

# One By One

Tha Dogg Pound

Now I can't trust none of these hoes nowadays  
Cause they be runnin round with that shit called AIDS  
and every girl I meet nowadays is lit  
So I can't to do them what I would to do you, so...

Another session, check in session  
Dogg Pound Gangstaz

I'm on top of the world, with niggaz with perms and jheri curls  
Runnin around town with the flyest girls  
Ain't no place like home, nigga that I can call my own  
Smokin dove sacks and quarter pounds down to ozones (who you?)  
I'm Dat, Nigga, D-A to the Z (uh-huh)  
A motherfuckin playa, for the D-P to the G

Connectin lyrics like dot to dot, connectin blocks  
I concoct vocals that's libel to make your heart stop  
Termination completed, and I'm out like the seasons  
Murderin MC's for no fuckin apparent reason (motherfucker)  
Dis, lyricist, kicks lyrics  
so intent to disable to kill your whole vocals existance  
Like in for instance, the murderous methods of my ridin  
The Thunderdome, niggaz had em squabbin  
Shit, all I know is you could talk that talk (this Dogg Pound)  
and you best to be able to walk that walk, because  
we ride right, daylight, or after midnight  
Game Trump tight, down to dump on sight  
Call me the sniper with mo' chips than Wesley Snipes  
Niggaz oppose me to get cracked like the pipe  
Born in the East, raised a G on the West  
Westside, smokin and rollin with a S on my chest

I roll swift as a pigeon, diggin niggaz graves in tomb stones alone  
One on one, microphone or phone  
Stampedin like a heard of buffalo you tumble  
Now when you try to get up, motherfucker you stumbled  
Now it's a must that I can bust, from the shots from my 12 gauge  
dust to get you high blown in the meanwhile my profile  
of my styles unusual from a buckwild child  
But in the meanwhile...  
I can tear that ass off be like an Al B. song  
I maul fifty MC's, divided just by one  
Now who's the greatest motherfucker other than myself  
Droppin lyrical vitamins for your health, motherfucker

One by one, we'll start to subtract  
And see how many motherfuckers got your back  
Cause when it comes down to it, we outs to clown  
It's them Dogg Pound Gangstaz, puttin it down

Now picture that ass and frame it, what a shame  
motherfucker to remain to obtain game

I'm on another journey, my mind set on twisted  
gettin twisted and twist this fool for his grip then dash  
Daz in the Jeeps that the church drive

cause he don't give a fuck, and down to put in work  
And this is how it's done like one two three  
Kurupt, and I'm quick to fuck shit up on G.P., lethal  
There's no stoppin me, top notch, there's no equal  
to the philosophies that I concoct

We makin examples out of motherfuckers like you  
Nigga there's no idea, nigga, and there's no clue, you through  
You outta here motherfucker, finished you scared admit it  
Your new album... shiiiiit!

So realize with your two eyes that my rhyme hypnotize  
just like Jim Jones bapnitized his followers  
The wrath, of the slaughter, have you ever heard of a  
serve from my homey now he rhyme for baby sharks (and I)  
I load for ammo for ammo the young hollow is dippin  
to Pomona Ave to ride up on you on the corner  
It's kinda cold, how his ass got smoked (well alright)  
And now you know that we ain't no joke

I never trust a busta, so I never trust yo' ass  
Hope you got satellites around when we bust yo' ass  
I peeped you out the sides of my eyes, cause I be peepin  
Murderous situations, you got yourself knee deep in  
You're walkin around while you're sleepin  
So awake yourself nigga then break yourself  
And I don't give a fuck if your money is spent  
I want your hat to your clothes cause dollars make sense  
I got so many hoes on my dick, I gotta shake hoes  
and I'm controllin mines, like Waco  
Texas, Mr. Flossy in the Lexus  
Super supreme I plot schemes like Stephen King and

DPG, yeah I thought you knew, DPG  
Yeah yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah, DPG