

S**"We From The Lbc"**

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Ay yo, Hollis
Give us some of that G Shit
Yeah, now come on

Oh shit, come on, yeah, come on
Get at me, come on
Get your ass on up, come on

Ey, B A D this D O G, you got some Chronic smoke
I'm at the house, fresh out, Dogg and burned out
I can't find it so I'm lookin', can you help me out?
I need a lil' bit and quick, you dig what I'm talkin' bout?

Ey, D O G, I got some Chronic, see, I'm on my way
I'm about to roll me up a blunt and than I'm on my way
See, I was smokin', the whole time I was on my way
And I ain't seen no one time while I was on my way

Sharitha, Kalika, Salitha and Parisha
All my lil' sneakers that love the way I freak her
Man, it's a trip how they do me, oh wee
Make me everywhere like into me

The money and the bitches, the cars with all the
switches
And the houses with the big TV's, with all the couches
'Bout to get money now, attitude with a gat or two
And haters in it, always gon' be mad at you

They caught us in the pen and Gang Banger, Rap
Slanger
Crap Slangers, Head Bangers
In this motherfucker bitch, it's the B A D
With the motherfuckin' D O double G
(Yeah yeah, yeah yeah)

We keep it happenin' and crackin', mackin', stackin'
With my gat and I'm a Gangsta about my motherfuckin'
Paper Loc
I'm Mr. B A D, I'm with Bigg Snoop D O double G

Fuck being stuck, get bucks, backed up, nigga what?
Me and Snoop'll shoot, we in the Coupe, we into loot,
we in group
Nigga, we ain't hot for suit, we in your mouth
We in your pocket but too

Money made honey grind for me
Come, show me what you done for me
Homie, real hoes get money
Pussy, titties and ass to shake
We on the strip or in the strip
Club, it's cash to make
We smash for cake

Mad niggaz wanna touch me, bad bitches wanna fuck
me
'Cuz I'm taller than small this bitch nigga tryin' ta punk
me
(What you say?)
We don't waste time, we drop proper lines
And pop thighs and pop bottles of Dom

Pizzle, my Nizzle, Peace to Fran Dizzle and my folks in
Mississizzle, especial my Grandmizzle
You fizzle dizzle what I sizzle
(What you sizzle?)
Just put a whole lotta gumbo in the motherfuckin' Game

You see the money ain't a thang, gotta represent your
game
How we bang it, ain't no motherfuckin' thang gon'
change
We from the LBC, Worldwide Dogghouse Family

We show you how to do it, sippin' on some
[Incomprehensible] fluid
Hollis, tell me why you do it, comin' through and got a
boomin'
Group of Gangsta G'z that's on the motherfuckin' LBC
(Eastside, Eastside)

Groove on, groove on
Move on, move one
Groove on, groove on
Move on, move on

Groove on, groove on
Move on, move on
Groove on, move on

Yeah, Big Snoop Dogg

Bad Azz, Extravagant Records
We are Doghouse Style in ya mouth
2000, plus one, bitch

Yeah, yeah, Personal Business
Keep it there, Bad Azz
Run your Business, my nigga

Oh boy, yeah, from the Sac-Town back to the LBC
Somethin' that you crawl on
Get your crawl on, Bad Azz
You's a motherfuckin' fool, my nigga

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