## Snoop Doggy Dogg F/ Kurupt, L.B.C. Crew "Move in, Ride Out"

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Chorus: Get 'Em Up, Now, Gentleman, Wet 'Em Up Hit Em Up, Now Everyone - Move In Get 'Em Up, Now, Gentleman, Wet 'Em Up Hit Em Up, Now Everyone - Ride Out

## [V1]

Yo, I hit em up with a bit of a touch
Of atypical lyrical visual cinema
When I set up in the thick of the rhythm I get em intox-Icated

Its not complicated I made this one of a kind Run of a rhyme, to stun or to blind, fly women from the front or behind

If they stuck in the line, its something to find I aint stubborn to spend, but this one brother been, hunting for dimes

I pluck em in time, the second I get a chance to Hittin the backroom, in the mid of the song we dance through

Bashful? Never That/ High Maintenance? Send her Back

This track for the broke as fuck cats that's with the better raps

Seven women stacked in our laps

Figured that we were prized with Kentucky Fried Chicken Dinner Packs

Is it a fact? Oh yes indeed

T successfully brings the best recipe

## [V2]

Yo, we gonna play Rawhide all-night
I'm bringing the broad pipe just to get your walls tight
Never see it coming with your foresight
Loving to leave ya' quadriplegic like a fall from 4
flights

I'm more like the type to charm t he hell outta ya Why do ya' wanna assume I play you like a harmonica On to the next order of business Attraction happens in a fabulous simultaneous instant

Niggas know what blabbin about

The second your mind reaches a dime piece, you be

thinking of askin her out

With the last of bit of doubt

Taking the drivers position, never settle for the passenger route

With an ass that's outlandish T-o-n-e cant stand it

This woman even got me speak span-glish

Baby Tu Eres Sexy! Forget It

She wasn't feeling the charge like it was bad credit anesthetic

No time for feeling pathetic

When at the spot that's so hot, the liquor be getting tepid

I'm sick of getting rejected already this evening My team's steaming cause I'm already fiending to be leaving

Even now, that I be breathing loud

I wasn't peeping how there was girl reaching out

To take my hand, But when I turned Fate Commanded I'm left stranded - (Cock-Block) -

I HATE THE MAN!

## [V3]

It's Game Over, restart the system

Beats spark & blister, whenever T drops the hits

He tops your list, no stopping this

Checking the sound for how loud it gets, got your pops knocking fists

Against the wall, Hence the call for all

Rappers that pretend to ball to commence to fall

Eventually you will prolly be stalling for Mom

To back that ass up, how juvenile of a brawl

I'm suitable to beautiful tracks

Due to the fact Im shooting to catch a cutie with back in 2 minutes flat

Physically Rapture, what your mommy & daddy have manufactured

Can it get any faster

Leave it to Brendan Frazier to blast past Ya'

Ask ya' dad man your mother be calling me assmaster Raps are hazardous

Tone is a belligerent pacifist, like a pastors fist

But wait there's more, add the asterisk

I ain't leaving the club until I got an ass to hit

My plans for smashing get tarnished

Cause there's nobody left in this piece to get it started

And I don't flip for the typical harlot

I'm finicky, never beggin your pardon

Knowing I'm sprung whenever a certain part of my anatomy hardens

I'm honest... dickin a chicken

with an Elektra-magnetic figure a la Carmen goodness,

gracious

Tonedeff as nice as skies are spacious Vivacious…Knock a Hotty liable to fry some ice glaciers

Rock hard bodies attached to nice faces
Bras of high weight, or tall with tight waists
Or Thongs that vibrate in all the right places
Never hit up the bar for my tastes
If you're less shy wasted than buy 9 cases
Time is wasting I'm chasing the scattered ass
Contemplating my chance of a latter pass
At the honey that was taken from me, snatched from my grasp

That's it! I'm about to tackle the task
So, I dash in the path of her man with a laugh
Just to act natural plus she was mad bashful
My rap flow canceled her plans, left her man surpassed

Then I took her to tantra class, uh

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