## Snoop Doggy Dogg F/ Mac Minista ''We Ready 2000''

Visit "We Ready 2000" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse 1: Pastor Troy

These niggas asking how I choose to die Just like a muthafucking G is my only reply Hi 7, Mac 11 with the shoulder slang Crank me up, bitch I'm gunning killing everything And my veins pumping nothing but this thug blood Maybe blue nigga, till I'm through nigga, yeah Situation got a nigga bout to self-destruct Better tell them niggas I don't give a fuck I make money, nigga money doesn't make me Guess that's why all these weak niggas hate me And lately I been letting a bunch of shit ride But fuck that where my muthafucking forty-five

Hook 2x: (We Ready in background)

I sold my soul to the devil for a small price I walk through muthafucking hell screaming thug life And I was asking everybody where the devil hang I got them niggas with me they be talking gang bang

Verse 2: Pastor Troy

My head gone, cause I been on this earth long enuff, In this land of little trust

Where all my models and rubs, till I been bottled and brewed

And it's been provin' that it ain't shit to prove I move about a gram a so, but clientele won't grow, until all them basers know, that I keep that butter A new face runs shop with me, said she need a 30 piece

But I can't do shit because I think she's undercover My brother doing fed time, so I move nickels and dimes

Praying when he comes out I can break him off He taught me all the game, make them boys find our name

but from point blank range show them fuckers we ain't soft

I lost about a dozen of my cousins, homicide How the hell am I supposed to hide the fucking hurt The many tears I cry, understanding me I tryed Then my cousin came to me and said coz go to work Now I'm grinding My timing, perfect, pick a mack and me some clothing The corner stores, the ski masks, the forty-fours Run up on 'em so slick, and get my pistol and click Give me the muthafucking bag or I'm gone buss yo' shit Now I came up, a fifteen thousand dollar lick Yeah Red Mouth, the Pastor need about a brick, and now it's on Strictly, quarters or grams,

them down south georgia boys done blew up on all ya'll haters

Hook 2x: (We Ready in background)

I sold my soul to the devil for a small price I walk through muthafucking hell screaming thug life And I was asking everybody where the devil hang I got them niggas with me they be talking gang bang

Verse 3: Pastor Troy

I fill my mind with weed, uh, I can't believe my congregation is testing me Retailation would be less than me, While praising me in my face Shit these the same muthafuckers trying to take my place I hate to waste yo blood and leave ya church clothes filthy But believe I will do it without feeling guilty Let's understand though the Pastor, I'm still that nigga Praising the Lord for blessing me with nica triggas, and laser beams And my team, my original team, killers and bandates Try your best to understand it Nigga respect, I demand it I feel its mandatory, I'm popping on these niggas as I give the Lord the glory Like David, My slang shot human made Fuck whirling rocks, nigga my niggas got handgrenades Who payed?, I have layed my life on the line Cops pulling grind, got the Pastor dodging one time Signs of holy wars Touting magnum forty-fours, and forty-fives, mac 11's

There's a hundred ways to die Up in the mist, surrounded by these evil men Got to stay hi', Grab the pistol and I let 'em fly, just like hulk So what, I thought you would've never done Nigga you did it and death will be the outcome I sholl hate it but I put up with it long enuff Ashes to ashes, and dust to fucking dust Go head and buss

Hook 8x till end: (We Ready in background)

I sold my soul to the devil for a small price I walk through muthafucking hell screaming thug life And I was asking everybody where the devil hang I got them niggas with me they be talking gang bang

Visit Snoop Doggy Dogg F/ Mac Minista page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.