

## 40 Thiefs "Mad Doggin"

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Intro:

Huh! Wooh! Uh!  
I got my real niggaz in the house.  
Some real motherfuckin men,  
know what I'm sayin'?  
Ain't no hangups, ain't no insecurities here, nigga.  
What you think?  
You thought I was playing games or something?

Verse 1:

I see niggaz lookin' at me like I done beat up there  
momma,  
but we ain't got no beef it's just a struggle for powa'.  
See, when niggaz get together they be trippin'  
eyeballin' me just to catch my attention.  
Shit is gettin' serious, if you didn't notice,  
niggaz is bustin' instead of comin' from the shoulders.  
I can speak for Cali, but I can't speak for you.  
You either step with your weapon or you step with your  
crew.  
M-Mad Doggin, red eyein, it's all the same  
chumps might as well ask what set I claim. (Where you  
from?)  
Lookin' at me as If I was a enemy, but if I'm the enemy,  
you better take a look in the mirror, G.  
Could it be I look like someone you know,  
someone you knew,  
or someone you done somethin' too?  
You better tuck in your leather for your trip  
cause you never know when the night is who you might  
be fuckin wit'.

Chorus: Repeat 2X

Mad doggin'. Mad doggin'. Ain't no need to be mad  
doggin.  
Why you wanna be mad doggin me?  
Why you wanna be mad doggin me?  
Why you wanna be mad doggin me, tryin' to start some  
beef,

I got the hog in me.

Verse 2:

Why you wanna be mad doggin me?  
I don't fuck with nobody, unless they fuckin' with me.

I can be the rough type if you wanted it,  
but most quit when they find out who they dealin' wit.  
I hate the type of niggaz that come to dabble  
up and down shit, down to face shit.  
Heinsight tryin' to prove that they got us to pick  
the wrong time, wrong place, now it's time to get it  
started.  
Bump that talk, if you can walk that walk  
with a mouthful of salt given facial assaults.  
Gary, Tom, Dick, and Mary,  
nigga, you don't scare me.  
I got a homie by my side,  
his name is Dirty Harry.  
I don't really wanna have to blast nobody  
so don't be starin' at me like you plannin' on robbin.  
Now you ain't no tough guy, no rough lie, nigga,  
keep starin' at me you be a busted eye nigga.

Chorus

Verse 3:

Now the 40 Thevz don't be slippin' or trippin'  
or startin' no shit when it's time to handle business.  
What happened to the love?  
I think it faded out late back in the sixties.  
Now, I got every single nigga out to get me,  
lookin' at me crooked eye, when the dealer could be  
starin' at suicide.  
I really can't call it,  
but niggaz get this when you ballin',  
and ain't involved in it.  
So, now you wanna give me evil stares,  
not that I really care,  
but why you wanna be mad doggin me?

Outro:

Lookin' at me like I stole somethin' from you.  
I probably did.  
But you don't know that.

Chorus: Repeat 5X

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