

D.P.G

"Cuz I'm a Gangsta"

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[Chorus: Daz Dillinger]

I smoke blunts, drink yac
Bust caps at bitch niggaz 'cause it's nothin' to me
('cause I'm a gangsta)
I gang bang, brains hangin', dope slangin'
That's the part of life of bein' a G
('cause I'm a gangsta)
Robbin' banks, police shootouts, high speeds
And you know it ain't shit to me
('cause I'm a gangsta)
Blowin' dope, make like 5, make like 10
It ain't shit, it ain't nothin' but G's
('cause I'm a gangsta)

[Kurupt]

Growin' and gainin', postin' and bangin'
Holsters and chambers, toasters and laser
beam operated cannons, to keep everything outside
outside
The homies dumpin' round the outside
Me and Daz is on a mission, tell me what ya think
Fuck the world nigga, we raidin' federal banks
It's the only way to get some fuckin' money nowadays
Off of five, off of ten, off of twenty nowadays
Off of nine, get me nine, get the nine, nina pop
Fuck around and get your femur chipped - stop, open
up
Or you get your motherfuckin' whole front opened up
From your motherfuckin' navel to your motherfuckin'
hairline
Seperated in sections, look up, open lungs
Since the days of shootin' muskets, I done been bustin'
Lookin' at the law in they eyes like "fuck it, it's nothin"
Face to face shootin' and dumpin', dippin' and duckin'
You see I -

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[Daz Dillinger]

A quarter ki and two pounds with the fifty rounds
We'll spray ya from the ceiling, spray ya down to the
ground
I'm vicious my nigga, you know I have no feelings
Check out the news for the next notorious Dogg Pound
killin'
I'm mill'd out, I'm thugged out
Learned to grip a pistol from niggaz who fresh out
I'm loc'd up, I'm loc'd up
Ready for our provokers, niggaz gotta die for it
I put it down from the barrel, niggaz path is narrow
My aim sharp as an arrow, motherfucker I dare ya
Step up, feel the wrath of Al-Qaeda
Dat Nigga Daz, Kurupt Young Gotti - them Dogg Pound
riders
We on fire, torch y'all niggaz to death
Fuck what you talkin' 'bout, we the last niggaz left
Original click, two semi clips, yeah I love this shit
Plus a agua stick, nigga we runnin' this shit

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[Kurupt]

Sippin' on Thunderchicken in my neighborhood gear
Like what's happenin' motherfucker, there's a hood up
in here
Straight Dogg Pound' out like what's it about
You or me? Or is it 'bout what's goin' on now?
I got somethin' here nigga that'll force the crowd

to U-turn motherfucker, immediately, like now
There's only a few people who knows what's goin' down
The rest is headed the opposite direction right now
We hell hounds

[Daz Dillinger]

Niggaz is hell bound, throwin' 'em in the fire
My desire's to keep a strap ('cause these niggaz be liars)
I'm required to keep a strap 'cause these niggaz be wired
You know I'll keep it G until the day I expire
You know the gang code, we catch 'em slippin', let the gat explode
Now he drop to his knees nigga, now the story told
Open book, the public lookin', lay dead on the pavement
He prayed all day, but the Lord couldn't save him
All the dumb shit he did caught up to him bitch
Now he's shot up as swiss cheese, found in a ditch
Pass a couple of they homies, now we empty the clip
Nigga this Dogg Pound Gangsta Crip
Niggaz know now

[Chorus: Daz Dillinger]

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