

Tha Dogg Pound f/ Lady of Rage

"Keep it Gangsta"

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[Kurupt]

Yeah that gangsters shit always bangin
Soopafly you sick for this
We gon' show 'em how Tha Dogg Pound gangsters
bang and ride
Yeah... hey Shawn let's bang this turn it up man
Let me talk to these niggaz

Who you aimin at nigga, you know I got you
Look me up to find Nosferatu
You'll never get away motherfucker we after ya
I drain MC's, poetical Dracula
I take away your mind body soul and spirit
Vampiric, I mutilate with words and lyrics
I injure with verbs off herbs and spirits
I'm everywhere like germs and spirits
You can hear me everywhere day and night like birds
and crickets
I got birds worth 14 tickets
You ain't got no money, no riders, no squad or bitches
Quit bullshittin, you ain't gotta lie to kick it
Rolled up on this nigga like "Nigga whattup?"
He said, "Your name ain't Kurupt, nigga your name is
Bankrupt"
First thing I did was just smirked and laughed
I looked over at Daz and then we whooped his ass
The present is the present and the past is the past
And to stay in the present you should learn this fast
Dogg Pound is forever you should learn this fast
'Fore we flash in a flash, millimeters and macs, nigga

[Chorus]

Just keep it gangsta - bust the thang on 'em
Riders push 'em, that's what you better do nigga
Just keep it gangsta - cause if you don't the
millimeters'll spark
and that's the end of the talk, we just
Just keep it gangsta - all we know
Through the highs and lows, this West coast
motherfucker
Just keep it gangsta - listen to me

D.P.G.C., and then go fly for the thai, just keep it
gangsta

[Daz]

Just keep it gangsta nigga!
Glock homey grippin tight, AK on the backseat
Don't ask me shit, muh'fuckers don't like me
And you I don't like you too, so
Dis what I'm gon' do
Leave your ass seasick just like the flu
The temperature risin, analyzin, surprisin you
Niggaz on lockdown, feel what I'm kickin
Them niggaz sellin that weight, yeah pluck them
chickens
Get it like you give it, give it how you live it
And when I'm full of that spinach them 20 inches
spinnin
When I revolve I click back
On the f'realla my nigga you don't want that
I'm an Eastsider nigga but I'm West coast out
Pistol in my hand and a blunt in my mouth
What is the stat you amount nigga? I'm about them G's
And blastin all rats, we about that cheese (wooo~!)
From a G ass nigga, behind the mask behind the
trigger
Layin 'em down, muh'fucker what you figure?

[Chorus]

[Lady of Rage]

Now, I'm not a Dogg Pound Gangsta Crip
But I'm that chick from the Dogg Pound Gangsta Clique
And I'm that chick that'll dog these wankstas quick
Big body on that Dogg Pound Gangsta shit
Now when I go bananas, y'all gon' need to go get the
Sopranos
Any mob, any gang, red or blue bandanas
Gon' let you know I bang straight from the gate
See these flows fuck it up like it was a case of rape
Now, in or out of state I, bend 'em out of shape I
Wipe 'em off my slate I, clean 'em off my plate I
Squash these kids, eat 'em like sausages
Whoa; where my dawgs at? Here's some Snausages
A treat for yo' appetite, a lyrical roughness
The toughest, bust this, you still {"can't touch this"}
Fuck this shit, y'all must have forgotten
I still give it to you like I gave his only begotten
son, spit mo' shit than a little bit huh?
Whatever ha, I'm so raw I'm pissy drunk
Punks jump up to get laid flat out
Cause lyrically and literally Rage stay strapped

It's the big payback, so jump, if you're feelin froggish
and leap
But I'ma just keep doggin the beats, capiche?
Sweat the technique that I just freaked
I'm bringin raw heat, hot enough to cook raw meat

[Chorus]

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