

# Tha Dogg Pound "Respect"

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I know you're bobbin' your head, 'cause I can see huh,  
yeah  
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yeah  
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yeah  
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yeah

You can't see me, hah  
Back up in that ass once again  
With some of Dat Nigga Daz shit  
Beatin' up on your ear drums with some of that G Funk

Some of that gangsta funk  
Some of that ghetto funk  
Call it what you want, just don't forget the G  
Got the motherfuckin' Dogg Pound in the house

Now tell me what's poppin' in your head my brother?  
What, you wanna do end up dead, motherfucker?  
I don't know why we got to kill each other  
'Cause on the streets it's do or die, motherfucker

Now as a child I was raised in the church  
Now what ever possessed me to do the shit  
That I do to put you in the dirt  
I gives a fuck about a nigga on the street

I'm runnin' ninety four and I done ran ninety three  
Don't like no hurdle for the murders  
I committed in my Omni Ford convertible  
And not a soul saw who did it  
As I lean to the side in my Omni G-Ride  
On a mission, fo' deep, Dogg Pound, do or die

Now if you see me mobbin' down the street what would  
you think  
(Not)  
Realizing that I'm surviving off instinct  
What makes my mind click to perfect timing  
For me to twist shit switchin' bullshit

The fuck up like The Shining

'Cause I'm in my own zone, alone I'm found  
You think you saw but death is all round like a ghost  
town  
Perhaps you know I acts a fool if I have to  
Can you comprehend or adapt to

Respect to the death row inmates  
Death row inmates lawd dem never hesitate  
To bust a gun shot, in a idiot face  
Dis is Dogg Pound and your life goes to waste

Fraid, Dogg Pound carry no grace  
Lifetime in static, put you inna your place  
Dogg Pound be killin' a bitch mentality  
Mess with Dogg Pound and you be dead each way,  
lawd

Now wit Dat Nigga Daz, everywhere I roll I'm set to blast  
The rate of success is elevating too fast  
Every corner that I turn, there's money to burn  
With no concern count the amount, there's more to be  
earned

Set-trip, the word I hear every nigga spit  
Sixty percent's trippin' forty percent's bullshit  
Industy's shady, my safety's in jeopardy  
Control the mind with mental telepathy, nigga

Shady as fuck, Kurupt can see it in your eyes  
Anticipatin' for the real to come from the disguise  
The Pound, we roll thick like one time  
And I could fuck your bitch after I bust just one rhyme

All we do is smoke weed and get blitzed  
And kick that motherfuckin' gangsta shit  
(Say what, say what, say what, say what, say what?)  
Kick that motherfuckin' gangsta shit

Well, I see myself on top, by the age of twenty two  
Or will I drop a fallen star that has been forgotten not in  
the past  
I only hustled for the cash  
Suprised to see that nigga rise up on that ass

Anybody killa, do or die if I have to  
On deck, twenty four seven and blastin' if I have to  
I live my life, I done swore to courtin' trigger long  
Who would stop the movement why I journied so far

From the danger that lurks, from the one that's out  
doin' dirt  
Step to modify this and vanish away from this earth  
Beyond the heartbreaks and heartaches, rest in peace  
Riders died, death is unexplainable when you die

We don't got to stoop low  
We don't got to stoop low  
We don't got to stoop to your level

But when they see, we coming lawd  
Now when they see, we coming lawd  
Now when they see, we coming lawd they tremble  
'Cause we a rebel, terror from a well fractured gun

And you know we keep it real to make your life invisible  
So don't fuck, you betta be respectable  
The nine millimeter is really dreadful  
Wicked an wild, yes, you're wicked an wild  
Prince Ital Joe, yes, you're well versatile  
Is it Dogg Pound, yes, you're well versatile

Dey form de picture of the gangsta styler  
An wild, yes, you're wicked an wild, Dogg Pound  
An wild, yes, you're wicked an wild  
Is it Death Row, yes, you're well versatile

Yes gangsta, drop make the gangsta smile  
De sexy girls, dey love de doggystyle  
An wild, yes, you're wicked an wild  
An wild, hahaha, eazy

Dogg Pound, run tings, y'know, yeah  
'Cause we no respect no guys  
'Cause guys dick harder than shit  
We no take orders, we give orders

Respect to the crew  
Nigga Daz, [unverified] Kurupt, eh, Yeah  
West coast, everytime, everytime, big-up  
To the Death Row posse, lawd

Nuff respect  
Just quote, de faggot come here wit de violence  
Death Row are gon make you dead and silence  
Well, dem afraid to try, when afraid of no person an  
No faggot come here actin like dis

Oh lawd, oh lawd, hahaha  
Yes Kurupt, huge, you're large  
Nigga Daz an de crew

Snoop Dogg, big up, everytime, eazy  
Dr. Dre an de massives, yeah

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