

Dogg Pound "Crip Wit Us"

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[Chorus - Daz Dillinger] 2x

All my niggas won't you Crip with me

All my bitches won't you Crip with me

If you ain't Crippin, you my e-ne-my

Everybody won't you Crip with me

[Daz]

Awwwww!

Emcees I assassinate

Don't play no games, don't procrastinate

Got my homeboy Slip, playin 'round with the clip

Ready to slap a bitch, and poppin' off at the lip

Whatchu want somethin', get my gauge and pop
somethin

Quick to pull it out, clop ka-pop-pop somethin

What the fuck all y'all niggas want to know about the
Gang

Actin like y'all niggas ain't really knew my name

Nigga you see, we gangstas, hearts and all

Let it spark, get the niggas through the dark and all

See 'em all runnin through the parkin lot

Give a fuck homeboys cuz we sparks it off

I'm a R.A.W. dog assassin from the D.P.G.

And I'll be one precious and duchess emsee

When ya catch us in the cut and ya lookin like what

Best believe it be Daz and that nigga Kurupt

We got it all locked down cuz you ain't hittin no mo'

Washed up, what the fuck, you ain't hittin no mo'

The radical, dramatical assassin, my gat is askin

To motherfuckin blast it, stretch like elastic

Now you been a has been, took out the game

Ran smack dead into a train, motherfucker

And gettin busy like an everyday thing

Long Beach, Eastside insane, motherfucker

[Chorus - Daz] 2x

[Kurupt]

Ske-daddle, emcees, well these two ranest terrorists

Pterodactyl overlookin the plains, off a propane flame

Stickin niggas paraputic, poetical, we theraputic

Emcees propurized, punished, and executed

Don't say I shoot, homeboy shooted
You up against the grizzly, cuz McKenzie
I'm on a friend, ain't nothin' fun or friendly
I'm headed to where your friends be, yea motherfucker
You wanna bust it in or off the head motherfucker
You heard what I said motherfucker
Yea Kurupt, what the fuck, kidnappin' 'em duck

[Daz]
Niggas like you don't make it over here
Where it's all about your heart and the clothes you wear

[Kurupt]
I move out this bitch at the age of sixteen
Got my first M-16 at eighteen
First thing I knew was 11-8 gangstas
Then don't ya know, moved by the 6-0's
Ya ever got quoted, well I did nigga
Quoted on by, ?, Embart, and Harthone
In this land we in homie it's all about stripes
The fool thinkin' a nigga settle down with kids and a wife
Fuck a bitch homie, but I warned you homeboy
You can't beat on 'em in California, they'll call the cops on ya
Born in the illy Philly Philadel
When from Shelton and DeKes to heat and Canishel
When from rhymin' on the block, to mini-macks and knots
The macks, petas, mini-mags, and glocks,
motherfucker

[Chorus - Daz] 2x

[Daz]
Oh yea, we are most definitely in effect
Right about now
Dogg Pound gangstas
Kurupt and Dat Nigga Daz
Pushin' all them other suckers to the side
All the niggas ran out on us
Shit, we're soundin' dope, we right here
Kurupt and Dat Nigga Daz { *toilet flushes* }
Took five years to digest this shit
So now you got it, be-atch!

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