

Ricky Martin

"Dogghouse"

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Dogghouse

Gimme some of that G shit Goldie Loc

Yeah, that's what I'm talkin 'bout

Yeah, check this out y'all, uh huh huh

HOOK 2X: Snoop Dogg

We got Snoop Dogg in the house tonight, with the
homeboy Tray-Deee

Waniac, Trip Loc and Goldie, 4 Tay from the bay, what
you say

What you say, huh? (we do this like everyday)

[Rappin' 4-Tay]

Did ya get the dank, did ya get the dank?

Yeah I got the dank, you got the gas in the tank?

V.I.P. status, don't need an apparatus

Cuz the niggas I fuck wit, they all about the cabbage

Down in yellobrick road my destination, the DoggHouse

Toastin Remys, fillin' jimmies, we goin all out

Lookin for the wizard, creepin through the fog

Got some bad ass bitches, headed to the player's ball

They gon be strippin and wigglin ass

Hope you brought your playa pass

Tray-Deee, Goldie half dead, the twins blaze sacks

Bigger than big everyday in L.A.

4 Tay representin for the whole damn yae, Beeyotch

2ND HOOK: Snoop Dogg

DoggHouse, turnin it out, and if you aint dope you gots
to get

The fuck out, that's on the O G D P, (say what)

And that's how it is when you fuckin wit me

[Waniac]

Don't matter how you come, use all angles

Ties become tangled when the cutthroat strangles

My hookup, long rangers

Better float like a nationwide sky pager

Them hoes save us, talk about bein playas

On the real we can deal wit you playa haters

We hit the spot, every city got a block

What you makin when you take it to a different type of
level that it pops
Know the dogg keep the hip rocks, steady bangin
Hoes steady sangin from the gang that we claimin
Yo, it's Waniac, the maniac, Trip Loc won't you spit that
rap

[Trip Loc]

Park my shit and jump out, I'm at the homies spot
To see if he floatin with me up to the DoggHouse
Hit the weed he lightin, outside little niggas is fightin
This bomb, I'm likin
Holla at my folks I know up in the complex
Nigga ready to ride as soon as he get dressed
Now we ready to roll, hit the store, then the carpool
lane
Once again it's on, big chiefin
Remind me of the noisiest place
Ladies all over the place, and niggas super laced
How we like it, saggin in my 5 0 1
Killin my lungs, keepin these homies and bitches on
one

HOOK 2X

[Tray Deee]

Man I got warrants, bad tax, still sayin fuck it
Headed up to DoggHouse swervin in a bucket
Puffin on some bomb from my comrade Blue
And got my little bitch catch a contact too
House shoes with the blue khaki suit and my locs on
Swoopin to some Soopafly, gettin my smoke on
Nigga Goldie Loc got the heat on roast it
4 Tay on the way plus the twins is posted
Bout to set it off bet it's off the hook
Straight crooks, gettin money off the books
Makin nothin but that gangsta shit that niggas lovin
Thuggin at the house party, fuck goin clubbin

2ND HOOK

[Goldie Loc]

Let me hear you say pimps, banks, hustlers
Let's all get the money then murder these
motherfuckers
Cocksuckers, they can't stop us
Now put up your choppers, just in case they rollin wit
them coppers
I shut em down, DoggPound for them bitches
I be seein you with snitches everytime I'm hittin
switches

Ice skatin over dicthes
I'm true to the game, plus I'm out to get them riches
I be mobbin down the road tryin to bag up my bags
I'm saggin so hard I'm tearin up the back of my khakis
I'm tryin to reach my dogg Dirty Red
But this hoe won't let me know, which way to go
I'm movin slow
My chucks only come wit a hundred miles of walkin
Hundred miles of runnin smellin funny and I'm gunnin
nigga
DoggPound gangsta crip for life
And we gon party in this motherfucker all damn night

HOOK 2X

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