

## **Snoop Doggy Dogg F/ Kurupt, L.B.C. Crew**

### **"Bring It"**

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[Chorus]

If you really want it...I can bring it to ya  
If you really want it...I can bring it to ya  
If you really want it...I can bring it to ya  
So, make up your mind, cause I'm itching to move  
through ya

[Tonedeff]

You have never heard this flow before  
Hold your soul in and then close the door  
Shut it tight, 'cause I bring that raw hardcore  
Dirty flow to pump and leave your heart sore  
I'm sure the rhythms and the rhymes are pure  
The lyrical auteur to pitiful sophomores  
Emcee wannabes that all got tours  
Prepare to surrender your shit and fall to all fours  
This is yet another redefinition of the emcee  
With a view to a kill no matter what the lens see  
I focus on flawed imaginations that's empty  
And devoid of funk, pre-eminently  
I've bent the original rules of rhyming so that nothing  
prevents me  
Cause the drum & the bass tempt me  
I've sent these words in verse, so, evidently you're  
done  
Cause I refuse to bring it to you gently

[Chorus]

[Tonedeff]

You can call me the freeze-frame shutterbug  
Cause I'll stop you dead in your tracks  
and snap your picture while I'm at it  
I've had it up to here with the static and the jeers  
Response from my peers is automatic wreaking havoc  
on your ears  
Been rapping for years, mastered every aspect  
Of this craft, that I'm saddened to say is stagnant  
I be laughing at half-wits, just coming to grasp with  
Vocabulary patterns that's average, as I play with  
Symantecs

Famous for tactics, Lines that I - say with a passion age  
into classics  
All while entertaining the masses  
Drastic measures are implemented all in your head  
The sandman to put 'em to sleep and then swallow the  
bed  
I never, follow the trends, I'll bend whatever you set  
I'll embody your style, and dismember your rep  
Inventive and set on revising, revolutionizing the gears  
in this mega-machine  
The appointed head of the team  
Set on defeating the feeble, Completion is the true test  
T-o-n-e-d-e-double-the-F, who's next?

[Chorus]

[Tonedeff]

Push forth, That's what this Jux' for  
Never fall for these crooks with more titles bookstores  
Always scheming on good scores, creaking on wood  
floors  
But peep 'em and their hook's horse-shit, and their  
look's poor  
Bordering on absurdity, Served the underground for  
an eternity  
Yet, certainly most radio stations ain't never heard of  
me  
Thirty-percent of these niggaz is flossing  
The other seventy's thugging, emulating whatever  
they're watching  
Caution, lost one, ain't you see the sign? Music's  
redefined  
Just read between the lines  
I'm bringing my expertise of extra heat  
To melt this ice age at the hundred and 10th degree  
Preventing me from accomplishing this is inexplicably  
devious thinking  
Like shooting holes in a boat as you're sinking  
Odds of survival, reduced to those of finding decent  
delinquents  
If you stand in the way of progression, I'm pleased to  
bring it

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