

Snoop Dogg "What We Do"

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What is a gangsta if he ain't strapped?
And what is a gangsta if he can't scrap?
And what is a gangsta if he can't mack?
Well I can do it all baby, just like that
The grass is greener on the side I live on
Doggie Dogg and way soft, motherfucker you death,
bro?
But why he on peace, If he was a beast he would've
took off on the south Midwest and the east?
Chill, y'all niggas don't get and you'll probly never will.
It's hard to be real
But it's easy to kill. That's probly why I keep my game
on the top of the hill
They keep my name on the top of the bill while y'all lost
out there, poppin' them pills
You could've been with Snoop Dogg, rockin' the bill,
hop in the veele.
For real, I'm outclockin' the meal

I'm a east side nigga on these west side streets
In my G boy stance with my hands on my dick
We the best thing goin', got the champagne pourin'
And we put it down, come and do the damn thing goin'
I'm a selfmade millionaire, the boss Big Snoop
Everything I touch I turn to big loot
This the ZU gang and we ride with Snoop
All I know is that I make that shit do what it do

It's the early Berg, it's the grandest anthem
Good day LA, it's time to get back at 'em
Yea, the west coast renaissance
You could smell it in the air, feel the ambiance
And on the road to riches and fancy things
To get a little recognition, be the major bling
Get the ole 6 range, house on the hill, 40 acres in the...
dollar dollar bill
Big heads in my pocket, hoes in the VI
Mack though this, scratch like a feline
Sip on the bottle mack, lick on the matua
Break it down, twist 'em up like Chicago rock
To the club, hop off, new Jays
Fitted to the back like 7 and 5-8's

I'm all fly with a fly date
I'm here to buggy, don't make me add to the crime rate

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Hoes on my nuts like screws and bolts
Fuck bein' a playa, I'm tryin' to coach
I will pick advantage if you'll let me
Have you driblin' balls like Lisa Leslie, test me
I'm gon release the heat again
You floatin' in the ocean like Lacy Peterson
Run, cuz you don't want confrontation
Masturbate Georgia, masturbatin' bitch
Ey mack we blim big
Can't be mad at young Einstein, acceleratin' the game
Nigga I'mma get mine
Lee, I'mma get mine too
Slide through with the candy paint
Light tint, like ZU. You don't know the outcome
Got the whole game locked up like Akon
We purple urkle, filet mignon
We're hitin' everything that we aimin' on

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