

Snoop Dogg "Pay Ya Dues"

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[Verse 1]

Now here we go, y'all gotta play this
(Why?) 'Cause the others are so scared to say this
Now tell me, what am I supposed to do
About a sucker like you who ain't never paid dues?
Slapper, hip-happer, you're gettin' wacker
Your girl better step, or I just might jack her
Smack her like a gangster, but I don't bang
I gank suckers like you for thick gold chains
(He don't deserve it) Hell nah
So take it off your neck
'Cause Goddamn, you ain't comin' correct
What's this, a sucker duck holdin' a mic?
And like Keith Sweat said, somethin' just ain't right
Seems nowadays everybody wanna be a rapper
Down wit' crews
But they ain't never paid dues
Suckers perpetratin', playin' hardcore
Punks, I bet you worked at a flower store
You know what eats me up the most?
Is when a sucker just started and thinks he's high post
You ain't pay a nann due in your life
Talkin' 'bout a new style, you know who you sound like?
KRS, Chuck D, Kool Moe, as one
Yellin' on the mic like ya name was Run
You'se a peon, went and bought a pair of Lee's
Now all of a sudden you supposed to be an MC?
Yo, that's wack, it just ain't right
You only stood on one stage in your whole damn life
Now you want respect, hey yo, you'se a fool
Everybody wanna rap, but they ain't paid dues

[Verse 2]

I can still remember way, way back in the days
The times me and Aladdin dreamed of gettin' paid
Standin' outside just to pull in the jacks
To earn a little money to drop a dope track
Back in the days I drove a raggedy Dodge
Couldn't afford a studio, so we used a garage
Aladdin used to grab a gang of disco breaks
One turntable and a broken 808
My little brother Tunes and Frank, they hung around all

night

To make sure that the demo was tight
Didn't have an enigneur, if you know what I mean
Aladdin did it all at the age of 16
Gifted, uplifted, straight gangsta Mack
Suckers had me playin' the back

But thanks to Ice-T I got my foot in the door
Now I'ma rock the mutha-(uh) till it ain't no more
We paid dues

[Verse 3]

I knew a brother who used to dress just like a faggot
Real tight jeans, some boots and leather jackets
Homie as hell, he never came outside
'Cause everytime I came around, he used to run and
hide
Spoiled like a brat, had everything he wanted
And when he walked, he switched like a woman
Rode a pink bike, man, the sucker was soft
Had to be in before the street lights came on
Yo, just the other day I turned my radio on
The Mack Attack kicked on a brand new song
I didn't know what it was, I never heard it before
But the record was smooth and hardcore
I said to myself, "Hey yo, I gotta see this group."
So I called up Aladdin and the rest of the crew
Grabbed the nine wit' the hollow point tip
Stepped in the party with a gangster limp
Took a look at the stage, and yo, whaddya know?
The same old faggot from a long time ago
From real tight jeans and the go-go boots
He went to Pendeltons and a khaki suit
Now tell me, ain't this a blip?
Somebody need to slap the perpetrator in the lip
Yesterday he was a mamma's boy, now he's rappin'?
Foolin' the crowd because he got you all clappin'
And tappin', an example of what I'm tryin' to prove
A sucker like this who ain't never paid dues
So to those who wanna rap, I'm pertainin' to you
Before you pick up a mic, you gotta pay dues, word

Let the story be told
That's the way it is
You got to pay yo' dues

Low Profile definitely in the buildin', ya dig?
W.C., DJ Aladdin
Frank, Crazy Tunes, Jazzy D
Abracadabra, DJ Aladdin
We outta here

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