

Fresh

Kurupt

G'd up, we're back, that's what I keep hearin'
We ain't never went nowhere, fool
Better ask your folks about the D-O double G's
How long could the war last on a warpath?
I'm still heat, nigga, still signin' autographs
Still hittin' the stash an' pullin' pistols out the dash
The poetical poltergeist, verbal Jerry Weiss
Fuck the ice, give me a mic an' let's see who's the
nicest
I fuck around an' calls it crisis
With preciseness an' precisely this
See we make the shit that precisely hits
So how soon could you pump up the volume?
Hand tune your amps an' pump up my album
Get yours, I call the fuckin' holocaust
I'm out to get mine, get yours, snatchin' anything yours
Cock back your name, blastin' anything
Yo, The Dogg Pound gang, where all the G's hang
It's impossible not for that ass to end up in a hospital
G.R., Gang Related an'
We are fresh, we are fresh, we are fresh, we are fresh
We are fresh, we are fresh, we are fresh
We are fresh, we are fresh, we are fresh, we are fresh
We are fresh, we are fresh, we are fresh, we are fresh
I spit poison, poisonous darts
I aim, bomb the charts
One rhyme I'll hold your pose an' stop your heart
Stop to talk, start to walk an' never walk again
Legs broken, chest platebone, blow in, broken
Crushed, touched, bust open
Get hit like the four winds
Up against four assassins, the Four Horsemen of rappin'
I gotta pinch myself to make sure I ain't dreamin'
'Cause I just saw the homie bring an M-16 in
I fade in to see how baby sparks
No ifs, ands or maybe's, baby barks
Turn on the daylight, pitch black thoughts
I pitch back sparks when the get back starts
This is it, we're 'bout to show you how to do shit
D.P.G completely, runnin' through shit
Fresh, we are fresh, we are fresh, we are fresh
We are fresh, we are fresh, we are fresh
We are fresh, we are fresh, we are fresh, we are fresh
We are fresh, we are fresh, we are fresh, we are fresh
Break it down
Party people, clap your hands, keep rockin'
Sho' shockin' an' rockin', DJ C-walkin'
Party people, clap your hands now
Party people, clap your hands
Party people, clap your hands, keep rockin'
Sho' shockin' an' rockin', DJ C-walkin'
Party people, clap your hands now

Party people, clap your hands
 It's just a gangsta party Supa dupa sensual seductive, psycho psychotic
 Psychosomatic, psycho's with automatics
 The aftermath with the poetical psychopath
 An' I might go slow an' I might go fast An' I might go burst
 Then I might go last, thinkin' I might not bust
 An' I just might just blast
 Or I might just whoop the skin of your ass
 If you cross a path You know I'm the rawest MC with it
 Fuck Jiggy, nigga, I'm D.P. with it
 I've been the bomb strike, like the motherfuckin' Pentagon
 Napalm verses disperses to all the mental gone Mack 10-a-thon, separate an' lick a mind
 Tear them in the zone in his leg, ain't bust his head
 Keep busting till he's dead
 DAZ with the bombest in the country, choppin' lead on the street What you got, flame or some
 heat?
 Do you incinerate or make it hot, he got stock o' beat
 Powerful, strong or weak?
 All I know is I drop shit that cracks the concrete Fresh, we are fresh, we are fresh, we are fresh
 We are fresh, we are fresh, we are fresh
 We are fresh, Dogg Pound fresh, DAZ fresh, Snoop Dogg fresh
 Kurupt fresh, Nate Dogg fresh, we are fresh, we are We are fresh, we are fresh, we are fresh, we
 are fresh
 We are fresh, we are fresh, we are fresh
 We are fresh, Snoop Dogg fresh, Dogg Pound fresh, DAZ fresh
 Kurupt fresh, Nate Dogg fresh, Soopafly fresh, Tray D fresh, Big C Style Fresh, the homies,
 fresh, anybody, fresh, we are fresh, O.G.s
 Fresh, baby Gs, fresh, DAZ, fresh, he made the beat, fresh
 'Cuz we are fresh, Dogg Pound, fresh, D.P., fresh, Death Row
 Fresh, yeah, fresh, you know it, fresh, yeah, fresh, you know it, fresh
 'Cuz we are fresh, icons, fresh, nigga, fresh We are icons

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>