

Natalie Cole

"The Shit"

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[D.O.C.]

You don't wanna see me
Cuz I'm a Westside hustla (westcoast)
And I'm through with you busta's so (yeah)
Gives me my snaps cuz yous owes me hoes (bring it)
Khakis pendletons and romeos, niggaz
Westcoast rat pack, '88 real niggaz all black (come on)
All back in your ass again
And you goddamn right we gonna win

[MC Ren]

Ren makin niggaz run and duck
Hands on my balls with the DOC
Not giving a fuck, we bad luck
Here a dick to suck, your ho can taste it
With the villain DNA, when she ready to chase it
I'm on another level than y'all
Niggaz dressed up like they Pope John Paul (yeah)
Its that new mothafuckin formula y'all
Fuck the dress codes, nigga come smash the walls
Posted up, ho's choked up
Dick too big bout to tear their throat up
Ren give a fuck, you askin to get cut
Comp-town started this shit
So nigga what? We all fucked up
But y'all lucked up, Nigga brown nosing
Drop this nigga shit had a whole flame frozen
Ho game dozin, in it for something
While you all bitches y'all in it for nothing

[Six Two - Chorus]

Do not attempt to adjust your radio
There is nothing wrong
It's a must I get my hands on some dead presidents
Can't be hesitant because the game goes on

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There is nothing wrong
It's a must I get my hands on some dead presidents
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[Ice Cube]

To fuck with Ice Cube
You gotta shit talk, big talk, crip walk
Bang hard, run yards, flip cars
Cuz you fuckin with millionaires, big stars
Only clockin a grip while make our dicks hard
I come through when I handle my bidness
Like a goddamn menace
Niggaz think I eat spinach
Cuz you need a dentist whenever I finish
It's the Grenache, with a gang of Lieutenants
WESTSIDE!
Connection is the campaign
Niggaz trying to run shit, pull a hamstring
Imma do the damn thang, baby do the damn thang
DANCE!
Ass bustin out them pants
I cant stand it, ram it like the animal planet
The kinda nigga that'll take Janet for granted
Ice Cube got that shit you grew up on
Blew up on, got a lawsuit at home
It's a shark in the swimming pool
Bad news coming through on them 22's
And I'm huntin you out, little kids got the runnin the
house
I'm dirty like the south, with a gun in your mouth
Click Click
Nigga bang bang for that blang blang
Nigga get about insane as Saddam Hussein
Give a fuck if we got him again, he outta my range
Give him shit stains when I get my claims

[Six Two - chorus]

[D.O.C.]

There it is all
read there it is my niggaz
we going back to the beginning though (back to life)
for real
but even in the mix of this old school shit
our young gangstas still bring the pain
Doggy Dogg bring them off something

[Snoop Dogg]

Easily I approach
The microphone with a pocket full of dough
The king of the coast
I'm rockin the boat
Stroking your folks
And loccin with locs
Baby boy got smoked

Nigga what up, Nigga what up
I need cheese, paper, bread, and butter
Nut up and cut up the beef
I got a 44 piece that'll shut up the *gunshot*
My niggaz gonna floss to this
My crippled out homeboys gonna walk to this
Creep to the spizzot, and stash my nizzot
Then call the Dizzoc, you know we got lizzock
Pop right back on your monkey ass
Then cop a glock back on your funky ass
Been a long time, I shouldn't have left you
Lets get loot like Snoop nephew
Six Duece

[Six Two - chorus]

[D.O.C.]
Here we go
Some new millennium shit from the DOC nigga
And as long as I'm fuckin around with niggaz like Ice
Cube
Ren the muthafuckin villain, Snoop dogg
Dre the muthafuckin doctor, a B number one stunna
nigga
Jazze Pha, Nate dogg and the Kingpin, X to the
muthafuckin Z
Six-Two, my muthafuckin Silverback family
muthafuckers
so as long as I keep making these records this is what
you gonna get
The Shit, Take that mutha*gunshot*

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