

Snoop Doggy Dogg "Who Got Some Gangsta Shit"

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featuring Tha Dogg Pound Lil' Style Young Swoop

(Lil' Style)

Nine in the mornin feds at my door (my door)

Lou Cortez creakin cross the hardwood floor (right)

Dippin thru the alley I made my escape

Didn't even get a chance to grab my Snoop Dogg tape

Man with no music but happy he's free

Bailin fast as I can bail down 19th Street

I got my sacks in my pocket and at least a grand

Gold on my knuckle, my pistol's closed in hand

I'm a Dogg Pound Gangsta from the LBC

Remotely controlled by the bomb-ity

But just livin in big city is a serious task

Didn't know what the feds wanted, didn't have time to ask

(Snoop Doggy Dogg)

We're comin with that G shit, that C shit that makin niggas sick

How does it feel to see a G from your clique?

Wake up, jumped out of bed wit my grin on (why?)

Last night's dice game got my win on

About a G and a half is what I come with

but twenty five G's is what I left with

?Teatley? was the word I heard

I went deep in my pockets and threw my stars on the
cone

Gimme the dice so I can break you niggas

I threw a C (C-I-X) so my point was the biggie

Seven-four-four-tre back to back

I sent two fools back to their lizzack

(Kurupt)

See now I'm off to the graveyard shift

and I gots ta pay my dues to make my grip

But I chill cos my ho might call

Ain't no thang cos I sleeps all day and slang when night
fall

And I takes a quick walk up the block

with my Glock cocke, ready to make a stop where I set
up shop

on 59th and 8th Ave where all the homies be hangin

That's where a nigga'll be slangin

I'm makin a cool grip of shit, this ain't me

so I put my chips together and cops a quarter ki

And now the shops on deck

and everything that's mines I protect with a Tek, I don't
half step

Now I got ends

and I'm rollin a Lexus, fuck a Benz, and so many new
friends

But I could only trust a few

and unawaresly I trusted you

But if only G

(Snoop)

It's Snoop, homies from the motherfuckin get-go

Devoted and quotin, back in '84

I was thirteen, G was a year older

but I still wadn't afraid to throw him from his shoulders

Gettin good on the hood was the anticipation

and yeah, King Park was the destination

Every nigga that I knew was at the Park that night

even the smokers that be levellin gettin sparked
tonight

(Lil' Style)

Back on the streets, straight blue and grey

cos I represent like every day

Nigga you can't tell me I don't be on the spot

when I can tell you all the homies that done get shot

From at least about five years ago

when I was in junior high goin to Marshall

The homey use to come up to the school and rock

and leave and have the bitches flockin his jock

Damn them was the days of the past

but since the Pizzound formed we been whippin
people's ass

And everybody a blast

and if you don't believe me nigga you can axe the
homey Daz

And that's your ass

Fucked around and let Young Swoop take your cash (ha ha)

He didn't even run, he walked away (bust)

cos I let it sit that day

I wished I was there I would've clowned

but that's why we axed your bitch ass from the Pound

Cos he wouldn't even squad back

Man we can't fuck with no niggas like that

He'll get us all cracked

If the police was behind us, he wouldn't even jump out with the strap

Now that's what I call a beeyatch! (Beeiyitch!)

I second the emotion you was dropped the clique (yeah yeah)

(Snoop)

Some of these nigga are bitches too

And some of these niggas look just like you

So if you've ever been *?toetone?*

go out and get your roll on you punk ass nigga, you'll get stole on

(Dat Nigga Daz)

It's 5:30 in the mornin, now I'm yizzawnin

Now as I perceive to get G to a tee

And before I bail to school you know I blaze up a sack

Another day, another dollar for the gangsta mack

Bitch act like you know, show me some sex and affection

and let me dial slow, flossin, tossin a bitch (bitch)

Yeah Dogg, one more thing I forgot to mention

Shoot five niggas, shoot ten

Shoot the piece, slip to your fiends

Seven, goddamn it, when it deal

A '64 for the honeys, straight ho for the G

Young Daz, little nigga you can't fuck with me

(Snoop)

Now I knew that them niggas couldn't get at you

So what made them niggas try to spit at you

Disrespect a gang that snitch on you

Y'all punk ass niggas, man y'all some bitches too

(Young Swoop)

Who got some gangsta gangsta shit? (ha ha)

Swoop G, I heard somebody's speakin up on you

Cos when I drop mines there was no more nickels and
dimes

just quarters, ounces, half ounces and quota

PC is the season and I don't smoke blunt

It sees the indo with skunk, I might as well get drunk

To smoke some stress, that shit'll put a hole in your
chest

I only want another twenty dollar, sure got me fucked
up

My hood is gettin hot and niggas is tryin ta plottin

Come up off a young nigga, call his shots

Swoop G ain't the one, I do its to be done (aah)

Al-ways have my gun and my G from 2-1

It's Cerritos but you don't hear me though cos you don't
really know

about the you-know, I'm Cerritos, silly ho

Swoop G by the fuckin L-B's-C

None of these nigga wanna fuck with these (aah)

Swoop G, Swoop G, G

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