

Bad Azz "Dogghouse Ridaz"

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Yo, ho, yo, ho
I read them Dogghouse niggaz is rip ridin'
Yeah

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
Do it to 'em now and save some for later

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)

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

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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 Doghouse, so D's paper chasin',
motherfucker

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Yeah, Bad Azz
'Nuff said, ha ha
Smoke some, nigga
Yeah yeah, Dogghouse
Biatch

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