

## **Tha Dogg Pound F/ Snoop Doggy Dogg "Speak Ya Clout"**

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Verse One: Jeru the Damaja

Last year record companies were chumpin me  
But now like chicks they all be up on me  
and me so horny, I hit em like a groupie  
Snatch off my hat wash my dick and keep it movin  
Showing and proving on a day to day basis  
I rip New York and a million different places  
State to state country to country  
My skills are legend in the style of poetry  
I've paid my dues to this game word to mother  
Peace New York hops it gets no rougher  
Baby brother been puffing buddha and blunts since  
eighty-five  
Before the fake motherfuckers started perpetrating  
live, I've  
achieved mad props though niggaz roll around in jeeps  
I ride the A-Train and get mad beeps  
So when we bang bang boogie out jumps my boot  
knocks  
Chicks comes in flocks when D.R.S. rocks glocks  
And I mean it it's all done with the mind  
I neutralize suckers because I'm alkaline  
I could go on for days speaking bout my clout  
So Lil Dap snatch the mic and show the motherfucker  
out

Verse Two: Lil Dap

Yo you can't hide from jail and you can't hide from the  
street  
Flavors do get deep when you're walking the east  
A unit down from the underground made the brothers  
unite  
I'm slappin pounds and pounds with real niggaz aight  
Ain't nothing changed but the weather, rain storms or  
whatever  
You poured a forty on the ground for the brothers who  
ain't around  
Break it down with the flow as I walk through the ghetto  
A nigga said he couldn't do it til the shit hits the fan

Last year I was The Man ripping up every jam  
So what's your hobby nothing serious when things get  
rough  
I'm stepping rugged and tough, and bitches won't get  
enough  
A Lil Dap what's that? Fuck around you get slapped  
Schizophrenic with rhyme plus we're well organized  
Make the chicks say 'aow' and the brothers say 'ho'  
You can't tell a motherfucker what to do with his life  
Niggaz tend to live trife, so I react with the mic  
It's the end of the time so I got to gets mine  
Aiiyo 'ru, what's your function meet me at Broadway  
junction  
Before I start to get in it, better yet i just kick it  
Aiiyo son, if you're ready Guru starts to flip it

### Verse Three: Guru

Earl, with my three-eight-five shot I bust a bumba claat  
He talks dumb a lot so him shall drop  
I got the clout, all you pussy rappers be out  
From the ghetto I let go, shit to make you petrol  
Watching fly niggaz show you how to rhyme asshole  
You know the motherfucking situation  
So get down get down with the Gangstarr Foundation  
Now I'ma touch on reality, chumps can't fuck with me  
and all the honies be loving me  
My style be kicking crazy butt  
Wannabes on their knees licking crazy butt  
Your girl pays me but ain't no need to try and stop her  
I'm Big Poppa fuck your girl and I'll drop her  
cause she be working on my nerves  
and yo I got more gang than the bitch got curves  
I'm like gambino, the slick head honcho  
Ill kid ready to wreck mics pronto  
and I know, I break your back with my rap like smack  
because I'm all that  
And so the next time when you're wishing for my  
downfall  
I'm a come back to drown y'all  
With stupid lyrics relative to a bloodbath  
And stay the fuck out my path...

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