

## Tha Dogg Pound

### "Ima Boss"

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Man I'll be lacing at my blue chuck rash in the left side  
West coast will be getting home for her best ride  
Step into my zone with your best doubt taste out  
Fresher than a mother fucking gangster yes out  
Test drive your bitch nothing rhythm by far  
Blow your brains out nigger you should have had a  
better boss  
I'm taking morphine in the old school whore school  
Her eighty betty I play with her old tool  
My space ship right about with her new shoes  
Been Cush that I blow staring like mule dude  
You said you real fool nigger I feel you  
When it's not clear plow

I'm a boss you salad toss  
Toss salad bitch fuck around I'm a boss  
I'm a mechanic I fix the metal  
I make it solid puf a tail like Joel Pharel  
Can't you see I got them new shoes  
...  
Can't even enunciate it don't know how to spell it  
Pump with Diesel jet fuel hope for clientele  
New dude I ain't tell you to stop  
Might as well ask for radical money  
Don't go hungry for them brains  
I got bitches and money from here to New Orleans  
I'm the richest I'm hungry for it fuck them triple bitch  
I'm a hit them niggers with a triple B  
Bring down on my ... gettem hitem set them down  
Nigger hitem  
....  
I'm going to tell again about the pound  
Why you hit the town my momma lay em down  
Like a boss

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