

## Snoop Dogg "Real Soon"

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(feat. D.P.G.C.)

[Snoop]

Special dedication from the D.P.G.C.  
To all the homies locked down  
Hope that we could be together soon  
On some real talk  
We used to do it big out here, my nig  
You should see how we doin' it out here now  
Check it out...

[Daz]

It's been eighteen years since I seen you on the streets  
You're up for parole heard the word this week  
My cousin Flip comin' home damn it's been so long  
Keep ya eyes on the prize, homie keep ya head strong  
Sendin' ya packages, kites keep you straight  
Keepin' this commissary fat 'til the take(?)  
So we can chop it up, so we can spread the icin'  
Enticing OG's fo' surely, you know I like it  
This is a D.P.G. dedication  
It's for my homies on parole or probation  
And you can catch a case homie on vacation  
It's for the radio, so ya'll just bang it

[Snoop]

To my young homeboy, who ain't never gettin' out  
Here's a record for you homie, 'cause I know you got  
clout  
One love, Eastside, that's how we do right  
D.P.G.C. we do or die  
Oh yes we fresh to death, nonetheless  
When we was out, we was rockin' Guess  
But guess what?, now we rockin' Snoop Dogg clothin'  
And every nigga in the click straight rollin'

[Chorus: Nate Dogg]

Hope that, we can be, be together real soon...  
I hope that, we can be, be together real soon  
Real soon...

[Kurupt]

Just a little bit of game ain't a damn thang  
Let the heater rang, bang, Dogg Pound gang swang  
Ride wit me, let me show ya how the D.P do  
G.C. Dat Nigga Daz, Kurupt, Nate, Snoop  
The homies might flash  
Kick back, send about five of 'em past  
All I wanna do is D.P.G.  
And keep it like that and hit donuts in the streets  
Ridin' by, gettin' high, do that one-two step  
Make the whole spot stop, then hit the vogue(?) next  
Me and Daz ridin' side by side  
Nate and Snoop ridin', one in front, one behind.

[Snoop]

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[Chorus]

[Nate Dogg]

Nigga out up on the streets tryin' to come on up  
Got caught slippin', and got caught the hell up  
Just tryin' to make some money wit my rhymes  
Cheddar for my baby, then live right  
Got me a room and a couple of rocks  
Raised on the streets, yes, the school of hard knocks  
Nigga betta pay me, ready or not  
Findin' dead bodies all on your block  
Nigga gotta get paid, and that's on the real  
Broke on the smoke, then you know how I feel  
I miss the real gangsta's, and that's on the real  
Got locked up while chasin' the scrill...

[Snoop]

To my young homeboy, who ain't never gettin' out  
Here's a record for you homie, 'cause I know you got  
clout  
One love, eastside, that's how we do right  
D.P.G.C. we do or die  
Oh yes we fresh to death, nonetheless  
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[Chorus]

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