

Push Bacc

Tha Dogg Pound

Give me a - piece of mind, a nickel, a nine
Somethin' to chip a nigga from ankle to spine
We mobbin' niggaz, if they try to bring up the past
Unless they talkin' 'bout '95 Kurupt and Daz
Unless they talk about '92, 3, or 4
We shatterin' motherfuckers like car windows
Did you know we was back?... back in the 'Llac
Tossin' sacks back and forth like a quarterback jackin'
Bitches eat dicks like pickles
If I'ma go out, I'm goin' out like Brian Nickels
I'm sick of the games, nigga I'm sick and deranged
Poppin' that bullshit will get you hit with them thangs
I'm sick with them thangs, I ain't got no patience left
Without a pistol, light niggaz like crystal meth
You thought niggaz was a joke 'cause of the liqour and smoke?
Quicker to knock niggaz, sicker than leukemia, loc

Push back, ride to the fullest
Dogg Pound tossin' bullets, ride to the fullest
Kurupt and Dat Nigga D-A to the motherfuckin' Z
D.P. motherfuckin' G.C.
I'm just too much, Snoop too much, Soopafly too much
Grip the heater, dump, bust
Bigg Nate too much, what you talkin' 'bout?
Nothin' but them riders with automatics, we shut 'em down
Dogg Pound

Who want it like never before?
You know the bullshit stop when we walk through the door
Malicious and viscous, I'm dishin' out the slugs that be spittin'
You know me and my nigga Young Gotti, yeah we back on a mission
We ridin' with somethin' fully automatic, lettin' them niggaz have it
Boom-boom motherfucker, you ain't the fuckin' baddest
Nobody, Daz Dillinger, my nigga Young Gotti
12-gauge shotty shootin' up the party
Dilly illy, beat a nigga with a billy club
Yeah I'm gangsta nigga, I represent for the thugs
Cause I get sick when I lose it, check out the way I abuse it
Daz and Kurupt, Kurupt and Daz, yeah that gangsta music
Cruisin' in the fastlane, stupid, dumb, and insane
Yeah them D.P.G. niggaz, we back with the gang
Yeah, Daz and Kurupt, Kurupt and Daz is back
Motherfucker, so lay down flat (blaow!)

It's like that, sicker where I come from
Dogg Pound Gangstas nigga, you don't want none

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Yeah!, you know the Dogg Pound is back up in this motherfucker

doin' what the fuck we know what we supposed to nigga
Blaze up the motherfuckin' weed!

I inhale the smoke, blow it out, nigga keep puffin'
Enough ain't enough, nigga so keep on bustin'

What the fuck's wrong with you niggaz, bustas
That's why we don't get along with you niggaz, motherfucker

I park the 'Llac by the curb, my D's shinin'
Re-designin' my format, you already know that

Blast back, blaze a sack, tell me what you lookin' at
L.T. dropped the beat, me and D-A-Z complete

We serious and furious when we on the trigger
Them Dogg Pound niggaz they carry nine millimeters

What the fuck you thought it was, we in to carmelitas
We never leave the house without indica and heaters

Cause we can't hold back, niggaz just know that

Low like low jack, and Dogg Pound throwbacks

(Ride) - to the motherfuckin' fullest

Dogg Pound Gangstas ridin' and tossin' bullets

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