

## **Tha Dogg Pound "Ridin', Slipin' & Slidin'"**

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It's a brand new day in the hood  
It's money to make and I'm doin' bad and it ain't lookin'  
good  
It's all about the you know what everywhere that I roll  
And never leave empty handed without packin' my  
chrome

If it's on, it's on, I put down my gangsta hand  
Show and prove and be gat, put the jack down a  
chance  
See I can put down like this and you don't know why  
Niggaz always would try but soon they all just die

How they come up, like I would put my biz in the street  
I'd like to say is that the Jack made my life complete  
Fifty four thousand, the cash he left cheesed and  
stitched  
But it still ain't enough so what can I plot next?

An armored truck'd be fine, as I come up from behind  
Grab 7 bags and fled, not wastin' no time  
Coppers tailin' my ass, breathin' hard on my back  
Now my biz in the corner as I aband' the 'Llac

Grab the satchel full of money brother Star crib  
I throw the money on the table say, "Be back in a bit"  
I caught the biggest dope sack, I got my hood sewed  
up  
Now everybody bought to make the bomb soaked  
uncut

Ridin', slipin' and slidin'

Ran out a door, my situation's back where I left  
A voice quietly tellin', "You got to come up on some  
bread"  
Don't get twisted for shit, see, I be mashin' on my own  
mission  
Never dreamin' or wishin' the money that I'm missin'

I heard some, niggaz doubt clockin' rakin' in all the  
dough

And since I'm doin' bad, I gotta jack for they dough  
Called my partners in crime, Kurupt, Nate Dogg, Style  
True soldiers from the Dogg Pound, puttin' it down

Kick the door in with the gauge and fo'-fo'  
Blast a couple of niggaz as I style with all the dough  
Five pounds of Coke, two pounds of  
[Incomprehensible]  
Now we baggin' it up and smokin' all night long

I wanna trip then I didn't have no chip  
And my pockets be short and I started to trip  
To maintain with no problem stopped by my bitch  
house  
She was poppin' with them sales, I don't play that shit  
And sold five hundred in Cavi barely happy today  
Feelin' knockin' rowdy and my homey had to say

Well, I got me a plot on the Westside on the town  
With some mark ass niggaz from the other side  
(Yeah, let's put it down)  
Now Dogg Pound Gangstaz true indeed we see  
The layout down, as we proceed

Two in the front, three in the back, I'm about to make  
niggaz collapse  
Cocked back the strap two minutes before the jack  
takes place  
Now we face to face and I'm in the mood for a murder  
So I'm all for the do low and you know the chances  
advances stages  
Gauges and three eighties, crazy, nigga shady to my  
lady

What I'ma do is mine for my loot  
With the homies mash on the massion about quarter to  
two  
When we arrive, I be the first nigga to dip  
Straight to the front door and intention's to straight trip  
I gotta make my grip and I made my grip with the  
quickness  
Niggaz here to lick and got paid, bitch

Ridin', slipin' and slidin'

I don't trust a bitch so fuck a bitch  
What's the function, what's the game?  
All aboard, the Cavi train  
All you busters riding round  
You don't wanna see the Pound

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