

Snoop Dogg "Tommy Boy - Dat Nigga Daz"

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Southern hospitality
Yea (This that south shit boy)
Y'all know how we do this (shit)
What up fool
This for all my boys in Mississippi
Magnolia, McConnell (fightin south you know)
This for all my boys in Tennessee (tell 'em)
Holler at ya boy when I get there (MJG and Eightball)
All my playas in Houston
Atlanta GA (Georgia boys, in the hou)
(We'll say sup to that New Orleans clique out there)

It's a Sunday a fun day, one day
Away from Monday, and all day ain't no gunplay
And everything is alright outside (why)
Cuz? put his speech down and got all the brothers to
ride
For one cause, and that's how it is y'all
Wise on up to rise on up dawg
Each one teach one, let the lesson be taught
It ain't my fault your homie Tommy Boy got caught
If he was slicker than grease, he woulda been at peace
Instead tryna ride while the war was at cease

When me and Snoop was kids we always knew this kid
named Tommy
His parents died left him with gangit kinds of money
But Tommy was a hustler from around the way
Stayed on the northside of town, is where he say
He payed attention to whatever, they was games so
clever
If the situation was bad it can only get better
He ran around the dope house

So he put us up on his scheme
He knew that we was riders so he wanted us on his
team
(Uh, poor Tommy)
Getcha money, size team (uh)
Getcha money man
(He was out to get paid)
Getcha money man (Poor Tommy)

Getcha money man (Me and Snoop on his team)
(Get paid) Gotta have that money man (Getcha money man)
Getcha money man (Getcha money man)

Tommy was a rider, big money
Tommy had everything, it wasn't funny
All the younger G's used to look up to him
But there was no way, that the bigger ones could do him
They would try him, try him, everytime he was slick
But he never would slip, he always had his grip
And if he did, he'd get away cuz he was just too fast
Homie up Tommy, Tommy, Tommy's out to mash
Get it, get it, get it, cuz ya gotta have it
And when ya get make sure ya grab it and stab it
Maintain it, brain it, the way ya gots to
Cuz this is somethin to rock to

Man, we sacked up dollars and Caddies,
Omiscious muggin 'em for him
We had to gather up cash - whoever owed it to him
The hitman had hit us, niggas runnin shit,
and never wantin to quit us, when the machine gun spit
Now we really deep in the game, now it's murder and drugs
No names involved when that nigga caught a slug
Tommy told us forget it, that he's always down wit us
The problems of the murder will be acquitted (young nigga)

Now word on the streets is that Machine Gun Tommy,
ridin on big ballers for a pasttime hobby
So if ya havin money, and ya smoke big weed
First thing ya need is a security team
And we provide, or should I say we ride for Tommy
My compadre, and if he say "spray em", we spray
So I suggest, you get with the 'PG,
or find yourself layin six feet dizzy

We was down with big Tommy
(Getcha money man. getcha money man. getcha money man)
On the streets doing his thang, gettin paid
(Getcha money man. getcha money man.)
(Getcha money man. getcha money man.)
We was down with big Tommy
(Getcha money man. getcha money man. getcha money man)
Me and Snoop still on his team, big pimps gettin paid
We was down with big Tommy

(Getcha money man. getcha money man. getcha money man)

We was down with big Tommy

(Getcha money man. getcha money man.)

Check me out now man

We had money, jewelry and expensive cars

Niggas who didn't know us, finally know who we are

We was important to the neighborhood like presidents and mass,

everytime he do a lick he break us off our proper share

A couple of days Tommy was on top of the world

Threw a party with the homies, invited gangs of girls

Yeah, it was off the hook ya'know

We had everything from Indo to blow (Whhaaatt, you sniff blow?)

Oh hell no, I got my whole life ahead of me, no time to be sniffin

If Tommy find out, boy he'll be trippin

So I stay A-Ok, but anyway

Tommy got somethin to say, to say, to say...

Aye look here mayne,

What some people won't do for money

Yea I had these two niggas that was on my team

Ya'know, down with me like the Grey Tape

It's always the niggas that's closest to ya,

that be the ones that try to get'cha, ya'knowhalmsayin

Shit I heard these ladies the other day say that pimpin was dead

I said not in my bed bitch

Ah-ha, that's real, I'll put that on my fiz-sound

I'm a pimp 'til I die, cuz I represent the big,

as well as the small ha-ha

Big Timin baby

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