

Snoop Dogg

"For All My Niggaz Bitches"

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Well, it's that slow flow, D O, double G, nigga
See these other fools but you can't see me, nigga
Who am I? It's Kurupt motherfucker
Do or die, we gives a fuck, motherfucker

So, slow your roll, I'm in control like Janet
The locest twenty-one year old nigga that's on this
planet
Take it for granted, if ya wanna, 'cuz I'm gonna
Grab my strap then clear the corner, beotch

So, all my bitches and my niggaz and my niggaz and
my bitches
Wave your motherfuckin' hands in the air
And if you don't give a shit like we don't give a shit
Wave your motherfuckin' fingers in the air

So, all my niggaz and my bitches and my bitches and
my niggaz
Wave your motherfuckin' hands in the air
And if you don't give a fuck like we don't give a fuck
Keep your motherfuckin' hands in the air

Now on a one, two, three, who could it be?
Comin' with a group of gangsta shit for ninety-three
So, ninety-four's arrived nigga, back on up
And let me and my Dogg Kurupt fuck shit up

Now, can't nobody see me here or there
Wherever I bails, I put it down on the ground
'Cuz ain't shit for sale in the coupe with the beat flossin'
off gold D's
And my cousin Snoop packs well, you know what I mean

And it don't take much, for the Dogg pound to bust a
cap
In your ass, for gettin' us all fucked up
Now check it, it's a callin' for niggaz like Doggs
Who supposed to be the shit, but steadily bitchin' like
hogs

Yes, y'all, walk the Doggs, yes y'all, yiggy y'all

Stay full of that gin and juice and have a ball
I packs a strap, like that, I kicks it like this
Now, how many bitches must get dick?

Before they say, [Incomprehensible] nigga from back
in the day
Ya never ever thought I'd see him bustin' with Dr. Dre
'Cuz I grips mics, I rips mics in half
Hoes be comin' to my flat so I can tap that ass

So, all my niggaz and my bitches and my niggaz and
my niggaz
Wave your motherfuckin' hands in the air
And if you don't give a shit like we don't give a shit
Keep your motherfuckin' fingers in the air

So, all my niggaz and my bitches and my bitches and
my niggaz
Wave your motherfuckin' hands in the air
And if you don't give a fuck like we don't give a fuck
Keep your motherfuckin' fingers in the air

You're headed my way, nigga, you best to hit a U-turn
quick
So what's happenin'? I'm cappin' shit up like a Western
flick
The kinpin' of the clique, top notch
17 shot Glock cocked, so, all nigga, drop

The run of the mill fool get broke off for tryin' to serve
The best Kurupt's era, peep the terror, 'cuz it's a
murder fest
I smoke chronic every day, so what have we
Another motherfucker, gettin' served like some cavy

Now who, drops, ruff rhymes, I got full juice like 2Pac
Plus I'm rollin' with two Glocks
Fly motherfuckers can't see Kurupt
Hellraisin' like Pinhead, beware I'm tearin' shit the fuck
up

Slow your roll, like your legs was broken
Who's jokin'? Rakim never joked, so why should I loc?
Now that's my idol, check the vital rhyme flow doe
Runnin' 'em like Flo Jo, stranded on Death Row

Mediocre motherfuckers die 'cuz I'm servin' it
They can't fuck with or see me, I'm mass murderin'
Smokin' indo, look out my window I suppose, yeah
Niggaz don't understand how we kicks diffrent flows

I'm raw like new footage, I'm rugged like a BF Goodrich
Bring your whole set and get your hood lynched
Drop to your knees like a dog in heat
Peep the murderous styles and the poetical techniques

So, all my niggaz and my bitches and my bitches and
my niggaz
Wave your motherfuckin' hands in the air
And if you don't give a shit like we don't give a shit
Keep your motherfuckin' fingers in the air

So, all my niggaz and my bitches and my bitches and
my niggaz
Wave your motherfuckin' hands in the air
And if you don't give a fuck like we don't give a fuck
Keep your motherfuckin' fingers in the air

Check it out, it's Rage, ready for the breakdown
Take down, when it comes to the mic
I'm puttin' my weight down and that's 175 pounds of
beed
Beatin yo' ass down to the concrete

Fool, act like ya know
I'm stranded on Death Row with no where to go, so
What's a girl to do?
Take out a crew, or two, a few, what you wanna do?

Throw your guns in the motherfuckin' air, we don't care
Niggaz don't give a fuck, nigga
About nuthin' at all, just my Doggs and clockin' the
grip, bitch
Niggaz don't give a fuck, nigga

That's why I can kick it so tuff, 'cuz when times get ruff,
my
Niggaz don't give a fuck, nigga
The clique that I'm with, don't give a shit, ya know why?
Real niggaz don't give a fuck

Now, all my bitches and my niggaz
Wave your motherfuckin' hands in the air
So, all my niggaz and my bitches
Wave your motherfuckin' hands in the air

So, all my niggaz and my bitches
Wave your motherfuckin' hands in the air
And if you don't give a fuck like we don't give a fuck
Keep your motherfuckin' fingers in the air

