

Gänsehaut

"Anybody"

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(Doc)

Yeah, we in the spot all G'd up
L-O-C'd up, blaze the weed up
Before you get shot and stucc and fucced
You know my nigga Tre sell dope around the way
You know my nigga Griff, he got them beats that hit
You know my nigga Reg, he smoke out to the head
He got connects on straps, I got connects on hoodrats
And we paid in the worst way
To be the first way the only way
To get paid and to get niggas sprayed
Cuz I don't give a fucc about you, about ya crew
Don't give a fucc about that shit you say you do
Cuz I've been there
It's like that shit that I wear
With my rag on, my sag on, my 45 mag on
And in them dice games I hit liccs
And with them hoes my dicc is all against they lips
It ain't nothin but that gangsta shit
I bust two in your face then dip mutha fucca dip

(Chorus)

(Tre) Anybody wanna get down they know
(Doc) That me and my G's got haet on L-O-C
(Tre) Anybody wanna come up they know
(Doc) That me and my G's got pounds and keys
(Tre) Anybody wanna spit the gangsta flow
(Doc) Then Odysea got the heat for those
(Tre) Anybody wanna fucc the Bombay hoes
(Doc) Get at me, or get at Tre, or get at Foe Loc

(Stan)

It's easy as a lyric
It's easier than hoes
It's bomber than that weed I smoke
And I sells just like yayo
It's easy as a lyric
It's easier than hoes
It's bomber than that weed I smoke

And I sells just like yayo

(Doc)

Yeah yeah ugh
Now the second verse
Is more complex than the first one
based on the fact it could hurt somethin
I came across this thicc ass bitch
While I was maxing in L.A. swearin she rich
With perfect tits and an ass that won't quit
Came fully equipped with them dicc succin lips
Man I can't front I had to share her with the homie
Had me havin dreams about East Side's Tony
Flyin bacc in forth in between the shows
Ridin her bacc and forth, even the other hoes, man
The shit that make a staight bitch stomach turn
But get it curious to learn
I recommend the Hyatt on Sunset
The room service bring Prawns and you can keep the
pussy wet
The baddest ho from my set
Keep the hook up with coke macs', hoodrats, and
intertacts

(Chorus)

(Doc)

Yeah yeah...yeah
Now the last thing a nigga do
Is set the record straight
Don't let none of those and shake the fake negroes
Look at the weed I smoke...see the bomb shit
And all this Gin 'll have a mutha fucca sicc
Like Nicholas Cage when he was Leaving Las Vegas
See doom out there and all the hoes they got is
outrageous
Get bitches up in the North Town and bring 'em to the
Strip
It's funny how they tired of this shit
But eager for dicc like I be eager for the clit
But don't trip cuz they come when I want but don't force
the shit
With lyrics worth a grip, Mr. Doc's the licc
Bombay's hittin so my hands on your lips, like my dicc
Or like my little homie Lunatic
Be havin lyrics with a twist like this
My average day cuz it's to countin the grip
Whether it's from hoes or my mutha fuccin music

(Chorus)

(Tre talking with clappin in the baccround)
Yeah! Ha!
We'd like to thank all ya'll for comin out tonight
To all my niggas rolls...hoes
Especially the ones in the front row
Wait up, wait...matter fact, especially her
Ay! Ay! Somebody help her up
Come on yeah yeah yeah yeah
Odysea out
Ay what's your name girl
Yeah come on

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