

## Snoop Dogg "Big Bang Theory"

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, what  
Snoop double, D O G, what, Mr. X to the Z, yeah and  
Kurupt  
The kingpin, DoggHouse Records takin' over the shit in  
the '99  
What, yeah, yeah, bangin' on you  
It's the Big Bang Theory, yeah, check it out, bring it, yo

I got a Big Bang Theory, my hardcore committee  
Gon' rock and roll the streets and shake the whole city  
Chronic low ridin' bitches with silicon ties  
We gon' bounce and ball until the wheels fall off

I got a Big Bang Theory, my hardcore committee  
Gon' rock and roll the streets and shake the whole city  
Affiliated with thousands walked out medallions  
We gon' bounce and floss until the wheels fall off

Chest plates hit with gouges, sawed off, hauled off  
Blast with somethin' and I breaks all the walls off  
Fuck it, tie my flag around my mouth  
Blue rag on my face, blue rag in my left pocket

Pistols screamin', unleashin' pure fury  
Smash, snatch the pockets and all the jewelry  
Glass shattering, blastin', niggas scatterin'  
Scat, takin' three to four to the back

I'm back motherfucker, live broadcast  
Show my face with my rag on, let me throw my hood in  
the air  
Let me put 'bout two in the air  
Let me show these motherfuckers that I don't care  
It's a symphony composed of killers and armed forces  
Livin' for whatever it cost's, crimp bosses

It's goin' down by the year 2 G  
I'm goin' be flyin' through the hood, duckin', dodgin'  
the heat  
My niggas watch the street, be it rain, snow or sleet  
Us niggas gon' eat, makin' troops we creep

Losin' the jeep, runnin' on feet, survivin' off  
The land money and gun in hand, operation quicksand  
Ain't tryin' to put the mark of the beast on my hand  
I had to bless the head of a military man

Jumped into the back of the 4 door sedan  
All up in the trunk was the hidden contraband  
Fuck a middleman, my pistols am directly from Iran  
Looking from a third eye, I spot the hidden cam  
I know what you look like, I know how you think  
I'm the type of bitch to pop a pill up in your drink

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Bitch, fuck that, you bring fat rag, here's cheese  
You work your fuckin' employees  
You know you get all excited like that  
Stack it through them hoodlum back 'cause I like it like  
that

Bitch, I kill drama, shit get action packed  
When I jump out the black stealth bomber  
'Cause it's 'bout, you know, I want the fuckin' mansion  
pad  
To heal that bitch sittin' on

So don't hate the fuckin' cheese that you earn  
Rotate the fuckin' weed that you burn  
Don't fuck with Bossy off the glam  
[Incomprehensible] rollin' crack, blow blocks in half

We rides on visitors and takes no prisoners  
Handles all business and pay off the commissioner  
Big time crime figure, niggas gettin' riches  
20 inches whippin', all we givin' hittin' switches

Twistin', flippin' chickens, stickin' victims if they slippin'  
Trippin' on the mission and my trigga finga itchin'  
Positioned at your dome, one twitch and it's on  
No remorse or second thoughts once the clip in the  
chrome

This is the zone, weak niggas covers get blown

Stoned killers and gorillas want whatever you want  
Shake spots with bank notes, keep the thang cocked  
And leave motherfuckers stripped to tank tops

We the gang, it's our thang to mash and maintain  
Gang bang slang came and ain't gon' change  
All out till we fall out, fuck the world  
DoggHouse style with the chucks and curls

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