

Angela Garcia

"Pop Lockin' II"

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[Master P]

West Coast, Bad Boyz!

[Intro]

Pop lockin in my Rolls Royce, Cadillac
Lincoln and Mercedes Benz
Pop lockin at the Howard Johnson, Sheraton
Pop lockin at the Holiday Inn

[Daz Dillinger]

Yeah, Tha Dogg Pound is back again
Makin it pop cause it's after 10
Hypin it up, who else could do it - but us?
Silkk, Gold, Snoop, be Daz & Kurupt, what up!
Ain't No Limit to what I could do
I show and prove to do just what I do
that's what I do, and dust ya whole crew
I gangsta walk, that's how I spark the C
And I do it that's on D.P.G.
Hollered at P then chopped it up just like a ki
We chillin in the place to be
Yeah homie, and that's on me
Big paper big thangs big house big change
Homie this a West coast thang, ha ha
Peel out then skate; pancake three-wheel, drop the top
Watch the girls straight jock, y'know (ha ha!)
Dogg Pound make the world go 'round
Long Beach keep puttin it down, with that West coast
sound

[Chorus]

Pop lockin in my Rolls Royce, Cadillac
Lincoln and Mercedes Benz
Pop lockin at the Howard Johnson, Sheraton
Pop lockin with all my friends (with all my friends)
It's that West coast way we're livin
[Snoop] Money, cars, weed, bitches
It's that West coast way we're livin

[Snoop Dogg]

(Oh boy!) The gangsters bang, do that damn thang

Me and my nephew, Dogghouse keep it true
(Dogghouse WHAT?!) Roll that weed, pass that drank
Holla at your nigga baby bring your bank, ha ha
[Master P] Ha ha, from the South to the West
Why must I, chase the cat? If you was me, and I was
you
You'd probably floss on a nigga burnin rubber in a '52
Most bitches do; and most niggas do too
in the land where it's all about the red and blue
But me, I'd rather get the greenery
and smoke out the whole motherfuckin scenery

[Chorus]

[Goldie Loc]

Now why must I, C like that
With the mariella Chucks, draped in all black
Take 'em back like the pop-lock in Kangol suits
[Master P] Showin love from the soldiers, from the red
to the blue

[W.C.]

From the home of the rip riders, C-Dogs and bionic
To the South where them NIAz be "Bout It, Bout It"
It's that bandana general; burnin 'em like a venereal
We'll do this with no serial; G'd up and twistin 'em
Sittin on twenty-two's as I tilt
Bangin corners wit my locs P and Silkk
Quick to bank ya, it's the brown paper bag drinker
On the remix, Dub C keep it gangsta

[Chorus]

[Silkk the Shocker]

It ain't nuttin but a gangsta party, you know what we
brang
No Limit and Dogghouse; ain't nuttin but a G thang
bayy-bay
You know, we think to win
Y'all think money soften us y'all better thank again
Cause if it ain't about money, then why would I bother?
If she ain't keepin it real, then why would I holla?

[Master P]

We the West Coast Bad Boyz, no we don't brag boy
Pimpin on the corner gettin cheese..
T-shirt khakis and jeans..
And all the thugs know where we be..
It's the W to the Rizzo, this one for my nizzle
The (?) think they thizzle it ain't No Limit to my strizzle

[Chorus]

[E-40]

Yeah the left coast mayne, y'know
Players comin together like siamese twins mayne -
Y'KNO!!!
(Forty Fonzarelli.. uhh)

Uhh - it's gang involved
Been doin the damn thi-dang since Kermit the Frog was
a pollywog
(A pollywog! Uhh) The player wit all the lingo
The rap game without me is like, OLD FOLKS WITHOUT
BINGO
It's the ambassador of the bay
Fo' shiggido my niggidy, it's E-Forty Fonzariggido
Off the higgado, straight up out that Valle-Jo
Northern California, do you recognize pee-imp?

[Chorus]

[overlapping Chorus]

Where the parkin lot pimps at?
Where you at, where the pimpin rats at yo?
Where you at yo? Mo' it up
Throw it up - where the pop-lockers at?
Put your hands up!

[R. Troutman style vocoder]

Whoaawhoaawhoaa.. it's how we're livin

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