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 Poung 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 thereNow 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 Fraggle
I'm hittin so hard I'm leavin that I'm leavin em snaggled
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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