

## Snoop Doggy Dogg "Buss'n Rocks"

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Another smoke session up in this motherfucker  
Blaze some shit up for me Q  
Yea, wussup Dogg, this is whut I'm talkin bout  
Some of that gangsta shit (Eastside)  
Shuttin these niggas up (Shut em up shut em up dogg)  
Westcoast nigga, Quik and Snoop Dogg (Forever)  
9-9 nigga

When I wake up in the morning and I get up out my bed  
I feel good, o yes I do  
Cause I still can give it up for you

Chorus:  
Cause we're all a little strong  
In the Beach, where the paper's long  
But as for me  
I only G when I'm buss'n rocks  
Dogg Pound  
(repeat)

Verse One:  
Nigga, you know you gotta have heart  
I told you niggas from the start  
If I'm still in it, I'm in it for life  
Always stay down and keep my motha fuckin' game  
tight  
Cause ever since Elementary, or was it Pre-school  
Quik?  
I was a motha fuckin' fool  
I had to have papers it was routine  
A young nigga on a mission for them collard greens  
I, shake niggas  
Break Niggas  
Make niggas, shank theyselves  
For fuckin with my wealth (nigga)  
And it'll catch on  
Cause if it don't, it's on  
And, 'causez, I ain't even slippin' when I'm all alone  
Sittin' back loungin' in the Chronic Zone  
Clown me ya gone  
Surround me, it's on  
Get the money you're gone

My niggas' paper so long  
They call him Snoop Capone  
So if you want me, get me, got me  
Should have shot him  
But now they call me Snoop Gotti  
And that's all I LBC  
Betta yet, that's all I DPGC

Chorus (2x)

Verse Two:

I'm slappin' bones  
In front of my home  
Choppin' game on the phone  
Smokin' a zone  
Big 6, big 5-3's with ya bitches  
My girls in the kitchen, cookin' up some fish and  
I'm blastin' at this nigga that was trippin'  
O, knuckle head nigga, thought I was slippin'  
But I wasn't slippin', I was on deck  
I blast his ass, peck peck now his shirt's wet  
Dead, gone, light's out  
With no remorse, I had to take him out  
I'm laughin' at this shit cause it was funny  
Fuckin' with the dogg I take your life and your money  
And then I dip to my spot (dip dip)  
And set up shop with yo rocks (motha fucka)  
And nobody gon' speak on the 8-7  
Cause still, all doggs go to heaven

Chorus (2x)

Verse 3:

I'm freestylin'  
C-stylin'  
Snoop and Quik comin' through we fin' to take you to  
the island  
Where the bitches and the bud come free  
And everybody listen to the D-O double G  
Hoes on my dick, niggas on my nuts  
People be lovin' me because I drop cuts  
That makes sense, it make big money  
See Snoop is that nigga who don't hafta play funny  
But I got yo honey, up under my wing  
Cause she like the song that the bow-wow sing  
I'll put her in a cling  
I won't buy her a ring  
But I'll put her on the hoe-stroll to make me some green  
And even if she never even saw me befo'  
There's just no way that she can tell me no  
You know my game's unbelievable baby (uh uh, uh uh)

And it's strong enough to make your grandmama pay  
me

Chorus (2x)

West coast, gangsta shit  
My nigga DJ Q  
Yea  
Like I told y'all  
DPG for the 9-9  
DPG, yea Top Dogg, fo sho'  
Smoke y'all

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