

# Snoop Dogg

## "Dogghouse In Your Mouth"

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**(feat. Kurupt, Soopafly, RBX, Suga Free & others)**

*[Snoop Dogg]*

1998, Dogghouse Records steps on the scene  
Unlike any other record label, we plan to get green  
And keep it clean, and stay oh so mean  
So rough so tough, haha

*[Suga Free]*

What his here? This for them suckas  
Nigga I came from a long line of playas  
that ain't scared of NAR' ONE OF Y'ALL  
MOTHERFUCKERS!!  
I see these niggas wanna see me catch a case and get  
struck out  
But I'm laughin', 'bout to knock they ass the fuck out  
Bitch quit actin' like a stuck up clown  
That's why yo raggety-ass attitude is fucked up now  
Suga Freeeeee.....hahaha  
Bitch swingin' on my dick sayin WEEEEEE!  
The pimpin' is crackin' so I feel like mackin' tonight  
(aight)  
Now them 70 niggas? 30 gon' hate us  
That's why I play the role, keep control  
and throw them off wit' these dirty gators  
See time was torn  
Cuz if I bought me somethin' to eat, shit  
I bought you somethin too, WHAT'S MINE IS YOURS!  
BUT NOW?! You'd rather bring me down and see me  
fall  
Walkin' wit my head down straight dependin' on y'all

*[Soopafly]*

The call me Honcho  
I like to Spark-le  
I'm 'bout to barbecue a bitch like the charcoal  
Am I a star? NO Ya' in my car? NO  
My name is Soopafly, bitch so ya' all know  
Now heffer don't act stupid, cuz y'know who I am  
The nigga quick to talk shit and don't give a damn  
I tell that hoe run, man that hoe better scam

I pimp across the land  
Better read ya' motherfuckin' press telegram  
Snoop Dogg told me that  
Now blow me back while I'm pimpin on this funky track  
Bang E.S. we givin' it up got the bitches singin' the rest  
We blastin' motherfuckers, run up and come test  
Better, hide yo chest and fasten yo vest  
No bullshit, take yo bitches so quick and so fast (so fast)  
Fuck wit' us I'll put a foot up yo ass

*[Ruff Dogg]*

Collect calls from the pen, so I catch it in the kitchen  
The homie say, send him naked pictures of bitches  
And if they talkin' backwards, he'll have a homie's jackup  
That nigga fucked Pat up, fuck havin' a homies tack up  
We slap hoes that step on toes of our DaDa's  
and ask them niggas in the Source Awards when I caught them  
while y'all was pacin', the homies was bringin' up situations  
Eliminating fake niggas while I'm paper chasin'

*[Chorus]*

*[Snoop and Kokane]*

Doghouse (woof) in ya mouth (we'll make you go away)

*[Repeat 4X]*

*[Kurupt]*

Yeah nigga, Doghouse, this Kurupt bitch, yeah

OK, let the homies spray the K  
Dippin hittin' switches bouncin' over ditches  
Callicodes collapse niggas, perhaps niggas  
Trap or dap and clap niggas, I'M YOUNG GOTTSTRA  
Put it up, pistols might sizzle a nigga  
For shizzle my nigga Kurizzle was nizzle my nigga  
Like a bitch or a busta, bust a, four fizzle  
surface the air miss wit a homie, wait for the whistle  
Who you thought we was? Temperatures might rise  
Before everybody feel the fire from the 5's  
I told Daz we about to fry niggas like fries  
And separate them by 5's, and light up the skies  
Crip that D.P., K-U-R-U-P-T  
Dippin' and I'm out, put a dick in yo mouth  
Doghouse gangstas (woof, woof, woof, woof)  
Dippin' and I'm out, put a dick in yo mouth, ya bitch

*[RBX]*

Like this, for the sake of the game  
Bitch nigga jaw-jackin' get ?blasted? out the frame

Let them punk punk you up  
You jumped up and got stomped the fuck down, what  
now?  
Showdown, got your three ring circus Bozo's  
cannot work or see the tears of a clown  
Listen nit wit, you can't get wit  
try to sit wit, and get yo shit split quick  
If you wanna say the word is bond  
word is bond, then, I attack like ninja hunter  
You rhyme soft like the other Hunter  
Heather Hunter, fake a gangbang fronter  
Capital D to the O-G-G  
Capital H-O-U-S-E in ya mouth, oh bitch if ya didn't  
know  
Long Beach City dirty like THE SOUTH!

*[King Lou]*

?Wit Suga Free in? I'm in this motherfucker leanin'  
I'm quick to do it umm, meant to do it  
Stayed on my toes like the nigga pimpin', watching the  
corner  
Much love to my niggas rippin', in California  
Doin it big with my nigga Bad, these niggas mad  
At the 2001 Benz, guzzlin' Henn  
It's Dogghouse and we all in, ballin'  
Goldie got a couple of hoes hoppin' out the Rolls, we  
chillin

*[Goldie Loc]*

I came in bangin dub ?minutes? (20 minutes)  
All my niggas know I ain't no motherfucking gimp  
I get down damn, runnin' from damn town  
Dogghouse nigga, Dogg Pound bound  
How you motherfuckers like me now when I do it like  
Bust on the microphone, cuss on the microphone?  
Yeah this nigga like Tracy, Tray Deee  
Bang his ass, slap his ass in the striz-neet  
Catch him wit the headlock, pistol whippin' wit the glock  
Lil' Goldie Loc about to set up shop  
These motherfuckers don't like me anyway  
Shit, I ain't got nothing to say, wit no time to play  
What these motherfuckers thought I was about?  
When I bust this bitch i put my dick in her mouth  
Now all them niggas got something to say  
But I'ma tell 'em Lil' Goldie don't play, nigga

*[Tray Deee]*

Yeah it's the genius of the click  
Known to sleep a nigga quick  
So watch how ya' gums bump speakin' on the wrist  
I drew the diagram how to mash the game  
Never hesitated when it came to blasting thangs  
From the knuckle shoes buckle when we lock and strap  
I'm a real rider nigga you can drop the act  
I got stripes and bars from a life at war  
Twice as hard, as niggas claim they sheisty y'all  
Criminal, lay 'em down for their stacks and sacks  
For the mic, used to trife with the mass and gats  
Do or die, to survive from my time of birth  
Then I'm out for gettin' mine till I ride the hearse  
It's going down, Dogghouse gangsta style  
And fuck Death Row, we'll take 'em out  
We got the whole rap game bangin' now (C--RIP!!)  
What you motherfuckers think this game's about?

*[Chorus]*

*[Repeat 8x]*

*[Mixmaster Spade]*

Oh, good evening Topp Dogg I'm so glad you're here  
All the bitches in the front, the gangsters in the rear  
I'm not Dr. Jekyll nor Mr. Hyde  
Whoever told you that, they told you a lie  
You been a waitin' and a waitin', as I can see  
So treat me like the pope and bow to your knees  
Oh the genius on the mic is back again  
So get on the phone and go tell a friend  
I been a waitin' for a while as you all know  
And now I'm back on the mic doggin' the show  
I got platinum 'round my neck, that will never fade  
The name of the chain's Mixmaster Spade  
A sure shot, body rockin'  
A c'mon everybody get ready to rock  
A sure shot, body rockin'  
A c'mon everybody.....

*[Chorus]*

*[Repeat 4x]*

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