

Snoop Dogg "2001"

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All I wanna do is make the whole crowd bounce y'all
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It's structures to this game, it's instinct mixed with
knowledge
I'm a player in the game and I know not from college
Eyes open, focus, scopin' out the scene
Watch the gangsta haters close 'cos they worse than
dope fiends

I hope things get better for you
'Cos I'ma make things get better for me
And keep the Doggystyle hottest thing out the LB
The L L G wit DPG by the sea

We ride at high tide, the East is my side
I'ma tell you 'long as my voice is record able
That plan you got ain't gonna work you better audible
Oh yes, I'm fresh and like spy from existence

Wit persistence I perceive
To supply you wit what you need, no room for greed
Better go around and when it come to you
Don't bite off more than you can chew

Respect the game and the game will respect you back
Game is life, life is struggle
Without the coastal juggle
So if you drop I test that, fragile as a crystal

Will you get mad and go pull out your pistol?
Or will you be a man and pick up all the pieces
And put it back together and remain tougher than
leather?
As for me I'm tryin' to keep it real Dogg

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[Incomprehensible], hold 'em, shake 'em, roll
Fly G boys and all you hoodrat girls
Pound puts it down all around the world
But let's pick up the litter, LB young nigga

I need solar on my Dogg Nall, I bark when it get dark
Bitches in heat we tear the beat up, what?
On the microphone I bury the bone
Always, strays try to follow me home

Uhh, to get the pooper scooper, why? They droppin'
doo-doo
I'm steppin' on shit, lift up the bottom of my shoe
See I'm smashin' full-breaded wit no leash
When I mob, make marks across the street

See I'm vicious like hell, got 'em waggin' they tail
For the bow-wow LBC style
Hit you like the Dogg bopper fever, I fetch paper
On the receiver, go get it like a retriever

I want 'em close enough so I can lock on 'em
Wit the mizzic, see I let the Doggz loose on 'em
Check this out here man, I lick 'em, sick 'em
Man's best friend, I hit you for ten, uhh

Fleas can't seize my pack, what, what's my name?
Major trick we're hittin' licks like a Doberman gang
Y'done trip and try to fuck me up ever since a young
puppy
Run a cat up a tree, nigga it's DPG

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They say once upon a time in the land of the loccs
Where it's all about dope and pistol smoke
I packs me a heavy caliber .38 revolver
We'd out, Dp'd out, GC'd out

Oh, did you not know
Snoop wit the .44 knockin' at'cha door?
We the passion for smashin' and mashin' the masses
Knockin' niggas I like cash is, Dogg Pound Gangsta
assassin'

It's like in a action
'Cos for the cash in my own zone we known for blastin'
Bustin', no need for discussion
We don't discuss, we stay close as 10 inches then bust

Close enough to touch then rush
Clean and radical and get clutch
The Dogg is the Don like killer Corleone
For the D-O-double G, with the solid gold rhyme

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