

D.P.G

"What You Gone Do?"

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[Chorus: Daz Dillinger] (Kurupt)

Nigga what you gon' do? (Nigga what you gon' do?)

I'ma bang on these bustas (I'ma bang on 'em too)

I'ma ride through the Beach (I'ma roll through South Central)

Hey, there them niggaz go (C'mon homie, where's the pistol?)

(Ridin') Bangin' (Dumpin')

Niggaz ain't really sayin' nothin' that we can't make somethin'

D.P.G. is the letters of the gang

(Daz and Kurupt dippin' on them gold thangs)

[Daz Dillinger]

You know I'm hittin' on the switches

From back to back, it's me and my nigga

Like Snoop and Dre we dippin' and we '6-4 bouncin'

You know it's Dogg Pound Gangstas, you know that we loungin'

We back up in the house tearin' down the roof

You know the dogg is in the house when we yell out 'woof!'

You know we give it to you all night long with the shit that we got

Me and my nigga, yeah we burnin' hot

[Kurupt]

You want the gauge or glock? I got both

And I'ma give it to you whether you like it or not

As long as the 'four can hop I'ma scrape curbs block to block

I got all the ladies off that do-it fluid

Like Bigg Snoop said "Ya gots to do it"

I thought you knew it, I'm cool as coolin'

Dippin' bangin' that Dogg Pound Gangsta music

[Daz Dillinger]

And this ain't for you suckers who ain't used to it

[Kurupt]

Dippin' like what it 'bout, tell these niggaz one more

time

Can't even look a real nigga in his eyes

[Chorus: Daz Dillinger] (Kurupt)

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(Daz and Kurupt dippin' on them gold thangs)

[Kurupt]

This G shit, dippin' through the motherfuckin' streets with -

ounces, smokin' in front of the polices

Got a out of town house, got a house up in the hood

Got a bitch from the hood, got a bitch in Hollywood

I'm just too gangsta'd up

At the same time all hood, as I should

On the edge of the frontline, though it took me some time

Hittin' my stick, go get money off of bricks

Switch the twist and pimp a bitch, twist and switch

Get paid to chip, dip so quick it's a glitch

I'm lit off this motherfuckin' Grey Goose, punk

I'll pull out the heat, the heat gave him goosebumps

D.P.G., U.S.A. motherfucker

Got bitches in college, you obey motherfucker

I'm just rollin', keep it G'd to a T

Ridin' down the streets where all the homies bangin' to the beat

[Chorus: Daz Dillinger] (Kurupt)

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(Daz and Kurupt dippin' on them gold thangs)

[Daz Dillinger]

I come with the force of a million bricks
Bustin' a million clips, niggaz know we 'bout to trip
Slip in the club with a heater, nigga this how we greet
'em
Sneak up on yo' bitch ass with a pistol and beat him
I'm a savage, a beast nonetheless, can't catch Dat
Nigga Daz
Nigga out in the street, 'cause I love to creep
I ride slow with a gauge cocked, ready to aim
Torchin' them niggaz, yo Kurupt, come back with the
flame
I'm Eastside out, runnin' my mouth
Niggaz start to run nigga when the burner hang out
Notice how I make 'em respect the tec, rip a hole in
they vest
Penetrate they chest, three times for the set
See I'm the dominant, the prominent one
I got a shotgun nigga and I'm bustin' on one
I let the rounds off nigga, won't you lay the fuck down
KuruPt and Dat Nigga Daz bitch, Tha Dogg Pound
We wear the crown nigga, we the king of this
I give a fuck how many niggaz that you bring, nigga
you're still a bitch
I don't quit, and when I start I go for your soul and rip a
hole in your heart
Motherfucker

[Chorus: Daz Dillinger] (KuruPt) - X 2
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