

## Wrestling Lyrics

### "Snoop Dogg- 'Pump Pump'"

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Verse One:

\*static\*

Pump Pump, Pump Pump, Pump Pump, Pump Pump  
Pump Pump

Let the motion of your body be the key, cuz we  
be the motherfuckin G Funk family  
Now, I'll play the G in this deadly game  
Snoop Dogg is the name Dogg Pound's the game  
If it ain't one thing it's a motherfuckin nother  
Word to my granny and my daddy, and my mother  
Whether standin on the corner, or bouncin in the six-  
deuce

When I was locked up, I couldn't wait to get loose  
Cuz back in the days, on the side where it's at  
A nigga had to have a fat stack  
And I was a fool, don't make me have to grab my strap  
and go  
rat-tat-tat-tat, nigga slap to a motherfucker face he fall  
Can't none of y'all niggaz see the Doggy Dogg  
Cuz I'm one rude bwoy comin with the wickedness  
So shut the fuck up, and listen while I'm kickin this  
Chorus: (repeat 2X)

Blam blam, blam to dem all  
Listen to the shots from my nigga Doggy Dogg (pump  
pump)

Verse Two: Snoop

Now you can look to the Sun, and spot the moon  
And see Snoop Doggy Dogg step into the room  
With the G funk, he funk, she funk, we funk  
Follow me, follow me, listen to the words that a nigga...  
I come down with the wickedness  
One rude bwoy comin with the darkness (blam!)  
Close your eyes cuz you can't see me  
I quit school cause of recess you fuckin B.G.  
I'm shakin up the party, like Lodi Dodi  
Is he the dopest? Ya betta ask somebody  
When, then, send, some gin  
And a pack of zig zags now let the games begin  
In nineteen-motherfuckin-ninety-three  
I'm fuckin up every nigga known in the indistry

Check this out, it's a Dogg Pound thang  
You know who I am you know my motherfuckin name,  
who am I?  
(The S-N-Double-O-P) nickname (Silky Smell) last name  
(D-O-double-G)  
The behavior and the flavor that I found  
Makes me wanna hit that ass up with the Dogg Pound  
Chorus  
Verse Three: Malik

Now just back up, don't act up, I pack up much heat  
Any battle I'm in, I win, I can't be beat  
Don't sleep while I creep peep out my technique  
I forgot, I'm out of sight so you can't see the  
MC of the year, you hear and you fear  
i got somethin for them niggaz in the front and the rear  
I handle the sides, did a driveby in the who-ride  
I'm satisfied now everything is really alright  
You know when I come nigga I come wicked  
Don't need no permisison, motherfucker I'ma kick it  
Niggaz sweat my shit I wet em up with the biscuit  
Lick em up shot, it don't stop, till dem all drop  
Make up your mind, go pop or slang rocks  
Just stop, rottin on the next niggaz jock  
I'm strapped with my glock on your block  
And ready to let loose on the first imitator that I spot  
Chorus

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