

## Snoop Dogg "I Luv It"

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Eastsidaz come out and play  
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Eastside, one five, two, one  
Two, oh, Eastside one five  
Yeah, uh-huh, uh-huh  
We finna show you  
Motherfuckers what's happenin'  
Tray Dee

Comin' in front and center state ya name and game  
Yeah, them Eastsidaz back and we came to bang  
(Eastside)  
Givin' it up, pistols and chucks, rags hangin'  
Strictly insane and we do the damn thang

It's the big bad Eastsider rollin'  
Now how many blocks we controllin'  
Two 0, two 1, one 5, 17 and 11  
One 9 and a muthafuckin' dime

Murder block to the swamp front of grand mama house  
They don't sleep, well freak off brand knock 'em out  
Stay deep, bring heat make streets emorge  
Young Gs, lil' Gs, casualties and war

So we push the turf steady pushin' work  
Niggas love seein' thugs so we look for dirt  
Where the shit don't stop and them six fours hop  
If ya just get socked, don't trip gettin' dropped

All black wit' a little bit of gold  
Now lemme show you motherfuckers how the Eastside  
roll  
Footin' to the metal, every hand on stiletto  
Extra clip when we book out, peace we long ghetto

I'm about to make the shit crack  
We got straps in this bitch I got somethin' on fat  
Tellin' you motherfuckers, damn  
It ain't no thang when you bang wit' the Dogg Pound  
(Dogg Pound)

(I luv it)  
The way the homies come through  
All blue nigga what y'all wanna do?  
(I luv it)  
We got hos to the left  
Platinum on our chest nigga, yup, yup

(I luv it)  
Can't stop, won't stop  
So what that L.B.C. Like?  
(I luv it)  
We do the damn thang all night  
Better yet fo' life

I luv it, we keepin' that shit G  
'Cause that's all I see, I luv it

We always gon' roll and stay way too deep  
Tray Dee, Goldie, Snoop, 'Deuces N Trayz'  
Still give it to that ass the old fashion way  
From the LB city, where them shells leave many  
Wannabes on they knees, tryna beef wit' a gizze

Aye loc, I represent till the shit don't stop  
Fuck them paramedics and them crooked ass cops  
It's hard to maintain on the front line  
Check this out 'cuz I gotta get mine

Low ridahs, Eastsidaz comin' wit' that G shit  
People want some of this? Hell naw trick  
I'm keepin' that shit gangsta  
Yeah, C-walkin' on you pranksters, nigga

We don't really give a mad fuck nigga what?  
Gettin' mad stuck, catch you comin' out the cut  
Hoo ridin', G ridin' fuck the law  
Better hope you on my side once I clutch and draw

My reactions, attractions, fast and all actions  
Till I die east the side, I stay smashin'  
Represent this like its meant to see  
To the graveyard or the penitentiary

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Zoom  
Zoom  
Zoom

I am Sir Dogg, D P G funk and I am Crip  
I never learned to Crip  
Oh no, put me down, let go of my legs  
I'll never C-walk, do the time of life  
You have the time of your life, hey, ha

Oh yeah, what's Crip-a-lat'n baby?  
Eastsidaz, 'Duces 'N Trayz  
The old fashioned way  
Somethin' uh, to make you move, groove  
And definitely sets the mood

It's so, uh, gangsta, it's so, uh, prankster  
It's the hoodie, hoodie, goodie, goodie  
To lick ya boogie oggie, oggie  
Can ya dig what I'm talkin' 'bout, I smell ya Battle Cat  
Now that's funky, that's so funky, I have to say, uh

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