

Doggy's Angels

"Pop Your Collar 2 Dis"

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[Snoop Dogg]

Yeah baby! Snoop Dogg you done did it again
You shitted on these niggas and bitches
Oh! Doggys Angels
Westcoast females
Three plus three five plus seven
All dogs go to heaven
Ladies

[Verse 1-Big Chan]

Chan loc comin threw and kickin up dust
Loc comin threw, what the fuck
You niggas wannabe clowns, bitches wanna be down
Oh how you love that sound? I don't think so
It ain't no room no mo', it ain't no punk in this ho
I throw blows lift muthafuckas off they toes
While y'all givin it slow mo', I mash for the dough
What the fuck y'all sleepin fo'? (just cause i'm Chan loc)
Hit the switch on the fo', as I dips down the backstreets
Come up on the crippest and the cold of the streets
Hands on yo heat, bulletproof I can't sleep
I got him, so I'm forced to staright take mines
While y'all bust silly ass rhymes, commit stupid ass crimes
You so-called playas think you got beef?
You muthafuckas know that you can't see me
I'm thugged out from the Dogg House

[Chorus]

Where all my West Coast niggas at?
Now pop ya collar to dis(We in here!)
And pop ya collar to dat(We in this muthafucka!)
Where my East Coast niggas at?
Now pop ya collar to dis(We in here!)
And pop ya collar to dat(We in this muthafucka!)
Where my Dirty South niggas at?
Now pop ya collar to dis(We in here!)
And pop ya collar to dat(We in this muthafucka!)
Where my North Coast niggas at?
Now pop ya collar to dis(We in here!)
And pop ya collar to dat(We in this muthafucka!)
Where they at, where they at

[Verse 2-Kola]

Approach, and watch I leave a ring around yo throat
Lyrical overdose Cadillac post wit hundred spokes
Buckled down from the Moet to the Lex GX
Spoiler kit front and back chrome Mac one laid back
Thought I wasn't when I was cutthroat and main thug
Manuverin major, on point like razors
DK from NY, PO from LB 304s, to dis foes who try to
test me
Smoked out lil Eddie Kain when i'm switchin fo' lanes
Bring pain like Method Man, Don Peaches wit the chain
Stand out wit the neck out toes exposed
Shake the fake when my migrate hos exposed
Do or die when chestized, fucked in the fame
Who am I?Kola Marion stuck in the game
Seperate the dogs from pups when static errupts
In the cut like what platinumed out and iced up

[Chorus]

[Verse 3-Conyiac]

Now as we mash out intoxicated bout to pass out
Chan crushed the purple and Kola pulled a ash out
Thirty club century homies followin the pint
(Pulled out the laid X on filth arm on silt)
Hop out like Veng Status, as large as Micheal Jackson
In the V.I.P. liftin cake and gettin it crackin
I'm Conyiacin(the Farrah Fawcett of the group)
Shake fake bitches tryna creep, like Kola I crack beats
I so lead this trust, so hatas is excluded
(Only converse wit real hogs, me and my dogs)
Angels keep it at it, like Clicks 40 like Po'
Rolls out the Dogg House, hatas like, "oh no!"
Frozen over from mice blind bitches mean muggin
Talk shit like Chris Rock, i'm G wit it when i'm thuggin
Un-see able click like Don Carlos stay flossin
(Bitches grab ya hips, niggas grab ya dicks)

[Chorus]

[Snoop Dogg]

We in here, we in this muthafucka! [3x]
We in here, we stay in this muthafucka!
Like I said its another one baby
You shitted on these niggas Snoop Dogg
Doggy's Angels

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