

Tha Dogg Pound "D.P.G."

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My nigga Daz
The funkiest nigga to make beats
Nobody sees him, East to West coast

Say what? Sat what?
Motherfucker too much, too much, too much
(I heard somebody bit our shit 'cuz)
Where we from? yeah

Dogg Pound Gangstas, baby
Dogg Pound Gangstas
(Say what? Say what?)
Dogg Pound Gangstas, baby
Dogg Pound Gangstas
(Motherfucker, too much)

Dogg Pound Gangstas, baby
(Too much)
Dogg Pound Gangstas Gangstas
(Too much)
Dogg Pound Gangstas, baby
Dogg Pound Gangstas
(Hey, Daz)

I heard of a lot of dope ass rappers and I'm down with
'em
In deed we all smoke weed and clowned with 'em
Hung around with 'em, one man, with my gun in hand
There's only one land, niggas down with me I can count
on one hand
(Dogg Pound)

The Carma get dumb-a, the double barrel pump-a heat
bump-a
And I been rocking mic's since funky drum-a
These adventures reak havoc
Speak lavish lifestyle but crack your clavicle for the
cabbage

Rhyme savage, introduction to death
Murder MC's till ain't shit left
In a sector, why must MC's flip

Like gymnastics, just to get they ho ass whipped

Claiming they classic, but you don't set no classic examples

With your fucked up beats, and your fucked up samples

Ya last verbal war, you won't survive no more

I turned the channel, 'cuz niggaz you ain't live no more

I use to follow, but now your's a legend like sleepy hollow

I shoot to kill on horse, peel your cap, swallow

There's no tomorrow, nigga, it all ends

I been rocking a mic nigga since hip-hop began

I'm the man, now what is this that I'm told to be red on the spot

Dissed by a nigga I admire

(Sucka)

Oh shit, hell no this can't be

Who's this on the radio dissing me

D O double G, P O U N D, shit scorcher

Doing a video for a song that got blew outta proportion

I found he's the deadliest force in the world

Where it's all about glamor, fame, and fortune

As we blast and creep, so fuck you

Your homeboys and any fools trying to compete

We the elite, dat nigga Daz is back and he's blasting

And anytime we meet face to face we mashing

Dogg Pound Gangstas, baby

Dogg Pound Gangstas Gangstas

(Say what? Say what?)

Dogg Pound Gangstas, baby

Dogg Pound Gangstas Gangstas

(Too much)

Dogg Pound Gangstas, baby

(Too much)

Dogg Pound Gangstas Gangstas

(Too much)

Dogg Pound Gangstas, baby

Dogg Pound Gangstas Gangstas

(You know what?)

So gimme, the heat to the motherfucking Jimmies

Hit slimmies, like 3's and I be's penny

Raw, like fifteen separate sawed-offs

To you chest, lethal techs, and pissed to get complex

If I had a million dollars, then I'd be rich
If your ho was on deck, then I'd fuck yo bitch
It's Gotti in the cut with the Don, Colene
And Dillinger, with the hollow tip chromes

Catch you in traffic, leave you all flabbergasted
Stalking you all, all walking caskets
Hit the spot where the smoke is sold
Low and behold, the tightest composition composed

Can you catch it, I threw my thoughts like a quarterback
So when they in the realm wit I mangle, murder, and
slaughter at
React, actions speak louder than words
But ain't nothing more potent than vision

I seen out in through the visions, erupting
I'm spontaneous rapping, busting your melon, then
escape a lyrical felon
Accelling in and out like, as if I'm smoking the bomb,
boom
And hit 3's as my D's shine and keep it gangsta

Dogg Pound Gangstas, baby
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Dogg Pound Gangstas

Dogg Pound Gangstas, baby
Dogg Pound Gangstas Gangsta
Dogg Pound Gangstas, baby
Dogg Pound Gangstas

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