

Nate Dogg "Can't Nobody"

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Can't nobody
Do you like, we do?
Can't nobody
Do you like, we do?

Pistols and penitentiaries
Gangstas on a worldwide hunt for head huntin'
Spread dumpin' lead bustin'
Tell me, how you wanna be done?
It's so many thangs on these streets
Gang bang on these streets

Heat holders that hug wit slugs
And it's the thang to be either crips or bloods
Nate show these niggas how it was
And how nobody do it like we does 'cuz

Something about the West Coast
Makes me bang the beats
Something about the West Coast
Makes me run them streets

Something about the music
Makes me wanna sing
Something about this chronic
Knocks me off my feet
That's real chronic, baby

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I know you never thought these niggas could be this
good
We'd be bumpin' in your system from hood to hood
I know you never even thought, we would last this long
You were dead wrong

Homie this is Nate, he's a double O.G.
All up in the place, K U R U P T
Better ask your girl, "Why she starin' at me?"

Leave me alone

Calicos

We ready for the get down
You ready to have sit-down
Bitch nigga sit-down
Runnin' in and out ya house
Runnin' in and out ya spouse
Don't say shit or I'll be runnin' in and out your mouth

Gangstas get the party crackin'
Hit a land and get it crunk
Nate Dogg and Kurupt
Yeah nigga that's wassup

Now, I gotta show y'all
How the West Coast rock shit
Concoct and plot shit
Dogg pound oxes

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D. P. G. C.
The greatest on this earth
Gangsta that was taught, shoot before you converse
Go against the grain and we convert to the worst
Take flight like eagles, puncture like needles

Touch him without even bein' present
The greatest on this earth, West Coast presents
'The Dogg Pound muthafuckin' gangsta nigga'
On all gold feet
Yeah, them all gold D's, we double O.G.'s

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