

# Tha Eastsidaz "Dogghouse"

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Dogghouse

Gimme some of that G shit Goldie Loc

Yeah, that's what I'm talkin' 'bout

Yeah, check this out y'all, uh huh huh

We got Snoop Dogg in the house tonight with the  
homeboy Tray Deee

Waniac, Trip Loc and Goldie, 4 Tay from the bay, what  
you say

What you say, huh?

(We do this like everyday)

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Did ya get the dank, did ya get the dank?

Yeah, I got the dank, you got the gas in the tank?

V.I.P. status, don't need an apparatus

'Cuz the niggas I fuck wit, they all about the cabbage

Down in yellobrick road my destination, the DoggHouse

Toastin' Remy's, fillin' jimmies, we goin' all out

Lookin' for the wizard, creepin' through the fog

Got some bad ass bitches, headed to the player's ball

They gon' be strippin' and wigglin' ass

Hope you brought your play a pass

Tray Dee, Goldie half dead, the twins blaze sacks

Bigger than big everyday in L.A.

4 Tay representin' for the whole damn yea, Beeyotch

DoggHouse, turnin' it out, and if you ain't dope you got  
to get

The fuck out, that's on the O G D P

(Say what)

And that's how it is when you fuckin' wit me

Don't matter how you come, use all angles

Ties become tangled when the cutthroat strangles  
My hookup, long rangers  
Better float like a nationwide sky pager

Them hoes save us, talk about being play as  
On the real we can deal wit you play a haters  
We hit the spot, every city got a block  
What you making when you take it to a different type of  
level that it pops

Know the Dogg keep the hip rocks, steady banging  
Hoes steady sang in from the gang that we claiming  
Yo, it's Waniac, the maniac  
Trip Loc, won't you spit that rap?

Park my shit and jump out, I'm at the homies spot  
To see if he floatin' with me up to the DoggHouse  
Hit the weed he lightin', outside little niggas is fightin'  
This bomb, I'm likin'

Holla at my folks I know up in the complex  
Nigga ready to ride as soon as he get dressed  
Now we ready to roll, hit the store, then the carpool  
lane  
Once again it's on, big chiefin'

Remind me of the noisiest place  
Ladies all over the place, and niggas super laced  
How we like it, saggin' in my 5 0 1  
Killin' my lungs, keeping these homies and bitches on  
one

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Man I got warrants, bad tax, still saying fuck it  
Headed up to DoggHouse swerving in a bucket  
Puffin on some bomb from my comrade Blue  
And got my little bitch catch a contact too

House shoes with the blue khaki suit and my locs on  
Swooping to some Soopafly, getting my smoke on  
Nigga Goldie Loc got the heat on roast it  
4 Tay on the way plus the twins is posted

Bout to set it off bet it's off the hook  
Straight crooks, getting money off the books  
Making nothing but that gangsta shit that niggas loving  
Thuggin' at the house party, fuck goin' clubbin'

DoggHouse, turnin' it out, and if you ain't dope you got  
to get  
The fuck out, that's on the O G D P  
(Say what)  
And that's how it is when you fuckin' wit me

Let me hear you say pimps, banks, hustlers  
Let's all get the money then murder these  
motherfuckers  
Cocksuckers, they can't stop us  
Now put up your choppers, just in case they rolling wit  
them coppers

I shut 'em down, Dogg Pound for them bitches  
I be seeing you with snitches every time I'm hitting  
switches  
Ice skating over ditches  
I'm true to the game, plus I'm out to get them riches

I be mobbing down the road trying to bag up my bags  
I'm saggin so hard I'm tearing up the back of my khakis  
I'm trying to reach my Dogg Dirty Red  
But this hoe won't let me know, which way to go  
I'm moving slow

My chucks only come wit a hundred miles of walking  
Hundred miles of running smelling funny and I'm  
gunning nigga  
Dogg Pound gangsta crip for life  
And we gon party in this motherfucker all damn night

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