

Dr. Dre Feat. Snoop Dogg "Nothin' But A "G" Thang"

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One, two, three and to the fo'
Snoop Doggy Dogg and Dr. Dre is at the do'
Ready to make an entrance, so back on up
(Cause you know we're 'bout to rip shit up)

Gimme the microphone first, so I can bust like a bubble
Compton and Long Beach together, now you know you
in trouble
Ain't nuttin' but a G thang, baby
Two loc'ed out niggaz so we're crazy
Death Row is the label that pays me
Unfadeable, so please don't try to fade this
(Hell yeah)

But uhh, back to the lecture at hand
Perfection is perfected, so I'ma let 'em understand
From a young G's perspective
And before me dig out a bitch I have to find a
contraceptive

You never know, she could be earnin' her man
And learnin' her man and at the same time burnin' her
man
Now you know I ain't with that shit, Lieutenant
Ain't no pussy good enough to get burnt while I'm up in
it
(Yeah)

And that's realer than Real-Deal Holyfield
And now you hookers and hoes know how I feel
Well, if it's good enough to get broke off a proper
chunk
I'll take a small piece of some of that funky stuff

It's like this and like that and like this and uh
It's like that and like this and like that and uh
It's like this and like that and like this and uh
Dre, creep to the mic like a phantom

Well, I'm peepin', and I'm creepin', and I'm creepin'
But I damn near got caught, 'cause my beeper kept
beepin'

Now it's time for me to make my impression felt
So sit back, relax, and strap on your seatbelt

You never been on a ride like this befo'
With a producer who can rap and control the maestro
At the same time with the dope rhyme that I kick
You know and I know, I flow some ol' funky shit

To add to my collection, the selection
Symbolizes dope, take a toke, but don't choke
If you do, you'll have no clue
On what me and my homey Snoop Dogg came to do

It's like this and like that and like this and uh
It's like that and like this and like that and uh
It's like this and who gives a fuck about those?
So just chill, 'til the next episode

[Unverified]

Fallin' back on that ass, with a hellafied gangsta lean
Gettin' funky on the mic like a old batch of collard
greens
It's the capital S, oh yes I'm fresh, N double-O P
D O double-G Y, D O double-G, ya see

Showin' much flex when it's time to wreck a mic
Pimpin' hoes and clockin' a grip like my name was
Dolomite
Yeah, and it don't quit
I think they in the mood for some motherfuckin' G shit
(Hell yeah)

So Dre
(Whattup Dogg?)
Gotta give 'em what they want
(What's that, G?)
We gotta break 'em off somethin'
(Hell yeah)
And it's gotta be bumpin'
(City of Compton)

It's where it takes place so when asked, yo' attention
Mobbin' like a muh'fucker, but I ain't lynchin'
Droppin' the funky shit that's makin' the sucka niggaz
mumble
When I'm on the mic, it's like a cookie, they all crumble

Try to get close, and your ass'll get smacked
My motherfuckin' homie Doggy Dogg has got my back
Never let me slip, 'cause if I slip, then I'm slippin'

But if I got my Nina, then you know I'm straight trippin'

And I'ma continue to put the rap down, put the mack
down

And if you bitches talk shit, I'll have to put the smack
down

Yeah, and you don't stop

I told you I'm just like a clock when I tick and I tock

But I'm never off, always on, to the break of dawn

C O M P T O N, and the city they call Long Beach

Puttin' the shit together

Like my nigga D O C, "No one can do it better"

Like this, that and this and uh

It's like that and like this and like that and uh

It's like this and who gives a fuck about those?

So just chill, 'til the next episode

[Unverified]

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