

## Brotha Lynch Hung "Dogg Market"

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(Snoop)

I'm in a murderous-mental mind state, monopolizin on 'em

Enterprise with homicide, rock this dope and cut them corners (corners)

Worldwide, visualize, two young killas on the rise  
Ain't that a bitch, Snoop Dogg and Brotha Lynch

(Lynch)

And we remain bombed out (what), no doubt  
Eat niggas up with sour crout (what up), hollow 'em out

'Bout to open my own business, Siccmade Meats  
Where you gonna get your product from nigga?

Sacramento streets (WHY), gotta be

'Cause these niggas be trippin

I'm dippin in and out the city with the ??? ??? whip  
(what)

With no pity, dingy, dirty, grimey and gritty, get me

(Snoop)

I had a bundle of bitchest before I had a bundle a dollas

A fist full a problems while I'm poppin my collar (ay, ay, ay)

Sockin bustas, frontin hustlers with they work on the streets

>From the streets, to the sweets (to the what), to the slugs, to the east (man)

Please believe, let me holler at you nephew

What you do and what I do, I'll make you wan' act a fool

(Lynch)

Alright, wait, wait, wait, hold up

Avian lies up in the city, smashin with the fifty-slug

No love, leave ya layin down lookin at the stars above  
( 'cause what)

'Cause everything fade to black, like a scene change,  
ain't it strange

Illegal procedure through out the game, lets ya nuts  
hang, hit the rain (rain)

???? like ????, laid 'em up with the hay

They, found the body three months later as I hit him

with the potato

Ate up his midsection, recollection, murder on my mind  
(ay what)

Got me chin-checkin, and they said (that real?), heard  
it all the time

That's what these muthafuckas think about me, they  
ain't made it

Mad 'cause niggas be tryna' ??? some G's,  
smoke weed (??? some G's, smoke weed)

Everyday, best believe, everyday

Ay you, you nigga tryna' start ??? move out my way

Bet you never see me in black clothes, creepin out the  
back yard

Hard-boiled with lead toes

(Snoop)

I got so much to do with so little time

My folks smoke dope that'll blow ya mind, hmm

I bust a bitch about a quarter 'til nine

So by 10:15 I got my dick on her spine

Relax, recline, roll somethin nigga

Hit this shit, blaze it up, now raise it up

The grip and the bitch, yeah, stays with us

Now, a lot a y'all niggas be talkin 'bout y'all livin it up,  
and give it up

But let me take ya back to the essence, and shit

Meditate and drop a message and shit

You crumb-snatchin, no rappin peasants

The big dog want it all, I came back to snatch all y'all  
presents

Dippin, slippin, slidin away

From the Sac-town to the L-B, we do this shit like  
everyday

Do you feel me, I'm the untouchable

Fuckin with the rectable, unquestionable, remarkable,  
fabulous and all that shit

You know, I'm the original, biiitch, the original, biiitch

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