

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

### **"Kronic Braggart"**

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[V1]

It takes a punk motherfucker to brag, but go figure  
Flow nigga? I'm leaving your bitch with more just 3  
holes in her  
Stuff woodchips into your corpse and torture you with a  
soul splinter  
Blowing over you into the net, like you was a 4 foot  
goaltender  
Hold ya pen up, I'll swipe it off with your hand attached,  
Imagine that  
Your faggot ass is the poster girl for Vagistat  
You're braggin that you defeated me with a battle rap  
in a hear me chat  
Stop riding my dick...gimme the fuckin saddle back  
Fast to react, I'm certain to, FACT  
The only pat on the back you ever got was when  
mommy was burping you  
I burn shit up, give your father a nervous hug  
This shit is just like TLC at dinner the way that I serve  
this scrub  
My words are much more elaborate than a Persian rug  
Cause I'm more of a novel writer than the author of "To  
Sir With Love"  
I twirl a thug impostor into pasta; you got the look  
but you ain't worth a fuckin word like a speech from  
Laetitia Casta  
This'll cost ya much more than a loss, I want your life  
force  
Tonight, you're going down for sure, bitch, like a dyke  
whore  
These high purity viruses, I fight off  
Cause I'm dousing the chronic plague with industrial  
Lysol  
Twice as raw, cause I pen a sonnet a day  
Richard Simmons told me this commie kronic plague  
was atomically gay  
In the most astonishing way, I be taking the the fast  
route  
Battling me, You're like a frog in a bathhouse, ass out  
I'm reversing the last doubt, that I can smoke you in a  
conflict

Amputating your arms so I can poke you in the armpit  
With the sharpest of objects  
You should take immodium AD, because you need to  
stop that soft shit  
Im encoding the proper topics to cover  
Even started a non-for-profit organization to kill you  
under  
I chop prison's in half, and split cells  
Bitch you rhyme like Ricky Martin just stuck his dick in  
your shit-well  
I wish to dispel, any notion you spit well  
Strap zarbon to a car bomb, spark the engine and excel  
I watched your head swell from your sweetest moment  
With Glamour Shots with an airbrushed t-shirt saying 'I  
Beat Tonedeff' on it  
I deliver the type of flow components that zone in  
Attaching to the weakest host, and then slowly drone  
till your brain's imploding  
Controlling your mind to expose you in public  
Cause yo, my style is like a hooker with herpes - Not to  
be fucked with  
Don't even attempt to blush, bitch, or even take a stand  
Got you shook, like the Pope and Mohammed Ali  
shaking hands  
This is the way I land, with minimization  
I am iller than all the kids in the make a wish foundation  
So, fuck a braggin bastard with a massive passion  
Your girl said you come up short  
with your rhyme schemes and just how fast you've  
lasted  
You bite more than a scrappy mastiff  
I drafted a pack of stationary reading 'Plague's a  
Pussy' on the masthead  
I'm giving the medical field a new reason to research  
Making your head chatter enough to make your fucking  
teeth hurt  
Revert and I will come and find you  
Bitch, I will even produce the beat you'll be saying you  
battle rhymes to  
A lyrical gift that shines true to blind you  
I would go back and obliterate your atoms if I had the  
time to  
Everything you're spitting I strike a line through, like it's  
connect the dots  
Fuck a last line, I wrecked your spot - what

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