

Snoop Doggy Dogg F/ Nate Dogg, Xzibit "Bloodshed"

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[Intro: Poetic]

I'ma dedicate this one to all my cats that's locked up
Gravediggaz
We're tryin to dig you up out that grave right there
Yo

[Poetic]

Through the eyes of a Gravedigga, yo, everything is
going to Hell
My super thugs is all goin to jail, blowin their bail on
ballin
When business and sales keep fallin, but when the
streets keep fallin
My peeps keep crawlin, deep into the trench
With God-U's for self-defence, the war is intense
My warrior sin says manifest says send out the S.O.S.,
Save Our Soldiers
Represent, behold our hour with the glass of time
Can we only get power, from a mass of crime?
Havin a judge sayin, "Your ass is mine"
As I pearls to get cash, the swine
Like it ain't enough positive shit to go around
As black bones get deposited into the ground
When I hit you with truth it hurts
You'll rather here about those spooks and ghosts

[Chorus X2: Poetic]

Don't let it get you down son, when the block's locked
down
Dirty cops come around with four-pounds, and niggaz
get shot down dead
Laid up in the cemetery bed, we all live amongst the
Bloodshed

[Frukwan]

Yo, unleash the vent, build off the strength
De-orogatory switch, niggaz bust the snitch
A-alikes thinking foul, could see it
Fat ground crossed ya feet, thug God, the navy seal
For real, protect my own peeps from guns and shields
Let him heal, send him back in a stretched Deville

Most wanted, the most dangerous
Brain and guts bein spilled is the aim for us, plus
P.H.D.'s, never these, black niggaz get caught in traffic
Fittin the demographic
The Lone Ranger, 400 years still a stranger
Still gettin beat like a Harvey Wallbanger
Destined for rage and uprise, inherit the meak
Still enslaved in Romanian Greek
Guard the tally, your finale in the street
Mothafucka, I still rule the valley (what nigga?)

Chorus X2

[Poetic]

Sufferin little children are comin to me
Livin in the ghetto and slums of misery
Ebony lives, they're subject to venom and lies
The black youth with minimum ties
No root to the tribal glues you provide a guide
Soul divide is self-suicide
You and I, should bond together
Unified, through the stormy weather
Do or die, you was born my brother
Nature's your mother, the most highest aura
Father, who art in heaven, me and you, brethern,
slippin inside of Hell's oven
Run by the devils that got no lovin
No wonder we all be buggin, pushin and shovin
We totally frustrated, aggrevated, agitated, mis-
educated
Unappreciated, I got affidavits that date back to
David, that's why we're hated
Yet still we press on, even though the stress is the
norm
And the address that we rest is wrong

Chorus X2

[Frukwan]

My live Vietnam strong arms, I think with the trigger
Hold your own, sacrifice the world for a nigga
Word bond, Twelve Jewelz, the lifeline, vicular mind
Up under the fine, sexual architechtual structure
It only takes so much, in the trench hereditary
My heart pumped the cold city lights
I'm hypin up my niggaz to fight, y'aight
Million Man March cavalry, assault and battery
The double-edge style is single hand malice
Deep thick, a bomber in the world a piranha
NARCs bustin caps through your goose-down bomber
The Kay Creo, ridin patrol, artillery, feel me?

Fuck it, I'm all paramilitary, buckshots reign, the
ruggeded terrain
Unless a nigga standin for change
The spoon fed lies are bein nothin but game

Chorus X2

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