

## **Dogg Pound "What Cha About"**

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Yeah, you know, I'm slidin y'knahmsayin?  
Rollin down the streets doin my thang y'knahmsayin?  
That's the flow, whattup?  
Smokin my weed, y'knahmsayin? Drinkin my joint  
This bitch man, this bitch roll up to me man  
This bitch pull up inside and shit  
Roll down the window and shit, I'm like - "Fuck you want  
bitch?"  
Bitch, tell me, y'knahmsayin?  
She tell me "Turn that shit down, Tha Dogg Pound  
broke up"  
Heh, hehehe, haha, I had to laugh at the hoe,  
y'knahmsayin?  
That's some funny shit  
For real though man, tell these motherfuckers what's  
happenin

{\*music starts\*}

[Chorus: repeat 2X]  
[Daz] What you about nigga?  
[Sung] Dogg Pound for life  
[Daz] Do ya some nigga?  
[Sung] Smoke a pound tonight  
[Daz] How ya feel nigga?  
[Sung] I feel larger than life  
Dogg Pound for life

[Kurupt]  
Dogg Pound shit..  
Life without money (money) that's like breathin wit no  
air  
Prepared, there's no love in warfare, engage  
I make the front page, like Nicholas Cage  
and get served, front and center stage (get served)  
I'll break you through 'til you throw up your teflon  
barriers  
and get penetrated, tell the connectects superior  
Hostile, verbal apposal in 3D hittin every galaxy throwin  
up D.P.  
Now I could be quick as a cheetah  
and rip through ya shit like a motherfuckin wild heina

From the city where light shine bright at night  
(at night) MC's, Shaniqua's, speakin upon the mic  
From L.A. to the city of Phil' (Phil')  
When you approach Kurupt, approach wit skill  
(f'real) Cause if you don't you'll get shook (shook)  
and broken, nigga I rock it and break it open

[Chorus]

[Daz]  
What you about?

[Kurupt]  
You servin me motherfucker? (hell no) I think not  
That's facin a blizzard in a fuckin tank top (back it up)  
I took trips from New Jerz' to Cape Cot (Cot)  
You could be adventurous up againt tremendous odds  
And face a poltergeist, I'll bring it to ya nice  
I had the whole scenery surrounded like the wise {\*cat  
meow\*}  
Who could it be comin through in all blue (fool)  
Dogg Pound Gangstas number one, number two  
Never evade the principle, the top principle  
Up against the top invincible, rhyme assassin  
I lay the cards on the table, take a pick  
The wrong choice'll get your whole chest cavitys picked  
(ahh!) That's were all the bullshit ceases  
This whole frame and format crumble right before his  
eyes into pieces  
(fuck that!) Fake ass assassin wit no heart, no mind  
No money, no hoes, no flows and no rhyme  
(no rhyme!) Waitin for the poetical Satan  
Creatin slaughters, runnin through stores like Water  
Patan  
(oh, oh) I'm all about money makin  
and I'm makin mistakes, you're only worth what your  
creatin  
and a garden of snakes  
Now all I could do is survive, is stay alive  
Money 'til I motherfuckin die, stranded on Tha Row  
I'm in this motherfucker to grow  
and make fetti like I'm on a mountain of snow

[Chorus]

[Chorus] - 0.5X

{\*music plays to fade\*}

