

Debbie Reynolds

"21 Jump Street"

Visit "[21 Jump Street](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Snoop:

Hear ye, hear ye, come one come all
it's the first annual G, nigga, and all my Doggs
are invited, so go and enlight it
cause it's the first time in a long time (right)
Reminiscing about the Fresh Fest back in '85
when the dubs and the San Dieg's used to hoo ride
on motherfuckers like it was the thing to do
eighty-five, eighty-fo', eight-tray, in year eighty-two
(eighty-two)
You know what the fuck I'm talking about
after party on the lake at the big homie's house
And bet nobody bring a motherfucking gun
cause everybody in the house's from two-one...

Tray Deee:

Twenty-first street, burst street, where it all started
and you know East Side, Long Beach, the hardest
Niggaz coming realer than The Real McCoy
so step with your rap and we bring the noise
It's the gang of fly bitches, homiez on the switches
dice in the back if ya wanna get your riches
No snitches allowed inside the crowd
cause this is the G thang, East Side L.B.C. brang
In to have some fun represent two-one
and bet nobody bring a mothafucking gun and a...

Snoop:

Yeah, King Park was the location
and the bigga G that was my destination
(We were) lookin up to niggaz coming up before me
and L.B.C. into my East Side homies..... (It's like)

Nobody can see you, but you (yeah, the East Side's
perfect)

Nobody can see you, but you (ha ha, now that's worth
it)

Nobody can see you, but you (hell yeah, the East Side's
perfect)

Nobody can see you, but you (ha ha, yeah, now that's
worth it)

tatatata.....

Snoop (Tray):

If ya bring a strap, then ya have to trip
(so if you're on a mission nigga, go on and dip)
We got meat to eat, (freaks to meet)
and chronic we can smoke on, (if I ever get a loc on)
Strolling through the Park one day
puffing on a fat ass J. with my homie named Tray
Dee tryin' to see if we could put this LBC thing
back together like it was supposed to see

Tray:

Cause ya know I'm down with ya to make 'em get the
picture
and if I have to sit ya down then I spit ya
Game from the heart, I came from the start
see I was regulating when crackers was the daily's

Snoop:

Nigga let me interact with my black croaker sacks*
And a gray golf hat tilted to the back (what's up?)
Ditchin' Sunday school to get a pack of Now and Laters
While I'm rolling with the stealers and killin' with the
raiders

Tray:

And when we bang with the Saints then we ain't no joke
come around from outta bounds and we goes for broke
Now we're breaking 'em up (hmm hmm), shaking em
up (yeah)
and just for a second we're waking 'em up
(continue) Giving up game on his tired ass feet
with a small dedication to two-one street

Visit [Debbie Reynolds](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.