

Dre Dr

"Nuthin But A G Thang"

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Featuring Snoop Doggy Dogg]

Snoop:

One two three and to the fo'

Snoop Doggy Dogg and Dr. Dre are at the do'

Ready to make an entrance so back on up

[Cuase you know we 'bout had to rip shit up]

Gimme the microphone first so I can bust like a bubble

Compton and Long Beach together now you know you
in trouble

Ain't nothin' but a G thang baaaaabay!

Two loc'ed out G's so we're craaaaazay!

Death Row is the label that paaaaays me!

Unfadable, so please don't try to fade this [Hell yeah]

But, uh, back to the lecture at hand

Perfection is perfected, so I'm 'a let 'em understand

From a young G's perspective

And before me dig out a bitch I have ta' find a
contraceptive

You never know she could be earnin' her man,

And learnin' her man, and at the same time burnin' her
man

Now you know I ain't wit that shit, Lieutenant

Ain't no pussy good enough to get burnt while I'm up in it

Now that's realer than real-deal Holyfield

And now all you hookas and ho's know how I feel

Well if it's good enough to get broke off a proper chunk

I'll take a small piece of some of that funky stuff

It's like this and like that and like this and uh

It's like that and like this and like that and uh

It's like this and like that and like this and uh

Dre, creep to the mic like a phantom

Dr Dre:

Well I'm peepin', and I'm creepin', and I'm creep-in'

But I damn near got caught, 'cause my beeper kept beepin'

Now it's time for me to make my impression felt

So sit back, relax, and strap on your seatbelt

You never been on a ride like this befo'

With a producer who can rap and control the maestro

At the same time with the dope rhyme that I kick

You know, and I know, I flow some ol funky shit

To add to my collection, the selection

Symbolizes dope, take a toke, but don't choke

If ya' do, ya' have no clue

O' what me and my homey Snoop Dogg came to do

It's like this and like that and like this and uh

It's like that and like this and like that and uh

It's like this, and we ain't got no love for those

So jus' chill, 'til the next episode

Snoop:

Fallin' back on that ass with a hellified gangsta' lean

Gettin' funky on the mic like a' old batch o' collard greens

It's the capital S, oh yes, the fresh N double O P

D O double G Y D O double G ya' see

Showin' much flex when it's time to wreck a mic

pimpin' ho's and clockin' a grip like my name was Dolomite

Yeah, and it don't quit

I think they in a mood for some mothafuckin' G shit

So Dre. [What up Dogg?]

We gotta give 'em what dey want [What's that, G?]

We gotta break 'em off somethin' [Hell yeah]

And it's gotta be bumpin' [City of Compton!]

It's where it takes place so I'm a ask your attention

Mobbin like a mothafucka but I ain't lynchin

Droppin' the funky shit that's makin the sucka niggaz mumble

When I'm on the mic, it's like a cookie, they all crumble

Try to get close, and your ass'll get smacked

My mothafuckin homie Doggy Dogg has my back

Never let me slip, 'cause if I slip, then I'm slippin'

But if I got my Nina, then you know I'm straight trippin'

And I'm a continue to put the rap down, put the mack down

And if your bitches talk shit, I have ta' put the smack
down

Yeah, and ya' don't stop

I told you I'm just like a clock when I tick and I tock

But I'm never off, always on, 'til the break dawn

C O M P T O N, and the city they call Long Beach

Puttin' the strength together

Like my homey D.O.C., no one can do it better

Like this, that and this and uh

It's like that and like this and like that and uh

It's like this, and we ain't got no love for those

So jus' chill, 'til the next episode

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