

Tha Dogg Pound Feat. Crooked I "Gangsta Rap"

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Yeah, it's that untouchable gangsta Crooked in to I go
I'm from a long lost tribe called, "Fuck a Hoe"
Come through in a new Chevy
Droppin' game like it's too heavy

Well for you suckers that's the ceiling
A metaphor for over ya head, dumb dumb
Speak to ya double O.G.
That's where good game come from Dogg Poundin'

Six straight, six fo', L co's, missed it
'Cause that's what one of us, nigga don't touch it
The people of the side for the urban
I like to work for top, or make 'em work it

Whattup? I see my niggaz all in the cut
Layed back, actin' a nut, waitin' 'til we 'rupt
No remorse, as we bust, let you feel the dust
Let us do what we gotta do, it's fuckin' it up

Let it be known, Daz Dillinger rough to the bone
All alone roamin' ya neighborhood at high exhaust
High stylin' and profilin', niggaz comin' after me
(Fuck y'all)
In actuality they face the technicality

(Whattup dawg?)
Let 'em feel the battle, it was a tragedy
(Hell yeah)
On site a nigga die for the salary
(Boo-ya)
We the gang and we walk like we talk and we stalk
And we do what we do after dark
(Yeah)

This is for the ballers, gangsta rap
What all the hoes love, gangsta rap
What the hoppin' six-fo's do, gangsta rap
You could do what you want to, gangsta rap

Yeah, this is for the ballers, gangsta rap
What all the hoes love, gangsta rap

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Nigga, I buy new blocks for war, a few shots, a broad
That make you drop, then I'ma pop two cops or more
I'm too hot, come through wit' two proper whores
Playin' Tupac Shakur, gettin 'em blue socks, the Lord

Crooked I's the name, man that boy just hopped off the
train
Wearin' a platinum chain striked with thang
It's the youth game, doin' it big
You don't like it, you and yo' kid, get you and the whip,
shit

Nigga, I spray clips, shots flop quicker than space
ships
Then shape shift yo' facial, "Matrix" like a face lift
So face it, y'all ain't nuttin' to see
Ain't a nigga dead or alive who fuckin' wit' me

Keep the Death Row chains out
My left [unverified] connect so hard your head blow
Now let's blow brains out, just thought I had to warn ya
Don't come to Long Beach, Cali, take off on ya
[unverified], nigga

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Innie, minnie, mini, mo, pick the do' or the flo'
Hoe you gotta go if you ain't takin' off ya clothes
All I really wanna do is stick a dick up in you
So fast, in a flash, then I gotta slash, whattup Daz?

We the realist, kickin' back, and feelin' real chillin'
Dope laws, ooh you get tossed, we dump nigga
It ain't nuttin' to applaud
Never slippin' dick nigga, to the West then took it
straight

"This kid's a psycho gramma", fuck a hoe cous'
Took it, what it is, what it was
Blood, nigga what it is, what is was

My niggaz, California nigga what it is

Fuck the rap game if you can't pay Mayne
Obsessed with the West, rack 'em shells
(West coast)
And we started off the motherfuckin' multi-platinum
sales
Biatch

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Gangsta rap, gangsta rap
Gangsta rap, gangsta rap, gangsta rap

Yeah, two gangstas from radio
Kurupt, kill Blood, Daz Dillinger, Crooked I, yeah
Biatch

Visit [Tha Dogg Pound Feat. Crooked I](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.