

Luca**"Can't Stop That Gangsta Shit"**

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[Chorus]

Well uh, can't stop that gangsta shit
Uh uh, that Dogg Pound Gangsta shit
Well uh, can't stop that gangsta shit
Ooh what, that Dogg Pound Gangsta shit

[Daz Dillinger]

When I dip, skip the switch
When I hydraulic, lift up the front and I'll drag the back
In my time of trouble, who do I call when it's time to
rumble?
Nigga tell me yo, who got my back?
Just call me Dat Nigga Daz, the gangsta that keep that
gangsta shit
Until I die, get a piece of this ounce, it ain't nothin' but
the cavi hit
Rollin' on Jordans and we rollin' in the Navi bitch
It ain't the same ol' shit
Small world, small town, and I'm Heaven bound
You see, the shit that you're huffin'
And the shit that you're puffin' is a joke, nigga, how
that sound?
I got the price you can't beat, I'm made for the street
12-5, nigga and we playin' for keeps
I see we servin' late nights
And I gotta bake my cake right
Jackin' and robbin' niggaz, until the daylight
I'm too serious - to be broke nigga or make me
delirious
I heard you're sellin', what it makes me curious
I'm a ridah nigga, that makes me furious
Whatever you're hollerin' and talkin' about
Muthafucka! I ain't feelin' it
Off brands and colors - I'm straight cold killin' it
Super spoke chrome everytime I'm wheelin' it
Dat Nigga Daz for life, no more Daz Dillinger
Swallow my pride and I'll ride for the cause
Knockin' niggaz straight out they draws
I'll throw them thangs with the best, close range ain't
no problem
(Yeah, with a fo'-fo' revolver, let's see if we can solve it)

[Intro]

Well uh, can't stop that gangsta shit
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Well uh, can't stop that gangsta shit
Ooh what, that Dogg Pound Gangsta shit
Well uh, can't stop that gangsta shit
Uh uh, that Dogg Pound Gangsta shit
Well uh, can't stop that gangsta shit
Oh boy, that Dogg Pound Gangsta shit

[Daz Dillinger]

(See I'm known - for the O.G.'s, D.O.G.'s, L.O.C.'s)
And I'm still smokin' suckas onsite
Who gives a fuck about another nigga, this the Pound
for life
No matter the wrong or right, or how long the fight
When my gun strike, you're just a dogg that don't bite
You see, I'm trained to kill, I go for the legs and the
neck
I'm a Dogg Pound Gangsta so I earn my respect
Get your battle gear, bring your soldiers
So we can demolish them nigga, the feud over
Who shall I fear? No man but God
But it seems I'm, 24/7 cooked up with my job
Too much clientele, motherfuckers get robbed
And then you know not to fuck with the dogg's
I'll put you on your death list
I catch wish, one shot will leave you breathless
I'll have you up all night, I'll leave you restless
(One gun, one day) - come test this
Sooo, we creep with that fo'-five heat
Hollow tip point bullets and my point is discreet
And I'm comin' with them meat cleavers
Nigga I'm comin' with them heat seekers
Blowin' out your amps, your woofers, and your tweeters
I'm outey like three thousand, browsin' your index
One shot - (and I'm outey!)

[Chorus]

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[Daz Dillinger]

You know I'm all up in the party, with a glass of Bacardi
You fuck with us, we gon' hurt somebody
I'm the nigga you love to hate, and who you thought it

was?
It ain't no future in your frontin', stop hatin' cuz
I'm used to wilin' out, tearin' a house down, causin'
drama
Now tell me, have you ever heard of a slaughter?
I'll barely get to flippin'
Sippin' on a Henn dogg gets me to trippin'
Because you know me and my homies ain't givin' a
fuck
Still Dogg Pound Gangsta nigga
Nigga what, what?
Wave your flags in the air
Represent your shit like you just don't care
Represent your click and stay down with the D.P.G. -
Gangsta Crip!

[Chorus]
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[Outro: Snoop Dogg]
Playaz, gangstas, ridahs, and motherfuckin' gangsta
bitches
That do all of those scandalous shit
Gotta give a shout out to all my homegirls in the hood
that be doin' that triflin' ass shit
I ain't even gon' say what you do
Just keep doin' this shit
Love that 'bout you

(L-L-Let me get down)

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