
And can't be friendly when you know I'm after ya
Got the heart to balst at'cha, matter-of-fact
To capture those who don't belong be on the strong
Gots to pack up and jet, booty rappers don't have long
Now can I get a witness?My riches attract women wit' class
That nigga Daz is about to mash all over da cash
Blast to dash, me in the getaway car now
Known rap stars turn to outlaws, wanted for the murder
Of Rudi fuck y'all, Dogg Pound Gangsta click
To represent Dogg Pound to the fullest cos I'm

Cyco-lic-no-bitch-azz-niggaz
So when you see the D-O-double G, sleep creep low
I see through you but you can't see me
I see through you oh so clearly

N-N-Now ya escapade and ya (?beltin rave?), masqueradin
Around town like ya paid, so where's the stack?
Attract the wrong eyes to the Buick out back
Now I'm a dump until I feel I made ya lungs collapse
The assembly for dismemberin when I'm strapped
Off Hennessey I blast that ass to Tennessee and back
Who's that? I'm hopin I'm about to bust this fool's back open
I'm laid back scopin, but don't open
The three main ingredients to the plot
Some weed; my nigga D-A-Z; and some heat cocked
I just concoct the schemes, the perfect team
We take gettin paid to the extreme, it seems that I'm a
Bring a little more than the drama, come dash
Two litres and Daz down to mash cos I'm

Now that I open my eyes to no surprise to these imitations
But I keep my mind disguised when in elevation
No hesitation, the ground beneath my crack o'sacks
(Rib behind my back and then I bring ya blue?)
Bring the blacks straps front-to-black
So what you want with that?
It comes with a ticket for you till they stone flat
Hos say that "I like your cyco-azz, trigger fast nigga
So when I see you rub my head to flow that's how the shit go"
Shit hit the fan goddamn, kill or see killed, it never phase me

Topics flow on regular cos topic happen daily
Now what amaze me? Was poppin on down my hat
And now I come strapped with some of these thunder raps
Like this, uncut then I get uncocked
I for some reason that keeps gettin a lot
Now put this on some of that and put that to a stop
But you can put that on me
Because I sold the ki to the beef
And as you can see never early, ya late, collaborate professional need
Now peep as I drop bombs on ya Moms like songs
When I'm rainin no pain, no gain when I'm maintainin
This lyrical explosion and my nigga Daz on react
With this track got'cha open, poetical graffiti
Hershey gotta pound for ya town and delete to the needy
Lyrics to test drugs like P-C-P
And I ain't lie till I die D-P-G-C and I stay

You murderer, you murderer

Murderer
(3x)

That's what I'm sayin y'know? Still puttin it down like we suppose to.
Every day, all day, it don't stop and it don't quit, so pack up your shh and
bail outta dime. Ha Ha!