

Wrestling

"Snoop Dogg- "Pump Pump""

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Verse One:

static

Pump Pump, Pump Pump, Pump Pump, Pump Pump
Pump Pump

Let the motion of your body be the key, 'cause we
be the motherfuckin G Funk family

Now, I'll play the G in this deadly game

Snoop Dogg is the name Dogg Pound's the game

If it ain't one thing it's a motherfuckin nother

Word to my granny and my daddy, and my mother

Whether standin on the corner, or bouncin in the six-
deuce

When I was locked up, I couldn't wait to get loose

'cause back in the days, on the side where it's at

A nigga had to have a fat stack

And I was a fool, don't make me have to grab my strap
and go

rat-tat-tat-tat, nigga slap to a motherfucker face he fall

Can't none of y'all niggaz see the Doggy Dogg

'cause I'm one rude bwoy comin with the wickedness

So shut the fuck up, and listen while I'm kickin this

Chorus: (repeat 2X)

Blam blam, blam to dem all

Listen to the shots from my nigga Doggy Dogg (pump
pump)

Verse Two: Snoop

Now you can look to the Sun, and spot the moon

And see Snoop Doggy Dogg step into the room

With the G funk, he funk, she funk, we funk

Follow me, follow me, listen to the words that a nigga...

I come down with the wickedness

One rude bwoy comin with the darkness (blam!)

Close your eyes 'cause you can't see me

I quit school cause of recess you fuckin B.G.

I'm shakin up the party, like Lodi Dodi

Is he the dopest? Ya betta ask somebody

When, then, send, some gin

And a pack of zig zags now let the games begin

In nineteen-motherfuckin-ninety-three

I'm fuckin up every nigga known in the indistry

Check this out, it's a Dogg Pound thang

You know who I am you know my motherfuckin name,
who am I?
(The S-N-Double-O-P) nickname (Silky Smell) last name
(D-O-double-G)
The behavior and the flavor that I found
Makes me wanna hit that ass up with the Dogg Pound
Chorus
Verse Three: Malik

Now just back up, don't act up, I pack up much heat
Any battle I'm in, I win, I can't be beat
Don't sleep while I creep peep out my technique
I forgot, I'm out of sight so you can't see the
MC of the year, you hear and you fear
i got somethin for them niggaz in the front and the rear
I handle the sides, did a driveby in the who-ride
I'm satisfied now everything is really alright
You know when I come nigga I come wicked
Don't need no permisison, motherfucker I'ma kick it
Niggaz sweat my shit I wet em up with the biscuit
Lick em up shot, it don't stop, till dem all drop
Make up your mind, go pop or slang rocks
Just stop, rottin on the next niggaz jock
I'm strapped with my glock on your block
And ready to let loose on the first imitator that I spot
Chorus

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