

## Soopafly "Eastside Ridaz"

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You'z a fool fo' dis, yeah  
My dogg hi-tek, representin' Cincinnati, Ohio  
Eastside shit, y'all know how we get down?  
Seven dizzles a wizzle, bigg bow wiggle's up in the  
hizzle  
Fo' shizzle bizzle, here we go again

Freshly dressed, I jump up in the mo'nin' tryna find  
some zest  
Psyche, we like the bomb, somebody betta ring the  
alarm  
And hit the folks at the forum, let my homies off the  
yard  
I shall see the head nigga in charge  
Push, Bush outta office, dump 'til they get off us  
Make them offers, that leave niggas in coffins

Can you feel it, my nigga? I'm 'bout to kill it my niggas  
Sound like guerillas, fo' real'a off gangsta government  
millas  
Coke killas, when it comes to off mic'n wit me  
I was branded in a gang, fuck havin' techniques

Just ride, not a damn lettin' these fools breathe  
Pop peas, push keys, find a stash fo' yo cheese  
Is it possible that laws might get jealous?  
Hell, yeah, they be hatin' on the three good fellas

Over dosage of ferocious, West Coast in effect  
Bang straight gangsta shit, so you know it's on deck  
Hold and respect, cold as it get, don't wanna test  
Kidnap ya wife and ya kids, you get the message

Insanity, commanded me to savagely spit  
Suffer casualties, challenge me, I handle it quick  
No talkin', C walkin', we chokin' the block off  
Lettin' the glock off and throwin' up Dogg house

West Coast niggas and we all in yo house  
Gang bang niggas we gon' turn this bitch out  
Eastside ridaz and we all in yo mouth

Dogg Pound Gang, who let the mothafuckin' doggs out?

Nate Dogg, Goldie, Snoopy, Tray Deee  
Never loved a ho and run the G A in me  
Always got a bitch, but never in the front seat  
Still the same, who let the mothafuckin' doggs out?

Yeah, it's about to get crip'd out crazy  
Blast on all you suckas with the throw away to daily  
Don't you shoot that little mothafucka no mo'  
That ain't what he said, when he hit the chest  
Went through his heart, came out his elbow

You shouldn't have been talkin' that shit bitch boy  
Sayin' the wrong thing against the real McCoy  
Didn't know I was a cold blooded gangsta  
If you ain't ridin' wit us fool, we'll catch ya lata

We exploded, reloaded and sewed it up  
Sprayed shots to the crowd like a loaded pump  
Keep this mothafucka jumpin' 'til they close it up  
Then we dippin' wit a sip and some hoes to fuck

Pour late, the hard way, ain't no bustas here  
So explicit you can only get it once a year  
Eastsidaz, the ridaz, they change the game  
And let you know from here go, we straight came to  
bang

Put me on a leash if you dare and I doubt you  
Ever see someone here, who gave a fuck about you?  
Niggas on the streets gon' keep talkin' shit about you  
As long as you clap fool, it's bigger than 'bout too

Fuck wit fools, that ain't never paid us  
And try to turn the homies into traitaz  
Blue rags with blue balls, fo' all you hataz  
I shoot a shout out to the killas  
Yeah, them stealas and raiders

It's them D O double G'z  
Ain't nobody really fuckin' wit deez  
Who let the mothafuckin' doggs out?  
DoggHouse in ya mouth  
We them niggas people talkin' about

Who let the mothafuckin' doggs out?  
Niggas betta run and hide, we about to ride  
Who let the mothafuckin' doggs out?  
Who let the mothafuckin' doggs out?

Who let them Eastside ridaz out?

Now all the locs and doggs  
Who roll in big balls, say, chips, chips  
And all the women wit extensions  
In well fed conditions, you bitch, you biotch

Hey, who let the mothafuckin' gate open?  
Police comin' and we still smokin'  
What you drinkin' on Loc'y, Loc'y?  
Doggy wo'gy, got his fo'gy while we tokin' on the wo'gy,  
doggy

Say woof mothafucka, woof, mothafucka  
Mighty mowed his ass, take his block fo' the hustlas  
Post up, make about a million a month  
Hittin' bloods, switchin' guns

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