

Bad Azz f/ Snoop Dogg, Goldie Loc, Suga Free, Kokane "Dogghouse Ridaz"

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[Kokane]

I read them Dogghouse niggaz is Rip ridin'

(YEA!)

[Bad Azz]

I'm so proper - I came up like a liquor store robber

I'm so L.A., like the Dodgers or the Lakers

Man I put money on players

On the corner, with the Mayor of Pomona

So break down, bitch, in a serious fashion

If the pimpin' don't kill you than I'm forced to blast ya

It's a paper thang, it ain't about the pussy and dick

It's the difference between you walkin' and you pushin'
a whip

See it's a major type of paper, caper, motivator, playa,
neighbor

Haters hate us, I don't give a fuck if you don't play this
later

I'm to the strip, I gotta check my money makers

[Snoop Dogg]

Do it to 'em now and save some for later

[Chorus]

Dogghouse niggaz, we ridaz

We always got a car load of bitches beside us

You punk motherfuckers wanna try and divide us

The homies on deck with the heaters behind us

Wide up, so bonafied up

This ain't that same ol' shit you get tired of

The heat for the street from the best suppliers

(West and Eastside up, Eastsidaz)

[Suga Free]

You might not ever get rich...

So you might as well go ahead and bust you a bitch...

Nigga, now if I hang around nine squares (I would be
the dif')

And if I hang around nine fools feelin' loose (I would be
the dif')

But if I hang around nine projects a mile (I would be the dif')
And if I hang around nine rich business men (I would be the dif')

Now if I had wings - I'd fly
And if it was a fifth - I'll be alright
It ain't so sippin' in my pimpin'
(They don't know)
We got them regulars trickin'
(We got it crackin' on the stroll)
And I know sometime when I pee I forget to lift the seat
But she don't cook, clean, cash every night, and her
hair's always neat
Nah nah, get gone
Don't forget to remind me to whoop your motherfuckin'
ass as soon as we get home

[Chorus]

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[Goldie Loc]

Now this is dedicated to hoo-bangin', slangin'
Catch heat from this motherfuckin' dirty rap game
I won't tell you nothin', that you might have been told
I won't sell you nothin', that you might have had bought
Just fuck wit cha nigga cause I stay low gold
Quick to blast moms and pops and the dog To-to
You don't know me nigga, so keep my name out your
grill
If I see you on the streets I'm just gon' keep it way real
They know again, keepin' that shit gangsta cuz
I got my head on straight, with my brain on buzz
Trust a slug, when it slip the AK's flip
Squeezin' on the trigger yellin' Rollin' 20 Crip
Walkin' through the shadow of death, I see my shadow
on my left
Grip tight with the heat on my right
Will I make it through these fucked up situations?
I'm headed to Dogghouse, so D's paper chasin'
(motherfucker)

[Chorus]

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[Outro: Snoop Dogg]
Yeah, Bad Azz
'nuff said, ha ha
Smoke some nigga
Yeah yeah, Dogghouse
Beotch!

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