

# Snoop Dogg

## "The Day The Niggaz Took Over"

Visit "[The Day The Niggaz Took Over](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Intro: (\*guy talking\*)

(i'ma say this and i'ma gettin mine. if you ain't down for the africans

Here in the united states, period point blank. if you ain't down for the

Ones that suffer in south africa from apartheid and shit. devil you need to

Step your punk ass to the side and let us brothers and us africans step in

And start puttin some funk in that ass)

Hook:

Break em off sometin (x8)

Chorus:

I got my finger on the trigger so niggaz wonder why

But livin in the city it's do-or-die

\*repeat\*

Verse 1: dat nigga daz

They wonder where me bailin and don't really understand

The reason why they take me life and me ? ? ? ? hand

Me not out for peace and me not rodney king

Me gun goes click, me gun goes bang

Them riot in compton and them riot in long beach

Them rion in they lakers and don't really wanna see

Niggaz start to loot and police start to shoot

Lock it down at seven o'clock, then again it's like beirut

Me don't show no love cos it's us against them

Them never ever love me cos it's sport to break de,

And kill at my own risk if I may

Delay to spray with my ak and put it to rest

Interlude: (\*news report\*)

(yes we have. there have been riots, ahh, rioting, well I don't wanna say

Rioting but there's been looting downtown, but right  
now bree, what I want  
To show you is, they have started fires down at the end  
of the street)

Bridge:

[all] how many niggaz are ready to lose?  
[snoop] yeah, so what you wanna do?  
[dre] what you wanna do?  
[all] I said how many niggas are ready to lose  
[rbx] got myself an uzi and my brother a 9

Interlude: (\*guy talking\*)

(nobody told us today, in otherwords, you're still a  
slave. no matter how  
Much money you got, you still ain't shit)

Verse 2: dr. dre

Sittin in my livin room calm and collected  
Feelin mad, gotta get mine respected  
Cos what I just heard broke me in half  
And half the niggaz I know, plus the niggaz on the row,  
is bailin  
Laugh now but cry much later  
Ya see when niggas get together they get mad cos  
they can't fade us  
Like my niggas from south central, los angeles  
They find that they couldn't handle us  
Bloods, crips on the same squad  
With the ese's thumpin, nigga it's time ta rob and mob  
(and break the white man off somthin lovely, biddy-  
bye-bye  
I don't love dem so they can't love me)  
Yo straight puttin down gettin my scoot on  
Let's jump in off in compton so I gots ta get my loot on  
And come up on me some furniture or sometin

Got a vcr  
In the back of my car  
That I ganked from the slauson swap meet  
And motherfuckers better not try to stop me  
Cos they will see that I can't be stopped  
Cos i'ma cock my glock and pop til they all drop

Interlude: (\*news report\*)

(there has been videotape and you can see of the, aah,  
some of the crowd

Throwin things at the officers)  
(and swingin at them as well. like there was a young  
woman there. you see  
She took a swing at an officer with some object in her  
hand)

Bridge

Chorus

Verse 3: rbx

One-time trigger happy, no nigga love  
187 time, time to grab the glove  
Can't get prints so a 9 I throw away  
Or get prints so my uzi witta spray  
Pop pop pop another motherfucker drop  
And I get relived like \*? bop bop says? \*  
Smash, I crashed his head like a window  
I ain't no dead do', I'm high off the indo  
Creepin with the quickness to the cut  
Bust one to his head while he munches on that donut  
And cracker so now he best to back up  
I guess I gots ta pack up, fillin the clip up, I zip up-  
Town, the motherfuckin cops are all around  
Helicopters flyin  
These motherfuckers tryin  
To catch me and stretch me on death row  
But hell no's the poor black refuse to go

Interlude: (\*news report\*)

(this is now coverin a very, very wide area of los  
angeles where these  
Fires have been, aah, ignited. I mean, from here to the,  
aah, to the south  
End of south central is a long way)

Hook

Verse 4: daz

The outcome of this is destruction so the more fall  
Niggaz don't give a fuck so tem bust and before  
Niggaz backin up three black shows  
No justice so they copied ya right  
And here I am again, me, turn the other cheek, me  
Be too many wigs got me 9 to my tights  
So me bust, flick cos he don't give a fuck  
And me don't give a fuckin of my problems  
In with their fuck fuck

Outro: snoop doogy dogg

Blak blam, blam to dem fall

Listen to the shots from my nigga doggy dogg, biddy-  
bye

Dr dre him bust gun shots

Diggity daz and rbx them bust gun shots

Come again!

Visit [Snoop Dogg](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.