

## Snoop Doggy Dogg "Gold Rush"

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(Snoop Dogg)

Josey Wales was known for robbin trains and things  
layin everybody down for diamond rings and chains  
It remains the same in the year you live in, see  
Cos if I pull out some heat, nigga, you'll go kick in  
And that's just the rules set by the fool from the ol'  
school  
When it's time to duel, you get two men  
Two heaters, one street, one clock  
and when it strike twelve one of y'all gon' drop  
If you're quick on the draw you're gon' see the morgue  
but if you're too slow  
I catch you on the downlow (Oh no)  
Oh no, you mean The Kid, shit's real  
I ain't no John Wayne, these niggas gangbang  
The Four Horsemen, that's the click I'm wit  
You mean the little bitty niggas with the itchy trigger  
fingers  
Yeah, we're on a mission ta Kansas, slippin thru Texas  
We stopped at Bonanza to get us some hot cakes  
bacon and eggs, and then we slip in the whorehouse to  
get us some leg  
Hop back on the horses, enforcers of courses  
The niggas in black, the fearless Four Horsemen  
Searchin for this location on the map  
The gold rush, baby, got ta have it (I gots ta have it)  
It feels just like it's 1865  
and a trigger look-a-day is how I ride

(Kurupt)

On and on and on it's more strange  
Time to heat, shootin range  
Quick with the heat on their hip  
Young Jesse James come to test your aim  
I seen you at th e Wild Horny Corral  
I hearda ya name  
Tha forcify, nigga you ain't never lie  
Besides I'm in the mood so at high noon we ride  
From coast to coast, niggas mash on every stage  
coach

My disciples with rifles lethal in whole posts  
The off-the-rocker roller coaster  
On a six-shooter holster  
with DPG on every Wanted poster  
Let me think about which bank to gank  
which fellow ta shoot and which teller to shank  
I want all the shit you got in stacks  
attached to this skirt in the corner  
so I snatched the bitch in the back  
The Dogg in me feels for the lust  
but the hogg in me makes me wanna bust  
Back to the drawin down board  
Nowadays we drawn down more  
To survive thru all the round wards  
Battle up or saddle up and shake the scene  
or get'cha pockets shaken, clean the slugs in ya spleen  
I can't help it, I'm heartless, ya can't hack it  
With my six-shooters on my hips and dusty jacket  
Like that cock back  
quick to pull my strap  
Just to put the Horsemen on the map  
(The gold rush)

(???? from LBC Crew)

Born is Doggystyle, individual, James got the hots  
I got the six shots for all the plans and plots  
I gots lots o' cash stashed in money bags  
Worthy workers for all the Russian blabbermouths and  
gags  
I got stacks so my stacks excell  
Hop in the coach wit my twelve Clydesdales and bells  
I'm on the move, smooth, to my decoy horse  
A 30-30 on my side to shoot a nigga o' course  
It ain't no stoppin young Josey  
Box all the nose  
Headed to the saloon with my platoon where all the hos  
be  
Left a dusty trail, bailed in swell  
Gold spurs on the Gators, set back the clientele  
Oh well, for the recop I drop my bet  
Divide between my homies and ride the sunset

(Bad Azz from LBC Crew)

Two sacks o' money from the train heist  
They ain't even counted it up  
just mounted it up  
Rode west toward the coaster, six-shooters in the  
holster  
Pass thru a run-down town whose walls hold my poster

Closer I get ta death which is every second makes me  
sweat  
so I gotta have what I can get  
Heard word about the gold rush and headed West  
on my white horsey with three straps in my napsack  
Giddy up, the next town I rode thru  
I had to threaten to blow their city up  
Undebts with Chief Black, caught five miles west  
sell us some beads and hail us some weed  
He offered me a toke  
he didn't have a 20 he had they beads-pipe smoke  
I almost choked  
Break him for the get, right, I'm off into the sunset  
tryin ta reach my destiny fast  
It's these two bags o' cash  
44's cocked I ain't makin no mo' stops  
till I hit the spot, I made it twelve on the dot  
I slid off my boots, counted my loot  
Five minutes after the strike of midnight  
I counted 200 Gs, I cocked my strap and slept tight  
(At the gold rush, at the gold rush  
at the gold rush, at the gold rush  
at the, at the, at the)

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