

Snoop Doggy Dogg "I Luv It"

Visit "[I Luv It](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Tray Dee:

Coming in the front and center, state your name and
game

Yeah, them Eastsidaz back and we came to bang

Giving it up, pistols and chucks, rags hang

Strictly insane and we do the damn thing

Goldie Loc:

It's the big bad Eastside rolling

Now how many blocks we controlling

2-0, 2-1, 1-5, 17, 11, 1-9, and a Mafioso dime

Tray Dee:

Murder block to the swamp front of grandmama house

Elm Street, Twelfth Street, off brands, knock em out

Stay deep, bring heat, make streets emorge

Young G's, lil G's, casualties and war

So we push the turf

Steady pushing work

Homies love seeing thugs, so we look for dirt

Where them six fours hop

(???)

Wanna drip, get drop

Can ya (?) let's get spot

Goldie Loc:

All black with a little bit of gold

Now let me show you bustas the Eastside roll

Foot to the pedal, every hand on stiletto

Extra clip, why you think I (?) peachy love ghettos

I'm about to make the thing crack

We got straps in this world

I got something on fat

Tell you bustas damn

It ain't no thing when you bang with the Dogg Pound

Snoop Dogg (Chorus):

(I luv it)

The way the homies come through all blue nigga

What y'all wanna do?

(I luv it)

We got hoes to the left, platinum on our chest

Nigga, yup yup
(I luv it)
Can't stop, won't stop
So what the L.B.C. like
(I luv it)
We do the damn thing all night
Better yet, fo life

Tray Dee:
(I luv it)
We keeping this thing G
Cause that's all we see
(I luv it)
Always gonna roll and stay way too deep
Tray Dee, Goldie, Snoop
Duces and Trays
Still givin it to ya the old fashioned way
From the L.B. city
Where the shells leave many
Wannabes on they knees
Trying to beef with a gizzie

(Goldie Loc)
Hey yo, I represent cause my thing don't stop
Bump them paramedics and them crooked-ass cops
It's hard to maintain on the front line
Your brother like me, just tryin to get mine
Low ridaz, Eastsidaz coming with this G shit
Can you borrow some of this?
Hell naw, trick
We keepin this thing gangsta
Yeah, C-walkin on your prankstas, nigga

Tray Dee:
We don't really give a mad bump, give it up
Get messed up, catch you coming out the cut
Hoo ridin, G ridin, slump the law
Better hope you on my side once I clutch and draw
My reactions, attractions
Fast at all action
And til I die East-the-side, I stay smashin
Represent this like it's meant to see
To the graveyard or the penatentary

Chorus

Kokane:
Zoom zoom zoom zoom zoom (over and over)

???:
Yeah, what you crapilating, baby

Eastsidaz
Duces and Trayz
The Old Fashioned Way
Somethin uh
To make you move, groove
And it definitely sets the mood
It's so uh, gangsta
It's so uh, pranksta
It's the hoodie hoodie, goodie goodie
To make ya boogie oogie oogie
Can you hear what I'm talkin about?
I smell your battle cat
Now that's funky
That's so funky, I have to say
Ugh!

Snoop Dog:
Eastsidaz coming back (X4)

Visit [Snoop Doggy Dogg](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.