

Tha Dogg Pound "Keep It Gangsta"

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Kurupt:

Yeah that gangsta shit always bangin'
Supafly you sick fa this
We goin' show them how the Dogg Pound Gangstaz
bang and rock
Yeah.....
Hey Sean let's bang this, turn it up, man
Let me talk ta these niggaz

verse 1: Kurupt

Who you aimin' at, nigga?
You know I got you
Look me up ta find (Nazperatu?)
You'll neva get away muthafucka we after ya
I drain MC's, poetical Dracula
I take away your mind, body, soul and spirit
Vampirin', I mutilate with words and lyrics
I injure with verbs off herbs and spirits
I'm everywhere like germs and spirits
You could here me everywhere, day and night
Like birds and crickets
I got birds worth fourteen tickets
You ain't got no money, no ridaz, no squad or bitches
Quit bullshittin', you ain't gotta lie ta kick it
Rolled up on this nigga like, "Nigga what up?"
He said, "Ya name ain't Kurupt, nigga, ya name is
Bankrupt", huh!
First thing I did was just smirked and laughed
I looked over at Daz and then we whooped his ass!
The present is the present and the past is the past
And ta stay in the present you should learn this fast
Dogg Pound is forever, you should learn this fast
Fo' we flash in a flash, millimeters n' macs, nigga

Chorus:

Daz- Just keep it gangsta
Kurupt- Bustaz banged on, ridaz pushin', that's what
you betta do, nigga
Daz- Just keep it gangsta
Kurupt- Cuz if ya don't, the millimeters'll spark, and
that's the end of the talk, we just...
Daz- Just keep it gangsta

Kurupt- All we know, through the highs 'n' lows is West Coast, muthafucka, muthafucka
Daz- Just keep it gangsta
Kurupt- Listen ta me, D-P-G-C, a nigga fly cuz I just, keep, it, gangsta
Daz- Just keep it gangsta, nigga!

2nd verse: Daz

Glock 40, grip it tight, AK on the back seat
Don't ask me shit, muhfuckaz don't like me
And you, I don't like you too, so
This is what I'm goin' do
Leave ya ass seasick, just like tha flu
His temperature rise, and analyze and surprisin' you
Niggaz on lockdown feel what I'm kickin'
Them niggaz sellin' that weight, yeah, pluck them chickens
Get it like ya give it, give it how ya live it
And when I'm full a that spinach the 20 inches spinnin'
When the revolve click back
On the fa-rilla my nigga ya don't want that
A mainside nigga but I'm West Coast'd out
Pistol in my hand and a blunt in my mouth
What is the (statue?) amount, nigga?
I'm about them G's
And blastin' on rats, we about that cheese
From a G-ass nigga, behind the mask, behind tha trigga
Layin' 'em down, muhfucka what you figure?

repeat chorus

verse 3: Lady of Rage

I'm not the Dogg Pound Gangsta crip
But I'm that chick from the Dogg Pound Gangsta Click
And I'm tha chick that'll dog these wankstaz quick
Big body on that Dogg Pound gangsta shit
Now when I go bananas
Ya'll goin' need ta go get tha Sopranaz
Any mob, any gang, wear the blue bandanaz
Goin' let you know I bang straight from the gate
See these flows fuck it up like it was a case a weight,
now
In 'n outta state, I
Bend 'em outta shape, I
Wipe 'em off my slate, I
Clean 'em off my plate, I
Squash these kids, eat 'em like sausages
Roll, where my dogz at?
Here's a snausage? Here's a treat
For your appetite of lyrical roughness

The toughest, bustaz, still "can't touch this." [MC
Hammer sample]
Fuck this shit, ya'll must of forgotten
I still give it to ya like I gave his only begotten, son
Spit mo' shit than a little bit, huh?
But the (fu-hah?)
I'm so over pissy drunk
(??this line unintelligible??)
Cuz lyrically and literally Rage stay strapped
It's big payback, (??)
If ya feelin' froggish in heat
But I don't just keep doggin' tha beat
Kapeesh? Sweat the the technique that I just freaked
I'm bringin' raw heat, have enough ta cook ya raw meat

repeat chorus

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