

## Snoop Dogg

### "Eastside Ridaz(feat. LaToiya Williams, Nate Dogg & Soopafly)"

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[Bigg Snoop Dogg]

You'z a fool fo' dis, yeah

My dogg Hi-Tek, representin' Cincinnati, Ohio!

Eastside shit, y'all know how we get down

7 dizzles a wizzle, Bigg Bow Wiggle's, up in the hizzle

Fo' shizzle bizzle, here we go again

Freshly dressed, I jump up in the mo'nin' tryna find  
some Zest

Psyche, we like the Bom, somebody betta ring the  
alarm

And hit the folks at the forum

Let my homies off the yard

I shall see the head nigga in charge

Push... Bush outta office, dump 'til they get off us

Make them offers, that leave niggas in coffins

[Goldie Loc]

Can you feel it my nigga, I'm 'bout to kill it my niggas

Sound like guerillas, fo' real'a off gangsta government  
millas

Coke killas, when it comes to off mic'n wit me

I was branded in a gang, fuck havin' techniques

Just ride, not a damn lettin' these fools breathe

Pop peas, push keys, find a stash fo' yo cheese

Is it possible that laws might get jealous

Hell yeah they be hatin' on the 3 Good Fellas

[Tray Deee]

Over-dosage of ferocious, WestCoast in effect

Bang straight gangsta shit, so you know it's on deck

Hold and respect, cold as it get, don't wanna test

Kidnap ya wife and ya kids, you get the message

Insanity, commanded me to savagely spit

Suffer casualties, challenge me, I handle it quick

No talkin', C-Walkin', we chokin' the block off

Lettin' the glock off

And throwin' up DoggHouse

[Hook: Nate Dogg]

WestCoast niggas and we all in yo house

Gang bang niggas we gon' turn this bitch out  
Eastside ridaz and we all in yo mouth  
Dogg Pound Gang we let the mothafuckin' doggs out  
Nate Dogg, Goldie, Snoopy, Tray Deee  
Never loved a ho and run the "G-A" in me  
Always got a bitch, but never in the front seat  
Still the same let the mothafuckin' doggs out

[Goldie Loc]

Yeah! it's about to get Crip'd out crazy  
Blast on all you suckas with the throw away to daily  
Don't you shoot that little mothafucka no mo'  
That ain't what he said when he hit the chest went  
through his heart, came out his elbow  
You shouldn't have been talkin' that shit bitch boy  
Sayin' the wrong thing against the real McCoy  
Didn't know I was a cold-blooded gangsta  
If you ain't ridin' wit us fool, we'll catch ya lata

[Tray Deee]

We exploded, reloaded and sewed it up  
Sprayed shots to the crowd, like a loaded pump  
Keep this mothafucka jumpin' 'til they close it up  
Then we dippin' wit a sip and some hoes to fuck  
Pour late, the hard way, ain't no bustas here  
So explicit you can only get it once a year  
Eastsidaz, the ridaz, they change the game  
And let you know from here go, we straight came to  
bang

[Bigg Snoop Dogg]

Put me on a leash if you dare and I doubt you  
Ever see someone here, who gave a fuck about you?  
Niggas on the streets gon' keep talkin' shit about you  
As long as you clap fool, it's bigger than 'bout too  
Fuck wit fools, that ain't never paid us  
And try to turn the homies into traitaz  
Blue rags with blue balls, fo' all you hataz  
I shoot a shout out to the killas  
Yeah them stealas and Raiders

[Soopafly]

It's them D-O double G'z  
Ain't nobody really fuckin' wit deez

[Bigg Snoop Dogg]

Who let the mothafuckin' doggs out?

[Soopafly]

DoggHouse in ya mouth  
We them niggas people talkin' about

[Bigg Snoop Dogg]  
Who let the mothafuckin' doggs out?

[Soopafly]  
Niggas betta run and hide, we about to ride

[Bigg Snoop Dogg]  
Who let the mothafuckin' doggs out?

[Soopafly (Bigg Snoop Dogg)]  
Who let the mothafuckin' doggs out? (Woof, woof)

[Bigg Snoop Dogg]  
Who let them Eastside ridaz out?

[Goldie Loc]  
Now all the locs and doggs, who roll in big balls, say  
chips! (Chips!)  
And all the women wit extensions in well fed  
conditions, you bitch! (You Bitch!)

[Bigg Snoop Dogg]  
Hey! who let the mothafuckin' gate open?  
Police comin' and we still smokin'  
What you drinkin' on Loc'y, Loc'y?  
Doggy wo'gy, got his fo'gy while we tokin' on the wo'gy,  
doggy

[Goldie Loc]  
Say woof mothafucka!, woof mothafucka!  
Mighty mowed his ass, take his block fo' the hustlas  
Post up, make about a million a month  
Hittin' Bloods!, switchin' guns!

[Hook: Nate Dogg]  
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