

Snoop Doggy Dogg F/ No Limit

"Suckas Do What They Can"

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[INTRO: Roger Troutman]

Spice 1

Too \$hort, yup

Said I'm a real playa, yeah

Real playa

Playa

Playa...

[VERSE 1: Too \$hort]

Whoever try to buy a new Benz, spend money on your friends

Order up some shit with a pocket full of ends

Ain't no sympathy for suckers, bitch, I'm a hustler

For the last 12 years I could never get enough of

That cash, I keep it in my jeans, bitch

Have you ever seen it? A big pile of green shit?

When I spend it, bitch, I'm the man

I do what I want, suckers do what they can

That's why I moved to the A, straight from the Bay

I'm still mackin bitches everyday, anyway

And if you don't like it, I don't give a fuck

I'ma still let my top down and turn this shit up

Nothin half on my business, keep gettin paid

If niggas stick together, maybe we'll live to see the day

When everybody keep ballin like me and my folks

Let these gold-diggin bitches count my spokes

Short Dog in the house

[CHORUS: Roger Troutman]

Real playaz do what they want to

(Real playaz)

Suckaz do what they can

(Ha-ha, ha-ha-ha) (What they can do)

Real playaz do what they want to

(Yeah, real playaz)

No time for strugglin

(Real playaz, ha-ha-ha)

Real playaz do what they want to

(Short Dog)

Suckaz do what they can

(Yukmouth) (Yukmeezy) (Thugged Out) (Fo' sheezy)
Real playaz do what they want to
Real thugz gon' hustlin

[VERSE 2: Yukmouth]

Hop in the Ranger Rover, mob, thrustin this out my car
Shit better be hard, ghetto celebrity star
Smoke 'dro out of jelly jars
Boss to be fraud, catch me at the telly with broads
Havin mÃ©nage-Ã -trois, x-ed out on the celly with
Todd
"Short Dog, what's up?" He told me Roger Troutman
passed
I hollered, my shit about to crash
Copped a block of hash, an ounce of grass
Damn! Poppin Crystal, poured me a glass
Then poured the whole rest of the bottle out on the flo'
for yo' ass
This's for my nigga Roger, the godfather of futuristic
funk
Here's the ganja, get it crunk
Twist the skunk, hit it once
And keep that shit movin and
Thug niggas do what they want to, and busta niggas
do what you're doin
I went from rags to riches, bagged bitches, jags and
6's
To droppin a solo album that's sellin more than the last
shit did
I got the streets and ave's addicted
??? Swiss accounts, drunk as fuck in the stretch narrow
strippers

Real playaz do what they want to
(Real playaz)
Suckaz do what they can
(Real playaz)
Real playaz do what they want to
(Plow!)
No time for strugglin
(Ha-ha-ha-ha, Thugged Out, fool)
Real playaz do what they want to
(Real playaz)
Suckaz do what they can
(Check it out, nigga)
Real playaz do what they want to
(Plow!)
Real thugz gon' hustlin

[VERSE 3: Spice 1]

I've come from More Bounce To The Ounce to Short

Dog and Roger Troutman
Yukmouth, we thugged out for the money and all the
power
Real niggas do what they want to, suckers do what the
fuck they can
Self-ma-made-mu-muthafuckin-man
Poppin my collar, li-livin the hustler's dream
Ballers fiend for cream, pockets bust out the seams
Franklin and Grant is my dogs, I die for em
(Die for em) C-cry, lie, ride for em (ride for em)
Nigga, I know you heard it through the grapevine
I was out here doin it way too live
Doin way too much, I'm tryin to touch 40 million bucks
And flip a jet with some ???, about 14
Flop through your hood, bumpin this shit, smokin sticky
green
Thugs be hustlin, muggin and puttin muscle in
No time for strugglin, keep your mind on bubblin
You can't see me through websites, but I still got
'computer love'
For my nigga Roger Troutman, cause he was ridin with
real thugs
Nigga

Real playaz do what they want to
(Immortalized)
Suckaz do what they can
(Real thugs)
Real playaz do what they want to
(Real playaz)
No time for strugglin
(Westside, nigga)
Real playaz do what they want to
(Immortalized)
Suckaz do what they can
(For life
Check it out, nigga)
Real playaz do what they want to
(Plow!)
Real thugz gon' hustlin
(Westside)

Real playaz
(Immortalized)

Real playaz

Real Playaz
Baby, baby, baby
Ooh yeah
Spice 1's a real playa, baby

Yeeaaaah
You gotta keep on
Don't you know
Don't you know you better watch yourself
You better watch yourself
You better watch yourself
You know you got to be...
Yeah
Don't you be trippin in em streets, nigga
Don't you be trippin in em streets, nigga
Spice 1 gon' tell you how it's really goin' down
Yeah

Real playa
Playa
Playa
Playa...

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