

Andrea Bocelli

"Fresh"

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Daz:

ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh, oooohh...

Kurupt:

G'd up, we're back, that's what I keep hearing
We ain't never went nowhere fool (what?)
Better ask your folks about the D-O-double G's

How long could the war last on a warpath?
We're still heat nigga, still signing autographs
Still hitting the stash, and pulling pistols out to dash
The poetical poltergeist, verbal Jerry Weiss
Fuck the ice, give me a mic and let's see who's the
nicest
I fuck around and call it crisis
with preciseness, and precisely this
See we make the shit that precisely hits.
So how soon could you pump up the volume
Hand you your ends and pump up my album
Get yours, I call the fucking holocaust
I'm out to get mine, get yours, snatching anything
yours
Cocking back your name, blasting anything
Yo, Tha Dogg Pound gang, where all the G's hang
It's impossible not for that ass to end up in a hospital
G-R, Gang Related, and we are

We are (fresh) (repeat)

I spit poison, poisonous darts
I aim, bomb and charge
One rhyme will hold your pose and stop your heart
Stop to talk, start to walk, and never walk again
Legs broken, just played loc, zoning broke and crushed
touched, bust open, get hit like the four winds
Up against four assassins, the four horsemen of
rapping
I gotta pinch my self to make sure I ain't dreaming
'Cause I just saw the homie bring an M-16 in (booya!)
I fade in to see how Baby sparks
No ifs, ands or maybe's, Baby barks

Turn on the daylight, pitch black thoughts
I pitch back sparks when the get back starts
This is it, we're 'bout to show you how to do shit
DPG completely, running through shit

We are (fresh) (repeat)

break it down

Daz (Kurupt):

Party people clap your hands, keep rocking
Sho' shocking and rocking, DJ C-walking (kick that shit)
Party people clap your hands now (sing that shit)
Party people clap your hands (yeah)
Party people clap your hands, keep rocking (huh)
Sho' shocking and rocking, DJ C-walking (bitch)
Party people clap your hands now (sing that shit)
Party people clap your hands (put your hands in the air,
niggaz, come on,
come on, sing it)

It's just a gangsta party

Kurupt:

Supa dupa, said you was seductive, psycho psychotic,
psycho somatic
Psycho's with automatics, the aftermath with the
poetical psychopath
And I might go slow, and I might go fast, and I might
go burst
Then I might go last, thinking I might not bust
And I just might just blast
Or I might just whoop the skin of your ass, if you cross
or pass
You know I'm the rawest MC with it
Fuck jiggy nigga, I'm DP with it
I've been the bombstrike, like the motherfucking
pentagon
Napalm verses disperses to all the mental gone
Mack 10-ing dunn, separate and lick a mind
Tear them in the zone in his leg, ain't bust his head
Keep busting till he's dead
D-A-Z with the bombest in the country, taking lead on
the street
What you got, flame or some heat?
Do you incinerate, or make it hot, he got (???)
Powerful, strong or weak?
All I know is I drop shit that cracks the concrete, and...

(fresh) we are (repeat)

Dogg Pound, D-A-Z, Snoop Dogg, Kurupt, Nate Dogg

Snoop Dogg, Dogg Pound, D-A-Z, Kurupt, Nate Dogg

Soopafly, Tray Deee, Big C Style

The homies, anybody, we are O.G.'s, Baby G's

D-A-Z, he made the beat, 'cause we are...

Dogg Pound, DP, Death Row, yeah, you know it, yeah

You know it, 'cause we are icons

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