Tha Dogg Pound "Stop Lyin"

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'Cause you ain't gotta lie to kick it This is for my niggaz, this for my bitches Nigga you could die, get flipped up and twisted Nigga you know we ain't gotta get specific

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I hear the story everyday
On how many niggaz that you done shot
How many rocks you done chopped up
And sold on the block

Is it true, you ain't a busta?
Is this really what it is motherfucker?

Yeah, the nigga rentin' Benz's And Phantom's, but the shit ain't yours You a soft ass nigga, wanna be hardcore

I heard ya bombin', frontlinin', Young Osama Bangin' on niggaz like it ain't a thang It's nothin', it's common

Man, he never ever bust a gun, He never talked that shit Don't know if he from Blood or from Crip But always bang that shit

Now that's a bitch in my book Somethin' to bake and cook Real niggaz don't die That don't apply to hooks

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(Why you gotta lie?)
I thought you was the truth, fire-proof
Remember goin' out with a bang off of the roof?

(Why you gotta lie?) You say that you related to Snoop But I'm his first-cousin bitch And I don't really know you

(Why you gotta lie?)
Oh, is that right?
You ready any time
Any place, day or night?

(Why you gotta lie? Lie, lie lie) Yeah, why ya, why ya, why ya, why ya Nigga why you gotta lie?

We got ya now, fresh out the pen Broke with no ends, that what you get motherfucker when you lie to your friends I heard it, there's million stories All that jibber-jabber won't bring ya no glory

This is his story, he's so G
Ain't scared to squabble, might make niggaz wobble
We the type of niggaz that make history
So stop tryin' to tell me what you supposed to be
Stop lyin' nigga

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'Cause you ain't gotta lie

You's a motherfuckin' lie and the truth ain't in ya Ya fake ass nigga, you's a fake ol' pretender Ya wannabe, ya busta mark ass, you's a reject And you the type of nigga gets no respect

All I'm gon' do is tell ya this D.P.G.C., born and breaded since a teen

Fire it up and let it slide fool, just tryin' to warn ya 'Cause I'm postin' and the lil' homies might take off on ya

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