

Procol Harum

"Brownsville II Long Beach"

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[Rock]

Just understand the whole shit son, y'know y'know
It's too much doodoo over here, there's doodoo over
there
Knowhatl'msayin? Get with the real, from here
and the real from there
And make it Mo' Better like Blues everywhere
Yaknowhatl'msayin? Dynamic Duo times two bro

[Ruck]

Fucking global, fucking domination in this rap shit

[Rock]

Word is Bon Jovi..

Yo, whattup, yo.. you know how me and Ruck go
Worldwide Boot Camp with smoke by the truckload
Or the West Coast, where they show me tons of love
Doc and Tray Deee crackin jokes bout guns n drugs
Buggin on this wack rap shit from coast to coast
Why not the real from both sides lick and go for broke?
No ass Joke, like Buck or Rakim, long arms like Dahlsim
Snatch up your hoe, fuck her or pass it, it don't mean
na-thing

[Ruck]

What's the deal Pah? I hope shit is peace and love
But if it ain't fuck it I'm forced to release these slugs
Peep these thugs, Sean Price, MC Most Miraculous
When pumped up, I'm forced to jump up punk and
smack the shit
Act like it can't happen when would I ever let you slide
Two fly niggaz becomin victims of whorides
You try to avoid my clutches that's when you die
News fly fast as fuck on how Ruckus done bruised guys
Cornball niggaz screamin, "Ruck you on some other
shit"
Mad cause I make music no longer for the love of it
What is this? Y'all niggaz is soft like some velvet
You get dealt with, a single shot to your pelvis

[Rock]

Now throw your hands in the air if you feel this here
Shit'll bump everywhere because it's real this year
From the city of Long Beach to my home Brownsville
Cause real recognize real everytime for real

[Daz]

Who mashes with the craziest niggaz in town?
Kill em willingly who got the right to make a sound?
My style break blocks corners avenues and drives
It's about time to mash in, it's a ride
Take you on a mission, be on a mission, I pack the steel
Steadily givin these niggaz don't pass these zones
limits
I live the unusual crucial life, so pay attention
as I come through, for you and your crew
It's just a man and his music, I ain't afraid to use
I bruise you badly, you want confusion, I mean it's
useless
to step to this, we in effect we dangerous
Contain the mental murderous and ain't afraid to diss

We can't quit we can't stop we got to do this shit (do
this shit)
Cause Heltah Skeltah and this Pound bout to run this
shit (run this shit)
If you don't know you gotta know you never trust a bitch
(never trust a bitch)
Game Trump tight, we try to run this shit (run this shit)

[Kurupt]

Life without money, that's like breathing with no air
Prepare, there's no love in warfare
Engage, I meet the front page, like Nicholas Cage
and get served, front and center stage
I'm breakin through, throw up your Teflon barriers
And get penetrated, telekinetic superior
Hostile, verbal apostle in 3-D
Hittin every galaxy, throwin up D.P.

[Rock]

We in the house, even when we outdoors
we in the house with dick in your bitch mouth
From here to down South to the Westside, my vocals
Test Drive
you crazy, the shit I spit'll make a nigga praise me
So say OH, you love the real shit frequently
OH for Dogg P-O-U-N-D and B-C-C
Me, Bummy J and the D-A-Z Dillinger and Ruckus
and Kurupt what? We equal fo' bad motherfuckers
You want lumps? We got some, worse than that we got

guns
from hot ones, to legal shotguns, hold up I'm not done
Oowops son, and mad Glock 9's, the red dot kind
to make a snake hit the bricks like stopsigns, you feel
me?

[Ruck]

At the same time, you can catch me on corners yeah
smokin trees
hopin these, niggaz don't battle the Ruckus vocally
Potentcy, that's what I'm kickin while all you jokers be
on some bullshit, niggaz you movin at a slower speed
You know it's the, Show After-Party Hotel like Jodeci
Make me blow the back out these bitches bangin they
ovaries
I know you be, on my dick Pah but yo I totally
Smack the shit out of any nigga I think that's clonin me

[Daz]

Now who, wants to be a real dope MC
Like Heltah Skeltah and the D-P-G
Swervin all through your fuckin town
And layin punk motherfuckers down, hah!

[Kurupt]

Man, these niggaz servin me? I thinks not
That's facin a blizzard in a fuckin tanktop
I took tricks to New Jerz to Cape Cod
You could be adventurous up against tremendous
odds
And face a poltergeist, I bring it to you nice
And have the whole scenery surrounded like the vice
Who could it be comin through in all blue?
Dogg Pound Gangstaz, number one, number two
Never evade the principle, the top principal
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 cavity split
That's when all the bullshit ceases, this whole frame
and format crumble right before his eyes into pieces
Fake ass assassin with no heart and no mind
No money, no hoes, no flows, and no rhymes
Waitin for poetical Satan, creatin slaughters
Runnin through camps like Walter Payton
I'm all about money makin, and not makin mistakes
You're only worth what you create in the garden of
snakes
Motherfucker

[Daz]

Yeah, and that's how we do it

Heltah Skeltah and Tha Dogg Pound
Runnin this motherfucker
Yeah!

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