

## Dirty

### "21 Jump Street"

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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

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