

Snoop Dogg "Eastside Party"

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Nigga you young
No one does it better
No one throws a eastside party like we do
Nobody, no one does it better
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Nobody, no one does it better

Look out the window and drank and chill out we get
high
It's 1a.m and the crowd is still live
Relax to the groove by me just move with ya' boy
Got shit poppin' like always you know so enjoy

Don't make yourself at home got big meat on the grill
Ladies and homies all in the mix it's time to chill
Char-la-la brought the on' what is asked in the blunts
Roll up some Bob Marley joints some skunk datz tight

And Nate got a hundred piece, so we piece so properly
on the O.C.
We in the zone bombed out feelin' good j'ya know
Got the homegirls and homies from the hood j'ya
know, 2-1, 1-9, 2-0
We all in the house and it's a Long Beach thang

Where I was born and hung out
To all my players and hustlers and gang bangers listen
up
It's about time, I kick a rhyme, to fuck shit up
Now who throws shit?

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Now do the gangstas run this motherfucka? Hell yeah
Or do the ladies run this motherfucka? Hell yeah

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Now the party is bumpin', thumpin' back to back
And Daz on the turn-table puttin' down a scratch
I'm on the mic so I'ma bust me a rap
And I'm a dedicate this one to a crack of hood rats

The Dogg Pound nation Lex and big Pac-sy
These is the peoples I see rockin' the party
Ever they go gonna pop-lock on the flo'
Well do the boogaloo shrimp and pimp the ho

I got to owe em' my life 'cuz I'm a O.G.
I got the love in the hood 'cuz I'm livin' homie
I got the seals when it comes to rockin' rhymes
So put ya fists up to the side it's yours, I got mines

Now everything is live don't you agree?
And if you do then he gon' move it with the nigga D O
double G
We ridin' with the hat to the side when we ride
Ya'll know how we do on the Eastside

You see this thing is we like to keep it harder
And for real party people just like Afro pimp and wadda
What do you want? Matter fact what do you need?
'Cuz we keep it all on point from the drank to the joint

So pass the bottle ain't no need to squabble
And hand it to the little homie let him have a swallow
It's a Eastside thang nigga bring yo ass
G's up Ho's down nigga you know the program

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So watch ya clock, the clock tickin'
But it won't stop tickin' 'cuz everybody kickin' it
We gettin' at the bitches, witches, the main thing
gangstas do
Skip the bump 'cuz the rumps what I came to view

New pussy in the hood, shall I kill it? Kill It
The way she got it poppin'

Oh, it's probably hotter than a skillet
But baby don't tweek like you ain't no freak

Peep I keep my game tight it ain't no leaks so we
Can keep this on the down low and take a walk with the
dog
And lemme show you what the pound for candle lightin'
romancin'
If I can just get the last dance in

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