

Just Doggin'

Tha Dogg Pound

It's just another day in the hood for Kurupt, yeah, that's me
Got schooled by Snoop in a black Cherokee
Daz in the back, Warren G. in the front
Nice sack of chronic with some gin in a cup
Back up I stack up the weed
Tha Pound and the Row is my only friends
If you talk shit, I hit you hard as I can
You talk shit once but never again

Well, I'm back with the bubonic chronic sack for that ass
So all my doggs pack the back, laced his ass
To the fullest feeling I'm feelin you never could feel
While your mind is comin where your body is chill
As I mob with tha pound and my nigga Nate Dogg
Not flaggin, not saggin, but havin a ball
Yo, saw y'all motherfuckers wanna see like doggs
Wanna be like doggs, but can't compare to doggs

It's like one to the two, two to the three
K to the U-R-U-P-T
In fact, I steps with a tech in the back
In the hood, ain't got no love, so I packs a strap

And I once knew a nigga named Dr. Dre
He was a baller from the motherfucking CPT (a baller from the CPT)
He hooked up with the niggas from the LBC
And now they fuckin up the whole rap industry

Well, check it out, and peep game on the one they call Dat Nigga Daz
An OG straight puttin it down for the Eastside (right)
But this is just a dove sack of dope
So till yo ass dopes this mo
Now, you can't see my mothafuckin homies from the CPT
And you can't see my mothafuckin doggs from the LBC

Check this flow, Hoover ain't the word to describe me, nigga
Remember, I'm murderin niggas as a hobby
Bodies get battered for fuckin with the best dogg dump
With the tech-n-terror to fuckin chest start
Do I give a fuck (hell no) I'm a locc nigga
Who you tryin to provoke (nigga) step up, get smoked nigga
Get the strap in the back I'm rollin and a bumpin
Niggas talk shit I won't write and start dumpin
Uh, who play the role like the G's
Punk ass middle fuckin mark niggas, please
Murder in the first degree
I step with a tech, burst and flee
You'll find none worst than me
See, motherfuckers murdered and mangled, strangled
Our bitches like a bangled
Take ya from a whole different angle
Bitches, I'm never sympin, You'll see me pimpin
I step the clip in, bust a cap
Watch them fall flat on they back
Like this and like that from an automatic strap
So for tryin the techno
Respect I gets wrecked with a glock

And it just don't stop
I check every nigga known that's tryin to check me
I wreck microphones verbally, respect me
I'm off to the sto(re) to get me a fo(ur)
Oh, so I'm headed out the door

Now as I roll with Kurupt and my cousin Eastwood
On a mission up to no good
We don't love you bitch
After we finish diggin
Tha Pound's about that dollar and takin no shit
From the busta ass niggas, Bell it out shit
Trick, recognize game when it slaps your face
See I ain't no fzzzake, I take you to the next stzzage
One time can't trzzzace, now why you punk twice

Now, you've been sleeping on the desk for a long time
Waitin for the nigga to come bust a dogg rhyme
So motherfuckers throw your hands in the air
And get your proper groove on like you don't care

See I don't love them hoes
I like a butta nose
Keep my mind on my money, that's just how my money flows
And so
How, I thought you knew, but now you know

Dogg Pound's in tha house, now in the coupe, Just Doggin
Dogg Pound's in tha house, now in the coupe, Just Doggin