

Intro: Dogg Pound

What up?

Like that muthafucka, ay blaze it up!
Like that muthafucka
(Don't shoot!)

Verse One: Kurupt

Now my rhymes, are as potent as pipebombs
It takes time to concoct rhymes like mines
Like land mines, all set to explode
Microphones, all set to unload
So, watch the means, watch the zone
I made it different with a million dead MC microphones
And they all wanted back by their peeps
Sleep if you dare, cause death catch niggaz when they sleep
Beware of the consequences, it's senseless
to face a prosecuted life or death MC sentence
Travel through your inner thoughts
Just to vision how far I can get, explore to the inner core
and ain't stopped yet, continue the journey
Cause all that shit you kick just don't concern me
You can't U-turn me, back... to... reality... where niggaz pack straps
and they mentality react so violently to leave MC's breathin silently
with hollow point talons for the violence
Ain't no harmin me, ain't got no love for no hoes in harmony
It's easy to find MC's to execute
Chances of survival too small to compute
Recognize, like this was Samuel Sneed
I grip the microphone continue with my devilish deeds
Cause all I see, in my M-I-N-D
Is D-P-G, for L-I-F-E
And all I see, on the M-I-C
Is another mangled MC opposin me
Supposed to be, regulatin in this rap era
Made one error up against the microphone terror
It takes two to tangle
I told Daz don't worry like Keith Murray I'ma strangle
MC's, with the microphone cord
You don't faze, your thoughts been invaded and explored
I know the ins and the outs to you buddy
I know where you live, and how you make your money
I came to violate you, desicrate you, I create two
murderous scenes, can you relate to

Chorus: Dogg Pound (gun fight in background)

A Dogg Pound Gangsta (DPG)
I'm a Dogg Pound Gangsta (DPG) - 2X
Straight Dogg Pound Gangsta

Verse Two: Daz

I got the right to serve your ass when you headin to school
Cause I'm Dat Nigga Daz bitch, and I'ma fuckin fool
Don't play with my head nigga, killers don't speak
Come out the woodworks on your ass, then niggaz start to streak
Unmatched in my inner circle
Where only G's roam, hellhounds in the war zone
Not giving a mad fuck (about what?)
About your click, or what you representin ain't meanin shit
Bustas jump and get they fuckin wig split
Caught up in the twist while I'm stickin dick to your bitch
You don't know me cause I'm down to do low
Your bitch is jockin Daz I'm diggin deep as Cousteau, check it out
I'm, massive, you get your ass kicked
Tangle with assassins down for mad shit
Nigga the strap's in your hand, now what you gon do
Is you gon blast me, and blast Kurupt too
Are you just gonna hold it and act like a bitch, where's he at?
Cause I got me a gat
And I'ma show him how a true G's sposed to act with a strap
(There's somethin bout bein a Dogg Pound Gangsta nigga)
Till I die, Dogg Pound for life
Show me a hoe and I'll be fuckin that bitch by midnight (but see)
It ain't nuthin nice, shakin these niggaz like dice
I told you once, so I ain't sayin it twice

Chorus (varations repeat 2X)

W-BALLS radio skit follows

