

Humble Pie

"Top Dogg Cindafella"

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[Top Dogg]

Cause I'm a baller that show no shame!

"Young G, about to set the fuckin record straight"

Once upon a time, in the place to be
On the darkside of the C-P-T
There lived a Young G, rollin weed and smog
To make the story interesting it's me, the Top Dogg
(Cindafella!) I lived in a shack with my O.G. dad
And two big homies, who treated me bad
I cooked, and cleaned, and scrubbed the floors
And I was like an errand boy runnin to the liquor store
The homies, they used to boast and brag:
"We got Chucks, and khakis that sag!"
Even worse than that, to make me feel low
They used to have me smoke stress, while they had
indo
The girls used to say, "D, you're so cute
But you gets no rap with them bell bottom suits"
Well, one day, on the Avenue
There was a man, surrounded by the Compton crew
He said, "Hear ye! Hear ye! Come one, come all!
The princess is having a royal ball
If you can rap, also dress fresh
You might win a date with the ghetto princess"
Well I, ran home when I heard the whole speech
Bust through the door, straight to my O.G.
and I said, "O.G., may I?"
And before I could finish, "Hell no!", he replied
(Cindafella!)
I got so mad, mad enough to blast
Even Pops was aimin for a piece of that ass
(Cindafella!)
They haunted, they flaunted, they knew what I wanted
"We gon' get some hoochies," that's what they taunted
They laughed and joked; they hated on me
They didn't wanna see me fuckin up the M-I-C
So they left the crib, with a smile on they face
And as they stepped out they said, "Clean up this
place!"

(Cindafella plays the game!) Cause I'm a baller that show no shame!

(Cindafella plays the game!) Cause I'm a baller that show no shame!

Now I'm standin all alone, I just got dissed
I'd smoke them all if I had one wish
But before I make my thought a phrase
There appeared the G in a puff of haze
He said, "What's up, Dogg? My name is Suge
I'm your gangsta Godfather, it's all to the good
Now I came here with the main purpose
of grantin you your fondest wish"
I said, "Suge, what's poppin dogg? Just put me down
with the Row
And I know that I can handle these hoes fo' sho"
He waved a Cuban cigar, and before you know
My sacks of stress was an ounce of indo
My clothes transformed from rags to silk suits
And he transformed my hoopt' into a Lex Coupe
"But you must rock the mic by stroke of twelve
Or you'll turn back into your old self"

(Cindafella plays the game!) Cause I'm a baller that show no shame!

(Cindafella plays the game!) Cause I'm a baller that show no shame!

Well I hit the hoochie ball at eleven o'clock
Too flossy for the princess so she started to jock
I got to the party 'bout ten, I'd say
Hit the stage enraged and I started to rock
By eleven thirty-five, I was all in the cock (oh yeah!!)
All my homies was amazed that the bitch was mines
So I swooped to the Coupe at eleven fifty-nine
This story doesn't end with no fuckin glass shoes
All was left on the step was the rubber that I used

(Cindafella plays the game!) Cause I'm a baller that show no shame!

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(Cindafella plays the game!) Cause I'm a baller that show no shame!

Cindafella! .. Cindafella! ..

.. .. Cause I'm a baller that show no shame!

Cindafella! .. Cindafella! ..

.. .. Cindafella plays the game!
Cindafella! Cindafella! .. show no shame!
Cindafella plays the game!
Cindafella! Cindafella plays the game!

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