

Doyle Lawson And Quicksilver

"Nuthin' But A 'g' Thang"

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[Snoop]

Now I be mobbing like a motherfucker every single day
Making funky shit with my nigga Dr. Dre
The niggas who talk shit get put on they back
By my nigga named Suge and it's black for black
Now check facts for a second, I'm checking my record
so
It's Snoopy goes for broke, so what's up, Loc?
You want to provoke, try to step, break your neck real
quick
Real fast blast I'll outlast and shoot ya, take your cash
As I dash with the homies from the dub
Now as we fly through the sky getting love
We high, real high, high high, I'm higher than you
So whatchu wanna do, whatcu wanna do?

Ha ha, yeah, and you don't stop
And you don't stop
This ain't nothing but a motherfucking freestyle worth
your while
(This is for the Dogg Pound, this Daz, the nigga of all
niggas!)

[Snoop]

Check it out
Bow wow wow yippy yo yippy yay
Dogg Pound's in the motherfuckin house
C'mon, bow wow wow yippy yo yippy yay
The Dogg Pound's in the motherfuckin house
Ayo stepping to the front, still stealing the show
It's the youngest motherfucker on the hood Death Row
He's called Daz, stepping on your ass
Making big cash, time to move real fast, blast
Check it out, next in line
Is the diggy diggy D.O.C. dropping funky classical
rhymes
That shit that just don't hit
Snoop Dogg and Dre, dropping funky manuscripts
My lip hits the microphone
Breaks you, shakes you, takes you, awakes you
Kurupt the Kingpin, killing or straight chillin'

Step in the house and start revealing your skills
Chill, do you need the microphone?
Do you need some help to drop some shit like stone?
Al Capone was a hero of mine
Shot plenty niggas who ??? so fuck one-time
I'm, the irrelevant, intelligent
Brother from the hood that they call Long Beach
Eastside where the brothers ride, slide
Slippidy slide, the Eastside's got pride
Here we go, stole the show as I flow
I gots to give the microphone to my homie on the Row
His name's Kurupt, he fucks it up
On Crenshaw and Slausson so commence the flossing

[Kurupt]

When I step I come straight from the under
Lyrical rhymes will flex, but yo, here's my cover
Kingping, murderer, ecetera, I flex when I blow
I let 'em know that I'm quick to snap necks, check me
out
One two, don't diss respect (Boom)
The way I flow I go and show you'll get chin checked
And if you ever feel you got the wrath what can you
say?
Spray the AK, produced by Dr. Dre
My nigggy nigggy nigga by the name of D.O.C.
My homie Snoop Dogg and Daz is next to me
The D-A to the Z, the D-R to the E
And when we like to flex down with the S-H-U-G
I break 'em off when I flow I go and now they know the
Row
Will kill with skills, I'm real for real
And caps I peel with my steel
So nigga, you figure that you're bigger, and past
I'll whip your ass, just a classical rhyme from Daz
Yo, I bust through the hood, I bust through the farm
My nigga D-O-G, um, Doggy Dogg, but if they play
but if they wanted to say "Pow Pow!" goes another
Hit from my um nigga Dr. Dre
The Chronic, which they get up on it
As the niggas be saying that it's ahhhhhh, bionic
But I'm trying to go as I play and then I say
Never underestimate the nigga Dr. Dre... (fades out)

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