

Snoop Dogg "Serial Killa"

Visit "[Serial Killa](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Six million ways to die, choose one

[Kurupt]

It's time to escape, but I don't know where the fuck I'm headed

Up or down, right or left, life or death

I see myself in a mist of smoke

Death becomes any nigga that takes me for a joke

We hit a five dollar stick, now we puttin in work

Unaccountable amounts of dirt, death becomes all niggaz

anybody killa, you know what the deal is

Nigga, you know what the real is

[Daz]

I see some mark brand niggaz on the corner flaggin me down

Sayin, "Yo Daz, what's up with the Pound?"

Is that nigga Snoop alright? Ayyo what's up with the crew?

Is them niggaz in jail, or are them niggaz through?"

I said, "If you ain't up on thangs..

Snoop Dogg is the name, Dogg Pound's the game"

It's like this they don't understand

It's an everyday thang, to gangbang

Make that twist, don't be a bitch, let these niggaz know

What's up witchu I represent the Pound and Death Row

And can't no other motherfucker in L.A. or Long Beach

and Compton and Watts see D-O-G's

Now, you can't come and you can't run, and you can't

see long to the G of the gang

One gun is all that we need, to put you to rest

{Pump pump!} Put two slugs dead in your chest

Now you dead then a motherfucker creepin and sleepin

6 feet deep in, fuckin with the Pound is

[RBX] Suicide, it's a suicide (4X)

[Snoop]

The cloud becomes black, and the sky becomes blue

Now you in the midst of the Dogg Pound crew

Ain't no clue, on why the fuck we do what we do
Leave you in a state of paranoia, oohh
Don't make a move for your gat so soon cuz
I drops bombs like Platoon (ay nigga)
Walk with me, hold my hand and let me lead you
I'll take you on a journey, and I promise I won't leave
you
(I won't leave you) until you get the full comprehension
And when you do, that's when the mission
or survival, becomes your every thought
Keep your eyes open, cuz you don't wanna be caught
Half steppin with your weapon on safety
Now break yourself motherfucker, 'fore you make me
take this 211 to another level
I come up with your ends, you go down with the devil
Now roam through the depths of hell
Where the rest your busta ass homeboys dwell
Well...

[RBX] Suicide, it's a suicide (4X)

Now tell me, what's my motherfuckin name?

[RBX] Serial killa, serial killa, serial killa

("Wake up in the mornin, to Lucky Charms cereal..")

[RBX]
Deep, deep like the mind of Minolta, now picture this!
Let's picnic inside a morgue
Not pic-a-nic baskets, pic-a-nic caskets
And I got the machine, that cracks your fuckin chest
plates
open and release them guts
Then I release def cuts
Brutal, jagged edged, totally ruffneck
Now everybody scream nuff respect to the X
Nuff respect given
Disrespect and you will not be livin
Word to momma, Emma, drama, dilemma

[RBX] Suicide, it's a suicide (4X)

Now tell me, what's my motherfuckin name
Serial killa, serial killa, serial killa

("Wake up in the mornin, to Lucky Charms cereal..")

