

Crowded House

"Nothing But the Dogg"

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[Verse 1]

If you ain't knowin' who we is by now, check the logo
We niggas from the streets so police want a photo
Never catch me solo, I roll with the click
We all spit raw shit and try to get more dough
No more games, we got things to gain
Takin' first class flights, we deep on planes
Only speak on lanes
So my real niggas know, suppose no one chose to
expose it
Figure it out, we out to sprout over cowards in doubt
Makin' over the towers, doin' albums in hours
On a route about ten hours, we got powers
With rhymes that come down on y'all like rain showers

[Hook]

Whoa, it's nothing but the dog in me
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
It's nothing but the dog in me
All y'all know it ain't nothing but the dog in a nigga
It's nothing but the dog in me
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
It's nothing but the dog in me
Oh no, oh no

[Verse 2]

I roll with a pack of dogs who will rob you for your
goods
From neighborhood to neighborhood we gettin' the
goods
Ran in Chavon home, with the author jasaki
Cock it, lock it and pocket, cook it up and rock it
I talk this like I walk this, true G on the scene
With green, strapped with a killin' machine
Triple beam scheme dreams are made up
Niggas came up, they get brought up
Who's the man, the land of the land gun in hand
Got cash in my hand, weighin' at least a grand
I got gold on my neck that will never fade
Cut ya neck with a blade and it's hard to fade, ha ha

[Hook]

It's nothing but the dog in me
It's nothing but the dog in me, uh uh like that
It's nothing but the dog in me
It's nothing but the dog in me
Uh, uh, uh

[Verse 3]

We kkep it movin' take it over to make it happen
West Coast bringin' the heat pushin' it platinum
That tape, CD rhyme piece
And buy em' for the homies on the two-way calm keeps
calm
Bonafide, boss ballin' we tycoons
Used to post on the block, break trees and sip Boone's
Criss-cross state to state, we federal
Hand held PC, ship bags of dough
Make records, doin' albums in one night
Cause we way too tight, Daz, Big, and Tel might
Bust one, for the six figure digits
Real niggas spit this and stay away from weak shit

[Hook]

It's nothing but the dog in me
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
It's nothing but the dog in me
Wild out y'all we know how it is out there
It's nothing but the dog in me
Hey baby, how ya doin'
It's nothing but the dog in me

[Verse 4]

What that is dog, that's that s-h-i-t
Who that is dog, who the fuck else but Don P.
Exquisite with the flash and fuckin' with the figuro
And that nigga that's dealio so what the dealio
From Long Beach to the filthy Moe, you ain't know
Niggas spittin' like they macks and calicos
Niggas is gettin' low
Bitch soon as you hear this shit hit the floor
Fleas and ticks climbin' all on my dick soon as I hit the
door
Cause they know that the Hand from the town puts it
down
Get off Remy, X-O, then I doggystyle ya ho
Break her for all ya dough then hit the studio
Keep bustin' like you motherfuckers want some more

