

# Dogghouse

Tha Eastsidaz

Dogghouse

Gimme some of that G shit Goldie Loc  
Yeah, that's what I'm talkin 'bout  
Yeah, check this out y'all, uh huh huh

We got Snoop Dogg in the house tonight, with the homeboy Tray-Deee  
Waniac, Trip Loc and Goldie, 4 Tay from the bay, what you say  
What you say, huh? (we do this like everyday)

Did ya get the dank, did ya get the dank?  
Yeah I got the dank, you got the gas in the tank?  
V.I.P. status, don't need an apparatus  
Cuz the niggas I fuck wit, they all about the cabbage  
Down in yellobrick road my destination, the DoggHouse  
Toastin Remys, fillin' jimmies, we goin all out  
Lookin for the wizard, creepin through the fog  
Got some bad ass bitches, headed to the player's ball  
They gon be strippin and wigglin ass  
Hope you brought your playa pass  
Tray-Deee, Goldie half dead, the twins blaze sacks  
Bigger than big everyday in L.A.  
4 Tay representin for the whole damn yae, Beeyotch

DoggHouse, turnin it out, and if you aint dope you gots to get  
The fuck out, that's on the O G D P, (say what)  
And that's how it is when you fuckin wit me

Don't matter how you come, use all angles  
Ties become tangled when the cutthroat strangles  
My hookup, long rangers  
Better float like a nationwide sky pager  
Them hoes save us, talk about bein playas  
On the real we can deal wit you playa haters  
We hit the spot, every city got a block  
What you makin when you take it to a different type of level that it pops  
Know the dogg keep the hip rocks, steady bangin  
Hoes steady sangin from the gang that we claimin  
Yo, it's Waniac, the maniac, Trip Loc won't you spit that rap

Park my shit and jump out, I'm at the homies spot  
To see if he floatin with me up to the DoggHouse  
Hit the weed he lightin, outside little niggas is fightin  
This bomb, I'm likin  
Holla at my folks I know up in the complex  
Nigga ready to ride as soon as he get dressed  
Now we ready to roll, hit the store, then the carpool lane  
Once again it's on, big chiefin  
Remind me of the noisiest place  
Ladies all over the place, and niggas super laced  
How we like it, saggin in my 5 0 1  
Killin my lungs, keepin these homies and bitches on one

Man I got warrants, bad tax, still sayin fuck it  
Headed up to DoggHouse swervin in a bucket  
Puffin on some bomb from my comrade Blue  
And got my little bitch catch a contact too  
House shoes with the blue khaki suit and my locs on

Swoopin to some Soopafly, gettin my smoke on  
Nigga Goldie Loc got the heat on roast it  
4 Tay on the way plus the twins is posted  
Bout to set it off bet it's off the hook  
Straight crooks, gettin money off the books  
Makin nothin but that gangsta shit that niggas lovin  
Thuggin at the house party, fuck goin clubbin

Let me hear you say pimps, banks, hustlers  
Let's all get the money then murder these motherfuckers  
Cocksuckers, they can't stop us  
Now put up your choppers, just in case they rollin wit them coppers  
I shut em down, DoggPound for them bitches  
I be seein you with snitches everytime I'm hittin switches  
Ice skatin over dicthes  
I'm true to the game, plus I'm out to get them riches  
I be mobbin down the road tryin to bag up my bags  
I'm saggin so hard I'm tearin up the back of my khakis  
I'm tryin to reach my dogg Dirty Red  
But this hoe won't let me know, which way to go  
I'm movin slow  
My chucks only come wit a hundred miles of walkin  
Hundred miles of runnin smellin funny and I'm gunnin nigga  
DoggPound gangsta crip for life  
And we gon party in this motherfucker all damn night