

## Trisha Yearwood % Garth Brooks "Don't Forget Where You Came From"

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\*(Swoop G talking)\*

Fuck you Snoop.  
Live and offical.  
Uh.  
Direct.  
Death Row.  
Yeah.  
Dynasty nigga.  
Holla back.  
Death Row is a franchise, a legacy  
New beginning, is the ending of you.  
I done wrote this shit.  
The new generation.  
Find 'em nigga, where you at?  
Ha.  
Yeah.

You know my niggas runnin  
what you juss doin  
we been an done it  
pushin V-12 600's  
puffin lovin my women  
diamonds shinin priceless on my neck  
I ain't spent a big face yet  
still spendin small faces from that '92 spot  
Dr. Dre thanks a lot for that Chronic you dropped  
now I'm droppin mine in '99  
the present is mine  
in the year two-thous, please believe we holdin it down  
polish the crown  
bustin the rounds  
get the fuck down  
movin the crowd  
make the squares act right now  
me an Suge  
I'm the ace in the hole  
makin the doe  
for my dog Mr. Knight I pray you get parole  
an to that bitch-made nigga Snoop Doggy hoe  
I'll get at you in the hood

you ain't the homie no mo'  
an this ain't about Death Row  
it's about the set  
holla back an you can meet me on some Reno bet.

Chorus \*(Swoop G)\*

You can shine in yo time  
but I'ma shine the hardest  
Death Row, diamonds reward  
the number one artist  
Long Beach is a dynasty  
and Swoop is in his prime  
you know I'm holdin down mine  
fake niggas you know the time.  
It's crucial  
the feelings mutual  
so when I see you, I'ma shoot you  
niggas will swear that I never knew you  
Ah!  
I can't believe you would do what you've done  
cross Death Row and forget where you from.  
Uh.

\*(Swoop talking)\*

Snoop ain't never had a Death Row piece cuz it's only fo  
ridas  
that's why he at that Dogg Pound shit.

That nigga fake as Pretty Tony  
the phony homie  
give me ya Rollie  
the real homies droppin fools, shinin like gold D's  
best believe baby boy we gettin our cheese  
you juss a weenie Snoop Dogg  
so tuck ya tail and leave  
and we makin moves  
you gettin used  
battered an bruised  
I fill in your shoes  
so there it is, touch it or lose  
cuz you can't handle  
what I do  
callin shots  
and come bustin at your homeboys too  
lookin for you in the LBC pushin a Nav  
and it's in my lap  
I don't keep the heat in the dash  
license and permitt so if I see you it's meant  
for me to tear your head off on some murderous shit

you simple minded  
look at me shinin  
all in the doe  
after this I'm buyin a label  
and a studio  
I lost love for ya Snoop back then  
when Swoop bruised yo chin  
at the video shoot for the Twinz.

\*(Chorus)\*

At the Ampa Theatre  
remember we gangstas  
so we mobbed in that mutha fucka in Chuck Taylor's  
and gators  
pushin our weight  
man we thought you niggas was tanks  
but we was flexin our muscles from the jump at the  
gate  
now we inside  
when Death Row ride it's do or die  
pushin the line  
mashin like Pac an Suge Knight  
when he slapped you up  
you had to run to get 'em up  
one on one  
and I thought you niggas was soldiers  
cuz if this was a war  
man ya team would be dead  
you know how we get when we take that chronic to the  
head  
and we mixed it with liquor  
an the Nina's out to get ya  
it's ritz  
so loc you betta handle your shit  
and you know this ain't a game we playin  
I'm tellin ya mayne  
don't make me pull this mutha fuckin strap out again.  
Uh.

\*(Chorus til fades out)\*

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