

Tha Dogg Pound "What Cha About"

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Yeah, you know, I'm slidin y'knahtsayin?
Rollin down the streets doin my thang y'knahtsayin?
That's the flow, whattup?
Smokin my weed, y'knahtsayin? Drinkin my joint
This bitch man, this bitch roll up to me man
This bitch pull up inside and shit
Roll down the window and shit, I'm like - "Fuck you want
bitch?"
Bitch, tell me, y'knahtsayin?
She tell me "Turn that shit down, Tha Dogg Pound
broke up"
Heh, hehehe, haha, I had to laugh at the hoe,
y'knahtsayin?
That's some funny shit
For real though man, tell these motherfuckers what's
happenin

{*music starts*}

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
[Daz] What you about nigga?
[Sung] Dogg Pound for life
[Daz] Do ya some nigga?
[Sung] Smoke a pound tonight
[Daz] How ya feel nigga?
[Sung] I feel larger than life
Dogg Pound for life

[Kurupt]
Dogg Pound shit..
Life without money (money) that's like breathin wit no
air
Prepared, there's no love in warfare, engage
I make the front page, like Nicholas Cage
and get served, front and center stage (get served)
I'll break you through 'til you throw up your teflon
barriers
and get penetrated, tell the connectects superior
Hostile, verbal apposal in 3D hittin every galaxy throwin
up D.P.
Now I could be quick as a cheetah
and rip through ya shit like a motherfuckin wild heina

From the city where light shine bright at night
(at night) MC's, Shaniqua's, speakin upon the mic
From L.A. to the city of Phil' (Phil')
When you approach Kurupt, approach wit skill
(f'real) Cause if you don't you'll get shook (shook)
and broken, nigga I rock it and break it open

[Chorus]

[Daz]

What you about?

[Kurupt]

You servin me motherfucker? (hell no) I think not
That's facin a blizzard in a fuckin tank top (back it up)
I took trips from New Jerz' to Cape Cot (Cot)
You could be adventurous up againt tremendous odds
And face a poltergeist, I'll bring it to ya nice
I had the whole scenery surrounded like the wise {*cat
meow*}
Who could it be comin through in all blue (fool)
Dogg Pound Gangstas number one, number two
Never evade the principle, the top principle
Up against the top invincible, rhyme assassin
I lay the cards on the table, take a pick
The wrong choice'll get your whole chest cavitys picked
(ahh!) That's were all the bullshit ceases
This whole frame and format crumble right before his
eyes into pieces
(fuck that!) Fake ass assassin wit no heart, no mind
No money, no hoes, no flows and no rhyme
(no rhyme!) Waitin for the poetical Satan
Creatin slaughters, runnin through stores like Water
Patan
(oh, oh) I'm all about money makin
and I'm makin mistakes, you're only worth what your
creatin
and a garden of snakes
Now all I could do is survive, is stay alive
Money 'til I motherfuckin die, stranded on Tha Row
I'm in this motherfucker to grow
and make fetti like I'm on a mountain of snow

[Chorus]

[Chorus] - 0.5X

{*music plays to fade*}

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