

A Tribe Called Quest F/ Noreaga "Ladies and Gents"

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(pa-ra-ra-ra)..
(pa-ra-ra-ra).. geah
(pa-ra-ra-ra).. lets get it goin' now
(pa-ra-ra-ra).. Snoop Dogg, uhh
(pa-ra-ra-ra).. Angie
(pa-ra-ra-ra).. all my ladies and my gents
(pa-ra-ra-ra).. all my players and my pimps
(pa-ra-ra-ra).. uhh, uhh yo..
(pa-ra-ra-ra).. Snoop Dogg!... Yo, uhh

[Snoop Dogg]

Ladies and gents, players and pimps - gather up
We gon' be poppin' in the bitch until you had enough
Glad at us, mad at us, look at these competitors
(c'mon, c'mon)
I set 'em up (uhh, uhh), wet 'em up; Angie's chillin'
(shut up!)
Get 'em up off they seat
In the LBC - we throw partys and let the ladies in for
free
We get the DPG.. on yo' radio station for the Y2G
"Up Close and Personal", West Coast professional
(professional!)
Nigga what'chu reppin' for? Dogg what'chu got yo'
weapon for?
Bitch nigga get the steppin', smo' (get the steppin')
You besta' back up off'a me
I break you up (break you up), wake you up (wake you
up)
Shake you up (shake you up), and take you up (uhh)
On top'a the world, baby girl (girl)
Big Dogg yes y'all in this BI (holla)
I keep it PI for all the people (people), mami's wit' the
fine punani's
I'm in the projects, on deck
Baby come find me, and gimmie what I gotta get
I know you feel me now I want you feel this dick
See that's gangsta' shit (gangsta' style)
It taste like E and J brandy sweet, like candy

Baby said she wanna be down wit' a nigga Brandy
Aw fuck wit' yo' man then..

[Chorus: Snoop Dogg]

Ladies and gents, players and pimps - gather up
We gon' be poppin' in this bitch until you had enough
Glad at us, mad at us, look at these competitors
I set 'em up, wet 'em up; Angie's chillin' (shut up!)
Get 'em up off they seat
In the NYC - we throw partys and let the ladies in for
free
We get the DPG.. on yo' radio station for the Y2G..

[Angie Martinez]

It's the big bamboo rollin' (rollin')
Prada purse swollen (swollen)
Ben Franklin foldin', we here to get it goin'
'Bout to bust in the party wit' my people (wit' my people)
Flyin' out West Side in my Zito (Zito!)
And I'm sittin' on chrome, status well known
From a small lot in Brooklyn, I buy this side chrome
(okay!)
If you wit' me let me hear ya (aight, aight!)
And if you lift it and you feelin' (aight, aight!)
Cozmos when I toastin'
Crackin' jokes wit' my girls, clown roastin' (how high?)
Fake ballers in the spot high postin'
Get out my air, can't you see my lows are frozen? (we!)
You see niggaz be partyin', checkin' out my body and,
get out outta hand I gotta quarter Terror Squadians
or D-O-double-G'll to come and get'cha
Get the picture (who is ya), they'll flip ya (f'real)

[Chorus] - 2X

East Side.. (aight).. is gettin'.. (aight, aight)
West Side.. (aight).. is gettin'.. (aight, aight)
North Side.. (aight).. is gettin'.. (aight, aight)
Down South.. (aight).. they gettin'.. (aight, aight)
Snoop Dogg.. (aight).. is gettin'.. (aight, aight)
Angie.. (aight).. is gettin'.. (aight, aight)
Everybody.. (aight).. is gettin'.. (aight, aight)
We gettin'.. (aight).. y'all gettin'.. (aight, aight)

(pa-ra-ra-ra).. {*repeat 18X*}

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