

Dr Dre

"Puffin On Blunts And Drankin Tanqueray"

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yo, yo, let's do this shit
Ha, ha, I thought I thaw a puddy tat
Youse a punk-ass nigga
Yo, yea, yo, Death Row's in the motherfuckin' house

Wreckin' shit you know what I'm sayin'?
This is Dr. Dre in the motherfuckin' house
Yo, I got my homeboys in the house
The Dogg Pound's definitely in here, yeah

I got my nigga Kurupt ready to wreck some shit, yo
You know what else I got in the house?
Yo, so diggi-Daz step up on that ass
Yeah, guess what's in here?

My home girl Rage, I said my home girl Rage
Yeah, the lyrical motherfuckin' murderer's in here
Yo, my nigga Glove behind the boards
Yo, dropping that funky-ass bass line, yeah

You know, you know there's a lot of punk-ass niggaz
out there
A lot of punk-ass bitches out there
Yo, you wanna write names?
Yo, that nigga Eazy-E, he's a punk-ass bitch, really
though

Yo, that nigga Tim M-U-T, he's a punk-ass beatch,
beeatch!
Ha ha, you know what I'm sayin'?
Oh, oh, oh Luke, I didn't forget about you, beatch!
Really though, yo, Death Row's in the motherfuckin'
house

Running the 9-3, you know, yeah
But right about now
There's a little freestyle session going on, in the studio
We just kickin' back gettin' fucked up and all

You know, puffin on a few blunts
Drinkin' a little bit of that Tanqueray, Tanqueray
Yeah, Tanqueray's definitely in the house

You know what I'm sayin'? Ha, ha, ha

'Cause I'm feelin' it, baby, I'm feelin' it, really though
So a, right about now, ayyo Rage
Yo Rage, yo run that shit G

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
D O 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 or Nefertiti, yes indeed
Got the eyes of the beedie, body from Tahiti

Voice of the will lyrics blow, chills up ya spine that's ill
slow
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 y'all up against the wall

Spread 'em, dogs go get 'em and
Cuff 'em and stuff 'em, cold shed '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
(Rage)
Rock on witcha bad self
(Rage)
Rock on witcha bad self
(Rage)
Rock on witcha bad self

Yo, I'm 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 I'm 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
With the motherfuckin' Dogg Pound

I'm rough and rugged and up till to the dirt
I'm from the Dogg Pound nigga so I'm 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' V-S-O-P
I drink the motherfuckin' O.G., Olde E
I'm from the click that be kickin' the gangsta shit bitch

Real niggas, real G'z with real big dicks
I hit 'em up with 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 I'm comin' from my hood, what hood
You really like to know motherfucker I thought you knew

Motherfucker, don't you know I'm 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, you're rollin' with 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

I'm like [unverified], rough and rugged
'Cause I'm like baldhead [unverified]

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 ain't no fuckin' joke
I murder motherfuckers as a hobby

One of my idols ain't no joke so why in the fuck should I
be
Fly me to the Bahamas, ruff rhymer
Dramas what your kickin', wicked is how I'm a
Approach ya, the locster, who's quick to up and smoke
ya

You're lookin' like a smoka, grinnin' like the joker
I yolk ya from da back like a bitch talkin' shit
But a bitch ain't shit, 'cause a bitch ain't shit
But a ho and trick on my dick

Flip, let's take a trip to the Dogg Pound
Fools tried to punk me when I was young but I'm a hog
now
And I gets respect and I step with a tec 9
Ready to put somethin' up in that ass to give respect
mine

Fool, Deatrow ain't lynchin' and the Pound ain't 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 with my doggs is where you'll find
me
Beatch

Hell, yeah
You niggaz can't fade this shit, you know what I'm
sayin'?
Death Row's in the motherfuckin' house
The Dogg Pound's definetly in here, you know what I'm
sayin'?
And, ay, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, you niggaz can't fuck with
this
So don't even try it

Stay in the studio all you want, stay in the studio all you
want
'Cause you can't fuck with this
See ya

