

## Wrestling Lyrics

### "Snoop Dogg - 'Hell Yeah'"

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{\*sound of glass shattering\*}  
[Snoop] Yeah, ha ha, Snoop Dogg  
[W.C.] Dub C.. heh, yeah  
[Snoop] All up in here, bay-bay.. yeah  
[W.C.] Uh-huh  
[Snoop] Straight G thang, yeah  
[W.C.]  
Code of the night is droppin these thangs on your  
dome  
Hittin up my enemies, mad doggin em with a heart full  
of stone  
BLAM BLAM! Kickin yo' door down, throwdown, dirty  
and low down  
It's bout to go down, who ready for the showdown?  
Which one of y'all wanna be the first to get tossed in  
the tussle  
Buckle, choked up by these muscles and, taste these  
knuckles  
Lost I'm runnin em all, haters I'm gunnin em all  
Tricks I done done em all then I ain't go no love for  
none of y'all  
I'm comin through like a Brougham, givin it up with  
both hands  
Slaughterin your whole fam, rippin up the program  
Total chaos, deadly as snake eyes, so cain't  
none of you bustaz hurt me - fool I'm a G with no mercy  
[Snoop Dogg]  
When I say, "Hell" - you say, "Yeah"  
(c'mon) Hell - yeah (c'mon) hell - YEAH  
(c'mon) Hell - YEAH! (everybody c'mon) hell - YEAH!  
(everybody-body) Hell - YEAH!  
(c'mon, c'mon) Hell - yeah (ha ha)  
Chorus: Snoop Dogg  
If you down with these hits say HELL YEAH  
If you came to get busy say HELL YEAH  
If you like what you see say HELL YEAH  
If you down with me, say HELL YEAH  
If you like what you see say HELL YEAH  
If you came to get busy say HELL YEAH  
If you down with 'Stone Cold' say HELL YEAH  
Party people in the house say HELL YEAH

[W.C.]

Gettin my bail on, swell on, far from a rookie  
I SPIT in your face and look at ya dare ya to say  
somethin to me  
Temper tantrum, smash random, quick to put you in a  
casket  
The fool that run up is that fool to get his ass kicked  
{???} you the ones, it's an open invitation  
These ass-kickins I'm dishin they got no discrimination  
Patience, long gone, I'ma, chalkin em off  
Walkin up bombin on sight cause I'm through talkin to  
y'all  
Hands up loc I'm lit up, fed up, ready to bust, shakin  
em up  
Wettin em up, slangin these knuckles cameras I'm  
gettin em up  
Raised on the turf where we, slay for the turf  
And I'm the realest rider to walk the, face of this Earth  
Strapped you best to be, ain't no standin next to me  
Checkin me, thought I warned you cowards about testin  
me  
Pressin me, see the game of pain, yo I'ma plug it  
I'm so rugged -- shhhh, I'm cold blooded

Chorus

[W.C.]

Yeah, y'all know what time it is  
Y'all know how it's goin down  
No surrender no retreat no takedown  
Beanie Mac cookin up the track  
That's right, Snoop Dogg and Dub-C ridin in the back  
Make sure y'all know what time it is  
Huh huh, yeah, we gon' make this happen  
for everybody out there, the heat bangers, and  
headbangers  
Check this out - what's crackin homey?

Chorus

[Snoop]

All up in this be-i-itch!

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