

## Bass Bumpers

### "Pop Your Collar 2 Dis"

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[Snoop Dogg]

Yeah baby! Snoop Dogg you done did it again  
You shitted on these niggas and bitches  
Oh! Doggys Angels  
Westcoast females  
Three plus three five plus seven  
All dogs go to heaven  
Ladies

[Verse 1-Big Chan]

Chan loc comin threw and kickin up dust  
Loc comin threw, what the fuck  
You niggas wannabe clowns, bitches wanna be down  
Oh how you love that sound? I don't think so  
It ain't no room no mo', it ain't no punk in this ho  
I throw blows lift muthafuckas off they toes  
While y'all givin it slow mo', I mash for the dough  
What the fuck y'all sleepin fo'?(just cause i'm Chan loc)  
Hit the switch on the fo', as I dips down the backstreets  
Come up on the crippest and the cold of the streets  
Hands on yo heat, bulletproof I can't sleep  
I got him, so I'm forced to staright take mines  
While y'all bust silly ass rhymes, commit stupid ass  
crimes  
You so-called playas think you got beef?  
You muthafuckas know that you can't see me  
I'm thugged out from the Dogg House

[Chorus]

Where all my West Coast niggas at?  
Now pop ya collar to dis(We in here!)  
And pop ya collar to dat(We in this muthafucka!)  
Where my East Coast niggas at?  
Now pop ya collar to dis(We in here!)  
And pop ya collar to dat(We in this muthafucka!)  
Where my Dirty South niggas at?  
Now pop ya collar to dis(We in here!)  
And pop ya collar to dat(We in this muthafucka!)  
Where my North Coast niggas at?  
Now pop ya collar to dis(We in here!)  
And pop ya collar to dat(We in this muthafucka!)

Where they at, where they at

[Verse 2-Kola]

Approach, and watch I leave a ring around yo throat  
Lyrical overdose Cadillac post wit hundred spokes  
Buckled down from the Moet to the Lex GX  
Spoiler kit front and back chrome Mac one laid back  
Thought I wasn't when I was cutthroat and main thug  
Manuverin major, on point like razors  
DK from NY, PO from LB 304s, to dis foes who try to  
test me  
Smoked out lil Eddie Kain when i'm switchin fo' lanes  
Bring pain like Method Man, Don Peaches wit the chain  
Stand out wit the neck out toes exposed  
Shake the fake when my migrate hos exposed  
Do or die when chestized, fucked in the fame  
Who am I?Kola Marion stuck in the game  
Seperate the dogs from pups when static errupts  
In the cut like what platinumed out and iced up

[Chorus]

[Verse 3-Conyiac]

Now as we mash out intoxicated bout to pass out  
Chan crushed the purple and Kola pulled a ash out  
Thirty club century homies followin the pint  
(Pulled out the laid X on filth arm on silt)  
Hop out like Veng Status, as large as Micheal Jackson  
In the V.I.P. liftin cake and gettin it crackin  
I'm Conyiacin(the Farrah Fawcett of the group)  
Shake fake bitches tryna creep, like Kola I crack beats  
I so lead this trust, so hatas is excluded  
(Only converse wit real hogs, me and my dogs)  
Angels keep it at it, like Clicks 40 like Po'  
Rolls out the Dogg House, hatas like, "oh no!"  
Frozen over from mice blind bitches mean muggin  
Talk shit like Chris Rock, i'm G wit it when i'm thuggin  
Un-see able click like Don Carlos stay flossin  
(Bitches grab ya hips, niggas grab ya dicks)

[Chorus]

[Snoop Dogg]

We in here, we in this muthafucka![3x]  
We in here, we stay in this muthafucka!  
Like I said its another one baby  
You shitted on these niggas Snoop Dogg  
Doggys Angels

