

Snoop Dogg

"Hoes, Money, And Clout"

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Dogg Pound

Don Colion, whatever, whatever, Dogg Pound, East Side
Don Colion, whatever, whatever, Dogg Pound, East Side
Don Colion, whatever, whatever, Dogg Pound, East Side
Whatever, whatever

For all my homies with the eight tray wigs
And all the playas in the '79 Coupes
For all of my gang affiliates in tha hoppin' '68
This one's from me to you

Not the Under Dogg, call me the Wonder Dogg
I keep it crackin' while I'm stackin' in this game called
rappin'
Now, I kick up my feet like I kick a rhyme to a beat
And every time you see me on the streets, I gots some
heat
Hell, yeah, then pass the beat

And everybody wanna know what's up with me and
Master P
For your concern, you knew there want no gimmick
When I got into some gangsta shit and told you want
No Limit
To the thangs I'm gon' do, now it's really goin' down
with the DPGC

Well, Daz did the beat and Kurupt got the heat
And Tray Dee, he laid the hook and Supafly played the
keys
It get no realer than this
From the LB to the Down South, add more killers to this

Entourage, South, West, oh yes, we in charge
And we'll pull your cards, no disrespect or disregards
Life in the big LB is gettin' hard, so my squad gon' mob
and drop bombs
Bring me along, we causin' everybody harm

I make ya scream, I make ya shout
C'mon, all you partyin' people, let me turn ya out
'Cuz you know I'm all about, the hoes, money and clout

And I rock a Long Beach City all the way down South

I make ya scream, I make ya shout
C'mon, all you partyin' people, let me turn ya out
'Cuz you know I'm all about, the hoes, money and clout
And I rock a Long Beach City all the way down South

Can you feel me? I can dig it
Hoes, take me to the bridge

Snoop Dogg, Snoop Dogg
Snoop Dogg, Snoop Dogg
Snoop Dogg, Snoop Dogg
Snoop Dogg, Snoop Dogg

Whether in a Khaki suit or a pimped stripe
I'm a G for G and nuttin' else for life
You can bet your bottom biscuit
You get twisted if you dwellin' in my felon intuition

Tha Doggfather is a household name
From basketball to alcohol, everybody love the Dogg
I'm sure Billy King, probably got a Doggystyle tape
Somewhere hidden in his briefcase

Newsweek, Rolling Stone, major magazines
Dope fiends, prom queens, we too clean
Take a look, you ain't ever seen
One hip hop rap star drop this West Coast rap-cord

Back to the spot up top
West Hills for real, give it up to him
A who bang with diamond
Take a hit with big Lajezy before he found some
wheezy

With blue Colion playin' in the background
On and on, behind line with big style
Hitting P, LIG, tell him let it go
Game strong, no longer in the roll

Just a few names from the respected files
LBC styles, DPG ale
I bought a house with a lake in the back
My big home stack just like that

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