

Snoop Dogg

"The Fatha Figure"

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Hustlas, ballers, players, yeah
The fatha figga
It don't stop, it don't stop
It don't stop
One love, one love

I was raised in the inner city by ballers with diamonds
Climbin' the Benzes, rollin' Philles, we younger minors
Me, I be the one that's only 12 years old
Crankin' off the hook from cousin, let me sport his gold

And I was told to put it down and keep it real
Like 3 time crazy young player about the scrill
In this California lifestyle that I live
Them playas is havin' money man in plushed out cribs

Survivin' in the city is a serious task
Didn't know the [Incomprehensible] wanted, didn't
have time to ask
'Cuz I'm 'bout it, 'bout it like the TRU
One love to real hustlers, straight dollars for two

Gangstas, ballers and hustlers too
Baby youngsters wanna be like you
You're the fatha figure of today
We need to find a better way

We at the after party chillin' 'cuz we ain't no punks
Some cats is in the back with Macks and gold fronts
With sacks they post up, you know we be watchin'
Thinkin' they got it crankin', playa we got it poppin'

Now bitin' over dirty work, that ain't cool
With cats in drop 'Vettes in mobs and old schools
We rob them old fools, won't you amount your scratch ?
Respect them young G's, they the ones that's strapped,
ya know

Dogg Pound, that's the sound, check around, we hold it
down
It's the super duper, yes, the Snoop-a
Comin' through, in all gray and blue

Kickin' the game to the playas from the bay
All over the world and out the U.K
Everybody around they love Snoop D-O double to the G
'Cuz I'm what they love, you see

I'll break 'em, shake 'em and I make 'em and I take 'em
To the whale, leave 'em in a spell
And I got a little story to tell
For all my homies that's locked up in jail

I kick it to ya give it to ya for real
'Cuz I know y'all dealin' with the reals every day and
To get killed ain't nothin' to laugh about
But some niggas goin' out so sideways
Make me wanna get me a bulletproof

Hoo ride and slide around town in
But yet and still, if I get peeled
My niggas gon' ride forever and that's real
Ain't no stoppin', we ain't coppin' no pleas
We spit game for all the real G's
Feel up the [Incomprehensible] they love to have it
They love to take it to the dome, yeah it's on

Meanwhile back in the lab
Paper was gettin' stacked, hatas was gettin' mad
Confidential information exchanged up on the regular
One dead head, two steps a my competitor

Catch 'em slippin' 'cuz they just been bought
Got directions to the house and the keys to the vault
Well, let me open up this bundle of money, each off a
half
Pullin' capers with cousin Snoop, Kurrup and young
Daz

In for the cash, man, this gang is thick
If one caught up in the track we can all get sick
And have 'em shook
The four O crook didn't leave a clue
Snoop D-O double G tell 'em what you gon' do

I'll keep doin' what I'm gon' do
With my nigga J.T. the Bigga Figga, that's my nigga
Representin' Frisco, in case you didn't know
We blow by like Jerry Rice
Come back with styles that are oh so nice

Snoop D-O double to the G from the LBC
You gots to have cash to make it these days

You could make it at least a hundred different ways

I go the man and I get a 8 track
Make me a beat, smoke me a sack
Roll up some fat ass, uh uh uh
Blaze with my homies and it's on like that y'all

Yeah, yeah, it don't stop
Yeah, yeah, it don't stop, like that
Yeah, it don't stop, like that
One love
[Incomprehensible]

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We need to find a better way

Gangsters, ballers

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