

Snoop Dogg "Nuthin But A G Thang Featuring Dr. Dre"

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One, two, three and to the fo'
Snoop Doggy Dogg and Dr. Dre is at the do'
Ready to make an entrance, so back on up
'Cause you know we 'bout to rip shit up

Gimme the microphone first
So I can bust like a bubble
Compton and Long Beach together
Now you know you in trouble

Ain't nothin' but a G thang, babay
Two loc'ed out nigga's so we're crazy
Death Row is the label that pays me
Unfadable, so please don't try to fade this, hell yeah

But, uh, back to the lecture at hand
Perfection is perfected, so I'm 'a let 'em understand
From a young G's perspective
And before me dig out a bitch I have ta' find a
contraceptive

You never know she could be earnin' her man
And learnin' her man and at the same time burnin' her
man
Now you know I ain't wit that shit, Lieutenant
Ain't no pussy good enough to get burnt while I'm up in
it

Now that's realer than real deal Holyfield
And now all you hookas and ho's know how I feel
Well, if it's good enough to get broke off a proper
chunk
I'll take a small piece of some of that funky stuff

It's like this and like that and like this and uh
It's like that and like this and like that and uh
It's like this and like that and like this and uh
Dre, creep to the mic like a phantom

Well, I'm peepin' and I'm creepin' and I'm creepin'
But I damn near got caught 'cause my beeper kept
beepin'

Now it's time for me to make my impression felt
So sit back, relax, and strap on your seatbelt

You never been on a ride like this befo'
With a producer who can rap and control the maestro
At the same time with the dope rhyme that I kick
You know and I know, I flow some ol funky shit

To add to my collection, the selection
Symbolizes dope, take a toke, but don't choke
If ya' do, ya' have no clue
O' what me and my homey Snoop Dogg came to do

It's like this and like that and like that and uh
It's like that and like this and like that and uh
It's like this, than who gives a fuck about those?
So jus' chill, 'til the next episode

We ain't got to be there
('Cos you're over the project)
We ain't got to be there
(Yeah, yeah)

Fallin' back on that ass with a hellified gangsta' lean
Gettin' funky on the mic like a' old batch o' collard
greens
It's the capital S, oh yes, the fresh N double O P
D O double G Y D O double G ya' see

Showin' much flex when it's time to wreck a mic
Pimpin' ho's and clockin' a grip like my name was
Dolomite
Yeah, and it don't quit
I think they in a mood for some mothafuckin' G shit

So Dre, what up Dogg?
We gotta give 'em what dey want, what's that, G?
We gotta break 'em off somethin', hell yeah
And it's gotta be bumpin', City of Compton

It's where it takes place so I'm a ask your attention
Mobbin' like a mothafucka but I ain't lynchin'
Droppin' the funky shit that's makin' the sucka niggaz
mumble
When I'm on the mic, it's like a cookie, they all crumble

Try to get close and your ass'll get smacked
My mothafuckin' homie Doggy Dogg has got my back
Never let me slip 'cause if I slip, then I'm slippin'
But if I got my Nina, then you know I'm straight trippin'

And I'm a continue to put the rap down, put the mack
down
And if your bitches talk shit, I have ta' put the smack
down
Yeah, and ya' don't stop
I told you I'm just like a clock when I tick and I tock

But I'm never off, always on, 'til the break dawn
C O M P T O N, and the city they call Long Beach
Puttin' the shit together
Like my nigger D.O.C no one can do it better

Like this, that and this and uh
It's like that and like this and like that and uh
It's like this, than who gives a fuck about those?
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