

# A Doggz Day Afternoon

## Tha Dogg Pound

INTRO:(DAZ)

Yeah! Straight up 9-5!

Kurupt the motherfuckin Kingpin, Dat Nigga Daz  
Creepin and crawlin through your hood, smokin, loccin  
Provokin punk motherfuckers like this stuff.Wuz happenin?(KURUPT)

In the dead of winter is when I kick my coldest phrases

Mentalest telepathy, lyrically it amazes

Constructioning thoughts that's as lethal as turpentine

An expert when I flex rhymes feared like ex-cons

In my zone(zone)you can't even find like Atlantis

Stalk like a prayin mantis, leavin battered bodies on the canvas

The burial ground for clowns, open casket

Trackin niggas down like fuckin basset hounds

Tragic how the mic gets handled

Prodigious like a vandal on a midnight scandal

The scramble like Randall abusive when I recite on the stage

Double access with a brand new motherfuckin mic

(DAT NIGGA DAZ)

Can I grab the microphone and spit some shit that's known

To blow the mind of Michelangelo's poems

For rusty motherfuckers to be acting like they all in

With the click got checks that shit

And once again it's on and it's on with the gangsta shit

I create the beats that beats the fucks right outta ya speakers

(? Am so blown, shown for lootin?)grab the microphone alone

Like Jodeci, notice-see ya self needs help

The homie style got the strap on deck

Don't neglect the fact I can make you or break you(Break you)

Awake you to a new plateau wit' mo' hoes

Now the paper is made, now don't think twice

Niggas is gettin pimped because their game ain't tight

Now well well(well),? where the ballers dwell

Another day, another dollar, Blueberry to sell

I makes that fast cash, hmm Dat Nigga Daz

(? I'm quicker ta out slick ya?)blast in half

(KURUPT)

DPG-eliminates the whole area beyond the thought dismemberin  
Motherfuck surrenderin.Who, what, when, let's tear shit the fuck up

The homies coolin while you an' ya chest get fuckin blue an'

Provoke us, survey with the superior focus

I'm that nigga like Daz, crooked as scoliosis

S'impossible to survive on my arrival when I arrive

It's left to ya instict of survival  
Mashin, cashing in chips I gotta loose sadistic sick mind  
You define it I'm mentally silly and batter  
It doesn't matter when ya into it  
Ya just entered in a war-zone all alone with ya microphone unguarded  
I just started poetical poltergeist precise and cold-hearted  
Empty, tempt me, simply ya get shot  
Ya forgot I'm down to empty out my clip on ya block  
Stop let the whole place evacuate  
wait until we're face-to-face then it escalates  
Duck-down, Kurupt clowns niggas daily, hos can't play me  
Observe I serve those that betray me(NATE DOGG)  
I ain't never seen a joint that I couldn't light  
And I ain't never seen a buster that didn't fight  
I ain't never seen a G that would go for that  
Especially when he knows Tha Dogg Pound got his back  
I ain't never seen a game that did multiply  
We gettin kinda deep, yeah the crew'll die(KURUPT): And who am I?  
(SNOOP DOGG): And who am I?  
That crazy motherfucker from the DPG  
Do or die!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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