

## Angie Martinez F/ Kelis "Dogg Pound Gangstaz"

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Intro: Dogg Pound

What up?

Like that muthafucka, ay blaze it up!

Like that muthafucka

(Don't shoot!)

Verse One: Kurupt

Now my rhymes, are as potent as pipebombs

It takes time to concoct rhymes like mines

Like land mines, all set to explode

Microphones, all set to unload

So, watch the means, watch the zone

I made it different with a million dead MC microphones

And they all wanted back by their peeps

Sleep if you dare, cause death catch niggaz when they sleep

Beware of the consequences, it's senseless

to face a prosecuted life or death MC sentence

Travel through your inner thoughts

Just to vision how far I can get, explore to the inner core

and ain't stopped yet, continue the journey

Cause all that shit you kick just don't concern me

You can't U-turn me, back... to... reality... where niggaz pack straps

and they mentality react so violently to leave MC's breathin silently

with hollow point talons for the violence

Ain't no harmin me, ain't got no love for no hoes in harmony

It's easy to find MC's to execute

Chances of survival too small to compute

Recognize, like this was Samuel Sneed

I grip the microphone continue with my devilish deeds

Cause all I see, in my M-I-N-D

Is D-P-G, for L-I-F-E

And all I see, on the M-I-C

Is another mangled MC opposin me

Supposed to be, regulatin in this rap era

Made one error up against the microphone terror

It takes two to tangle  
I told Daz don't worry like Keith Murray I'ma strangle  
MC's, with the microphone cord  
You don't faze, your thoughts been invaded and  
explored  
I know the ins and the outs to you buddy  
I know where you live, and how you make your money  
I came to violate you, desicrate you, I create two  
murderous scenes, can you relate to

Chorus: Dogg Pound (gun fight in background)

A Dogg Pound Gangsta (DPG)  
I'm a Dogg Pound Gangsta (DPG) - 2X  
Straight Dogg Pound Gangsta

Verse Two: Daz

I got the right to serve your ass when you headin to  
school  
Cause I'm Dat Nigga Daz bitch, and I'ma fuckin fool  
Don't play with my head nigga, killers don't speak  
Come out the woodworks on your ass, then niggaz start  
to streak  
Unmatched in my inner circle  
Where only G's roam, hellhounds in the war zone  
Not giving a mad fuck (about what?)  
About your click, or what you representin ain't meanin  
shit  
Bustas jump and get they fuckin wig split  
Caught up in the twist while I'm stickin dick to your bitch  
You don't know me cause I'm down to do low  
Your bitch is jockin Daz I'm diggin deep as Cousteau,  
check it out  
I'm, massive, you get your ass kicked  
Tangle with assassins down for mad shit  
Nigga the strap's in your hand, now what you gon do  
Is you gon blast me, and blast Kurupt too  
Are you just gonna hold it and act like a bitch, where's  
he at?  
Cause I got me a gat  
And I'ma show him how a true G's sposed to act with a  
strap  
(There's somethin bout bein a Dogg Pound Gangsta  
nigga)  
Till I die, Dogg Pound for life  
Show me a hoe and I'll be fuckin that bitch by midnight  
(but see)  
It ain't nuthin nice, shakin these niggaz like dice  
I told you once, so I ain't sayin it twice

Chorus (varations repeat 2X)

\*W-BALLS radio skit follows\*

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