

Snoop Dogg "Lbc Thang"

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They say [Incomprehensible]
What, what?
[Incomprehensible]

Once upon a time, not long ago
[Incomprehensible] way befoe da dayz, I wuz known to
flow
I wuz showin' straight luv in da beach
Hugz frum da freaks, even by tha thugz wit da heats

Now it seem, da hole damn hood dun switched up
Used ta put our fists up, see hoo lip git bust
Hallain' out da set as we sweat at da hutch
Come frum out of bounds, mess around, git stuck

So tell me, wuts up wit dis LBC thang?
Homies hatin' homies wen we on dis G thang
Now peep game, it's about ta be da next century
It ain't about life witout da penitentiaries

It git ta be a damn shame at times
Knowin' we da strongest wen thangs combine
Bang da nine, dub an' insane for life
West an' North side keep brangin' it rite

Let's all come togetha, leave that bull alone
(Long Beach, Long Beach)
I'm tired of playin' games, man, wuts goin' on?
We all shood luv one another, put da guns away
An' kick it with each otha on dis luvly thang

We pushin' da real about da LBC
Dirty D, Reeseka an' Big Skrappy
C-Dogg on da switch 'cuz dis is Eastside good
Beach City to da fullest wut chall thout dis wuz

I'm hallain' at my family, Jimmy Brown frum da beach
He told me dat da hood wuz back crackin' at peace
So you know me, I'ma throw us a feast
Fa all my homeboyz frum da muthafuckin' East

Y'all deserve it, I'm swervin' in da beema now

I wish all my dead homeboyz kood see me now
I'm driftin' thinkin' back how it wuz
But all dis muneey kan't bring da homies back up

So take it for wut it wuz worth from da earth to da dirt
We gunna do dis till yo' head hurt
My time keeps slippin' away
Me an' my niggaz keep chippin' away

I rememba wen my nigga Fay wuz lockd away
We used to tell him how we dreamed about gettin'
payd
An' now we takin' trips while we mix alize
An' we du dis in da LBC kinda way

Let's all come togetha, leave that bull alone
(Long Beach, Long Beach)
I'm tired of playin' games, man, wuts goin' on?
We all shood luv one another, put da guns away
An' kick it with each otha on dis luvly thang

You got me on da money makin' mission
But my Mom's at da house steady wishin'
That I don't roll out 'cuz she know sumthin' wrong
So I take anutha git frum da bomb

I leave da house ta git wit dis gangsta hits
Doggs an' locs git ready ta manage a grip
Dirty Dale frum insane an' lil Sag frum da dub
Dem both of bruthas I gots ta giv 'em luv

Now wut dis sound like
Me blastin' anyone of my kind foo dat ain't rite
I still repent on everythang that I did
Let me put my thangs up, I gots ta raise me a kid

Baby Goldie gunna have it jus like Spanky
Let me git my funds rite, homie, don't playa hate me
Light it up, blaze it up, ain't no need fo' chokin'
Eastside, Long Beach, 'fo we West Coast

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(Long Beach, Long Beach)
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