

# Do What I Feel

## Tha Dogg Pound

Verse One: Kurupt, DazNow here's the perfect niche to let it bubble and foam

Wait these seconds then watch the microphone get blown

It's the mischevious, lyrical genius on the loose  
and I pack the deuce deuce of some act right juice

I'm in my own, space and time

The elevation of my rhymes elevates your mind

It's a clear blue sky and a clear blue day

Foe a G from DPG to wear clear blue and gray

I come I came, I am I ain't

the nigga ya wants ta fuck with, get peeled like paint

Bottoms up, nigga give it all ya got

from the bottom to the top or get shanked get shot

Provocative footage, of this lyrical abuse transgression

from this infectious enemy, they on the loose

And unstoppable, Daz

My motherfuckin nigga from back in the past

Now imagine yourself in a bottomless pit

with no way your climbin out, and this ain't the punishment

Deadly as crystal crack, how should I react

with intentions to keep on mashin, strap to strap

Is this my boundary from county to county?

Your homies wanna try to soak me like Bounty?

Dogg Poug Gangsta all day all night

Partyin like a motherfuckin now all night

But uhh, simple as fact I been wantin to serve your whole fuckin crew

Now whatchu wanna do? (Hmm, whatchu wanna do? Yeah)

Load up your weapon slowly step in caught your homey straight slippin

You shoulda known from the jump nigga that I was trippin

I gets to bustin (blaow blaow) you gets to duckin (blaow blaow)

Dogg Pound Gangsta gets to dippin in the cut

My performance is enormous the way that I stayed up on em

I catch em and let em have it what's up, with my opponents

I hold it down for the two and I'll be gunned down by no one

Forever I reign, top Dogg number one

My rhyme? to some inflanable? and Doggs that's untrainable

Uncontainable, my mind state's so strainable

Chorus: Daz, Kurupt(Daz) I'm a D.P.G.C. for life

(duo) I do what I feel and, I do what I like

(repeat 4X)Verse Two: Kurupt, RageI hits it like shots, from the homey strap

I smoke indo, and I sip Cog-nac

Give a FUCK whatcha name is, I tell ya quick

Face to face, punk you can eat a dick

Cause you're all out of time, out of sight  
out of mind, somethin I wouldn't do without a nine  
I got a pocket full of papers and a trunk full of beat  
Mashin all through the streets rollin wit some heat  
I'm heated, repeat it, day after day  
Daily survival tactics in L.A.  
I'm on point and alert  
with skills like a huntin expert, fuck around and get hurt  
Lurked, I puts in work like a chemist  
Mentally known to cause motherfuckin dilemmas  
See me in black and beware  
It's a Dogg Pound Gangsta on the loose out there  
Now here's the kickoff, as I'm about to rip off  
Rage is knockin lips off, travellin like a spitball, I hit y'all  
Right between the eyes, smack dab in the middle  
with my rhymes or my riddles, ain't got no time to fiddle  
faddle, dibble, dabble  
Gotta Rock like Fraggie  
I'm hittin so hard I'm leavin that I'm leavin em snagged  
Like Leon Spinks this black cat's got ya jinxed  
Fuck around and you'll get chipped off like the Sphinx  
Think, about it, better yet forget it  
Uhh, play like En Vogue cause you're never gonna get it  
The style, the flavor, the flow, the so-lo-ist  
Hit you in a second, one two mic checkin  
That's my lethal weapon like a chain and ball  
I'm wreckin, shop, tech and, glock  
Not in my pocket, no need for cock and  
gauges just flip the scripts and rippin pages  
Rage is the amazin, trail-blazin  
Flows shavin like Norelco you can't let go, hell no!  
I'm that Lyrical Murderer  
Stranded on the Row with my ill type flow and uhh...

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

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