

The Facts Of Life

"White Boyz"

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[Snoop Dogg]

Yeah wassup my nigga?

I'm sittin here chillin with my nigga Kurupt and we sayin

I mean it ain't no hard motherfuckin whiteboys in the rap game dog

You know? No disrespect (that's right)

That nigga Slim Shady is tight than a muh'fucka though (yeah that's true)

But we want a nigga to come with some GANGSTA shit
You feel me?

[T-Bo]

I went from rags to riches, to hittin these hoes and switches

Duckin snitches, and these money hungry bitches

So you want a dollar? Well baby I can't holla

You ain't gettin shit, from the break a bitch scowlin scowlin

Not even a penny, homegirl you ain't gettin any

Oh by the way... you're too fuckin skinny

Why don't you go weep, and wash your stankin ass feet while my vogues burn, up and down the street

Eatin steak and shrimp, got my name on a blimp

Walk with a limp, cause I'm a motherfuckin pimp

My diamonds is blindin yeah candy paint out shinin

Got yo' bitch chasin me, while yo' old lady two-timin

Whether you mobbin in buckets, or roll in a Benz

Keep yo' eyes on yo' enemies, seperate yo' foes from yo' friends

Fuckin models, drinkin Alize by the bottles

Eleven hundred sixty yachter and my hand's on the throttle

Chorus: Snoop Dogg (paraphrasing Masta Ase "Jeep Ass Niguh") 2X

White boy, white boy, turn that shit down

You know that America ain't ready for the sound from dem white boyz.. (white boyz) white boyz.. (white boyz)

White boyz.. (white boyz) white boyz.. (white boyz)

[Snoop Dogg]

I'm high 'n a motherfucker, perv on the curve
Fuckin with this white boy, slangin my herb
D.P.G. to the fullest young cuz
My homeboy Ricky said, "Show me some love!"
He got the club with this fool named T-Bo
From the Dirty South, gold's in his mouth, my peoples
All of my homies from the L.B.C.
All my white homies who smoke with me
Sell me bud on the weekdays cause
this shit's for y'all, from me and my doggz
If you don't know you do know T-Bo my new dog
Fuck what you goin through, we bout to fuck it up y'all

Chorus: T-Bo says first line with Snoop (1X only)

[T-Bo]

You know who I wanna be, that white boy, that
everybody talk about
The one that's tearin up shows, fuckin these hoes,
representin the South
Eyes bare-ly open, laid back in the Cadillac token
Them hoes talkin bout ridin with me and Snoop the
bitches must be jokin
Toke smoke, up the block and glock stay cocked so you
must get busted
And my city's hotter than a corner full of hustlers
Twelve slappin, trunk rattlin, and when you yappin we in
a gun battle
When you talkin the talk, we walkin the walk
So stay in yo' house when after dark
You bark and we bite, you're wrong and we're right
Knuckle up in the club to push and shove til everybody
starts to fightin
You might think the shit's funny, but fool we ain't actin
You bout that yappin? We bout that action and scratchin
Playin for keeps, screamin take it to the streets
Camouflaged down, with them soles on my feet
And up in the club, thugs push and they shove
And you won't know who's a killer, so you betta watch
who you mug

[Snoop Dogg]

Bitch get your mind right, get your mind right
Bitch get your mind right, get your mind right
Yeah, white boyz up in the motherfucker
My nigga T-Bo!

Chorus

[Snoop Dogg]
Yeah that shit funky dog
That's what I'm talkin bout
My nigga T-Bo, Dirty South all up in this bitch
(We No Limit Soldiers, we No Limit Soldiers)
Yeah, Dogghouse Production
Dogghouse wreckin, bow wow
(white white white white white boyz)
That's how we doin it for the nine-nine
White boyz, yeah we fuckin with whiteboys in ninety-
nine
cause they fuckin with us
It's a game of death

Chorus

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