

Snoop Dogg "G'd Up"

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I bang with the gang that don't need no intro
We run from East Long Beach to West South Central
Credentials, to kick flows an' rip shows
Dip 4s an' pimp hoes while the indo blow

You know that West coast low mentality
Focused on reality but livin' in a hole 'notha galaxy
We keep it straight hard but guard the spot
Bangas snatch chains in the parkin' lot

Don't matter, there still be fine hoes to gather
Pick about the thickest bitch an' I gots to have her
It's routine, the coupe clean, let's hit the sho'
You know we all fuckin' once they glimpse the po'

Wit the satin in my hand, pack the gat on my lap
'Coz it's hatin' when you're skatin' an' your pockets is
fat
Don't act for a minute like your ass surprised
Just recognize the real way that gangstas ride

If it ain't chronic, don't blaze it up
An' if it ain't a Chevy, don't raise it up
You know we keep it bangin', don't fake the funk
So all the real niggaz stay gangsta'd up

We makin' paper only suckas claim to touch
By stickin' to the script an' neva changin' up
You know we keep it bangin', don't fake the funk
Keep it real, motherfucka, stay gansta'd up

It's goin' down, motherfuckaz, like dat
Sounds like Battlecat been upstairs wit Zapp
An' the knockin' don't stop
I hope nobody don't call the cops

It don't stop, the beat'll make your pop block
Nah betta yet 'coz dis shit'll keep your glock cocked
You think I'm trippin'? Fool, I ain't bullshittin'
You betta read up on dis shit to keep the latest non-
fiction

Watch out for the friction
Dis West coast on mine an' fuck anybody dssin', nigga,
listen
Dogg House style 'coz I'm a gangsta Crip
C walkin', holdin' on the extra clip

Now you wanna be a friend
But you gonna make me unload an' slap the other clip
in reload
You wanna go toe to toe?
Sit my pistol down on ground on the pound, nigga, hell,
no

I must stay gangsta'd up 'coz it just lives in me
An' when I seen enuff, I guess dats when I'll free
somebody
Once said from Willie C., nigga, don't speak on me
I won't stop, so let me be, we are from the streets,
somebody

I'm a Long Beach, East Side mad ass lunatic
Gang bang, slap a bitch, nigga, out to get a grip
On the grind, gettin' mine, ask the homiez on the 9
2 O, you know

We still own niggaz who talk bitch shit
Real niggaz feel dis, let's get rich
Under the sun with the Young 2 Ones
TLCs an' all the DPGs

Down for whatever, who eva wanna see me now
You lookin' like me, I guess you wanna be me now
It take a whole lot to be Snoop D O dub
You gotta put it down an' always stay G'd up

All Star shoes with the G apparel
If I fall in the club, I might bust a pair of Stacy Adams
You neva catch me lookin' R an' B
I might be in a 3 piece suit lookin' way O.G.

Blazin' a ounce with the homie, Cat
Or Ruff Dogg 'coz I love puttin' hustlas on the map
I keep it gangsta fo' sho', do', lo'
An' always got the muthfuckin' do do smoke

For all my locs an' ken folks, dis is for y'all
Let me hit sum'thin', dog
Beware of my clique
We hopin' an' dropin' nuthin' but the gangsta shit

If it ain't chronic, don't blaze it up

An' if it ain't a Chevy, don't raise it up
You know we keep it bangin', don't fake the funk
For all my real niggaz stay gangsta'd up

We makin' paper only suckas claim to touch
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Gangstas, Dogg House
Sum'thin' for the 9 5, plus for pennies
Tray-Dee, Goldie Loc, yeah
My nigga, Battlecat on the beat, bustas for life
West Side

You can't spell the 'West' without the E, S
Ah, yes, we connectin', y'all
That's how we do it, do it to 'em
An' we out, see ya

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