

Doyle Lawson And Quicksilver

"Puffin On Blunts And Drankin Tanqueray"

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[Featuring Daz Rage]

[Rage]

All ways and forever forever and all ways
The rhythm will flow from now and through all days
As long as the sun shines
As long as Eisenours on the dime
Yo I'll be kickin the rhyme
One time for ya mind your soul your body
Do g's on the side of me smooth as E & J
Hard as Bacardi smackin those yaddy yacks and ducks
keep quackin
Hands that are clappin end up cracklin
Under the heat the pressure from the one that's deffer
Egyptian ruler will call me cleo ro Nefertiti yes indeedi
Got the eyes of the beedie-body from Tahiti
Voice of the will lyrics blow
Chills up ya spine that's illslow
All thoughts in ya mind drop a yo
Came in the front but you be kicked through the back
door
For tryin to step, tryin to come incorrect
Tryin to play the left, tryin to start a mess
Tryin to cause fuss, tryin to raise a ruckus...Huh
You'll end up ashes to ashes, dusk to dusk
A busta you musta been fuckin on drugs
And alcohol back off, all a yall up against the wall
Spread em, doggs go get em and
Cuff em and stuff em, cold she'd em don't let em
Not a word, not another one heard
If you try you die, visions blurred, speech slurred
Served with a cherry on top
Rage in effect I just begun to rock
Yeah rock on witcha bad self R A G E!
Rock on witcha bad self R A G E !
Rock on witcha bad self R A G E !
Rock on witcha bad self....

[Daz]

Yo..Im Dat Nigga Daz who packs a tre-8 slug
A true nigga from the hood and the pound gives love
Yo see...niggas wanna be down but never came around
So back up off my nuts and stop sweatin the pound

You see niggas get broke off like 1,2,3
'cause Im the D-A to the..(D-A-to the..)
D-A- to the Z
Now G'z pay attention to this young ass mack daddy
In a caddy-haddy, not known about the city
Where the niggas hang around
So I roll em up and hit em up wit the motherfuckin Dogg
Pound
[Kurupt]
I'm rough and rugged and up till to the dirt
I'm from the Dogg Pound nigga so Im puttin in work
I'm no joke who the fuck you tryin to provoke
(1-8-7)It's cool how his ass got smoked
I don't drink no fuckin Vsop
I drink the motherfuckin O.G., O-E
Im from the klik that be kickin the gangsta shit bitch
Real niggas real G'z wit real big dicks
I hit em up wit the Pound
So what you wanna throw up
Claimin your cocaine or cavi when you blow up
Know what? the Pounds in the motherfuckin house
Back again we try to get high as we kin
Dr.Dre be kickin phat rhymes and produce and kick shit
I gets more wicked than Beetlejuice
Motherfuckers get battered so scatter
Before I keep ya hostage a nigga hostage like the grim
reaper
So Im comin from my hood...what hood
You really like to know motherfucker I thought you knew
Motherfucker don't you know Im stranded on the row
I take a look into the crowd kick a style a flow
I'm mashin, motherfuckers get murdered for action
Relax kid, your rollin wit a fuckin assasin
Outlasted did dirt the other day
Betray, the roll of a G, from the D-O double G
P-o-u-n-d, Pound so bow-bow motherfuckin marks
The execute the start, when the chronic gets sparked
Im like ??
Wrecks I flex murderous rhymes to leave you all dead
What said is all said it's already spoke
The dead is the dead I aint no fuckin joke
I murder motherfuckers as a hobby
One of my idols aint no joke so why in the fuck should I
be
Fly me to the Bahamas, ruff rhymer,
Dramas what your kickin, wicked is how Im a
Approach ya, the locster, whos quick to up and smoke
ya
Your lookin like a smoka, grinnin like the joker
I yolk ya from da back like a bitch talkin shit
But a bitch aint shit, 'cause a bitch aint shit

But a ho and trick on my dick
Flip, lets take a trip to the Dogg Pound
Fools tried to punk me when I was young but Im a hog
now
And I gets respect and I step wit a tec 9
Ready to put somethin up in that ass to give respect
mine
Fool, Deatrow aint lynchin and the Pound aint mobbin
We all don't give a fuck run in your crib and start robbin
Throbbin, I'll break a nigga down in the 90's
Maxin at the Pound wit my doggs is where you'll find
me
Beatch..

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