

Lyrics by Deine Lakaien

"Hound Dogs"

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(Violent J)

Hound Dogez muthaphucker

Get off my nizos

get off my nutz

get off my bitch!

Verse 1-Shaggy 2 Dope

Shit Muthaphuckin hound doggz, WHAT?

Swinging from my balls so hard, it's like i got a third
nut

And look, I dont care who you know bitch,
looking fine, get the fuck to the back of the line

Liar hoe, saying you mah Cousin
like my momma and your momma sister's or
something

Oh yeah we down, go ahead let'em in
BLAH!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Knuckle hammers to the chin

Get down wit me, and ill be down back

Put my dick in your mouth, your gonna hear ya neck
snap(CRACK!)

Infact hoe , fuck off my bus

ask questions like a mut but they down to fuck?(NO)

You see em go ,you see em go ,you see em come
again

>From my dick to Twiztid's dick and then

To Violent J's dick to Blaze's Dick, try to grope us wit
they paws

GODDAMN HOUND DOGZ!

Chorus

"Bow wow wow yippe yo yippe yay"

"Hound dogz aint got shit to say"

"Bow wow wow yippe yo yippe yay"

"Givva dog a bone, Givva a dog a Bone"

X2

Verse 2- Jamie Maddrox

What's the whole meaning of a hound dog? (What?)

Butt sniffing, dick licking, all kinds of rouges yall
Im in a club, smoking on a square
Step on out to get alil freshair
But i cant do that, I get attacked like a Cardiac
People rush front ta back, like sign that
Aint nuttin wrong wit giving me props
But acting like the punk ass cops
And swinging off my nutts has gotta stop
Walk around, spreading rumors like ya know
Saying shit you heard me say to a hoe after a show
Homie, I dont play that shit one bit
Fuck around and get your head cut off like quick
Psychopathic bitch boy, peep the axe
Specializing in splitting a hound dogz' back
Plotting against the whole world of facts
So get off my dick and im out like that

Interlude

(Jamie Maddrox)
Alright yall
(Some bitch)
Wait, commere!
Oh my god, you dont remember me?
(Jamie Maddrox)
Nah...
(Some Bitch)
I had a crush on you for like nine years
(Jamie Maddrox)
I dont know you fat bitch!
(Some Bitch)
It's me, Jenny
I sat behind you in Mrs. Coberry's chemistry class
(Jamie Maddrox)
Bitch I didn't even go to school
(Some Bitch)
No, Im saying if you were to sit there it would of been
the shit
Think you could sign my shirt?

Verse 3- Violent J

Hehehehehehehehe, yeah
I remember school, hoes back then were like "Joe Bruce
ewwww"
Years passed by, and look im a star, now all those hoes
like "Joe Bruce ahhhh"
Im still that nerdy ass voodoo nut
Now i got hound dogz sniffing my butt
I can have a worm hanging out of my dick hole
And they be like "Oh i think it's cute tho hehe"

Missed me wit all that, I aint changed any
Look at me I make Big Pun look skinny
Im ugly as FUCK resembling a Kligon
Hoes still let me get my ding-a-ling-a-swing on
What's up wit these pop kids buying my shit?
Main street groupies get off my dick
I wanna see real juggalos at shows
Fuck these backstreet richy fake hoes

Chorus X2

Verse 4-Blaze

You dont even know who the fuck i am
Yet bitches like "This is fresh" Goddamn!
My lips is crusty, my feets is musty
Lift up my nuttz, and my itch is dusty
I aint had pussy in eleven years
I been dead, aint nobody shedding tears (No)
Look bitch i dont give a fuck about fame
Got cock for ya bitches, cause im married to the game
Aint no change to the shit i spit
Site outlaw bitches for the days and weeks freak
I see you hating on my raiders cap
But back in the day you were all about that (Sure was)
Shot that ass out back in eighty-nine
Bury revred oaks and his clock of mind
Rose from the dead wit the lotus clique
My guns played out, and i aint changing shit (nope)

Interlude

(Some Bitch)
Hey aren't you Monoxide Child?

(Monoxide Child)
That's right bitch

(Some Bitch)
Right.... the skinny one
My best friend John is supposed to be cousin's with you
or something

(Monoxide Child)
Who?

(Some Bitch)
So I figure you can give me your phone number
And i can give it to him, and we all can hang out or
something

(Monoxide Child)

Shiiit

(Some Bitch)

Whateva, Oh my god it's Blaze

HEY DUDE CALL ME!

Verse 5- Monoxide Child

Youse a hound dog bitch, and i smack ya face
Ridding on my dick, now how my nutz taste?
Everywhere i go somebody want an photograph
or an autograph or can i get a tap
How'd yall get started, ya shit is really tight
And what be motivating yall to grab the pen and write
Listen hear little bitch, im the killer in disguise
Twiztid muthaphucka wit the milk white eyes
I despise how ya purpatrate like a juggalo
But you aint down, muthaphucka you a juggahoe
Hey hoe you afraid of the facts
Never packing a gat, and always seen wit an axe
(Jump)
Take another picture and I break ya jaw
Got an eighty pound punch for every one of yall
Muthaphuckaz wit the bitch ass hound dog face (yeah)
My ass crack's exposed, go ahead and get a taste

Chorus X2

Verse 6- Violent J

muthaphuckin Hound dogz muthaphucka
I got more shit to say
Yo yo
It be the same hound dogz in differant cities
Staring at me like im a set of titties
Autographing Tshirts hats and sox
And this bitch dont even know Riddle Box
Real Juggalos dont want no picture
They just walk up like "What up Ninja"
After that, they give a fuck where im heading
The're like Fuck him we looking for nedden
And i dont need anymore free tattoos
Got my arms looking like Motley Crue's
I can be talking to the finest bitch in the land
And you run up like "Hey, What up man"
That's when i slap you right on the spot
And have Billy Bill beat ya down in the parking lot
Do i think im better cause nedden comes easy?
For-Sheze Bitch
Bottom line yalls

Get off our balls
Psychopathic out like Biggie-Smallz

"Cant fuck with Dark Lotus Biiiiitich!"

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