

## **Dogg Pound**

### **"A Doggz Day Afternoon"**

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INTRO:(DAZ)

Yeah!Straight up 9-5!

Kurupt the motherfuckin Kingpin,Dat Nigga Daz

Creepin and crawlin through your hood,smokin,loccin

Provokin punk motherfuckers like this stuff.Wuz  
happenin?

(KURUPT)

In the dead of winter is when I kick my coldest phrases

Mentalest telepathy,lyrically it amazes

Constructioning thoughts that's as lethal as turpentine

An expert when I flex rhymes feared like ex-cons

In my zone(zone)you can't even find like Atlantis

Stalk like a prayin mantis,leavin battered bodies on the  
canvas

The burial ground for clowns,open casket

Trackin niggas down like fuckin basset hounds

Tragic how the mic gets handled

Prodigious like a vandal on a midnight scandal

The scramble like Randall abusive when I recite on the  
stage

Double access with a brand new motherfuckin mic

(DAT NIGGA DAZ)

Can I grab the microphone and spit some shit that's  
known

To blow the mind of Michelangelo's poems

For rusty motherfuckers to be acting like they all in

With the click got checks that shit

And once again it's on and it's on with the gangsta shit

I create the beats that beats the fucks right outta ya  
speakers

(?Am so blown,shown for lootin?)grab the microphone  
alone

Like Jodeci,notice-see ya self needs help

The homie style got the strap on deck

Don't neglect the fact I can make you or break  
you(Break you)

Awake you to a new plateau wit' mo' hoes

Now the paper is made,now don't think twice

Niggas is gettin pimped because their game ain't tight  
-a

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