

## **Snoop Doggy Dogg F/ Nate Dogg, Xzibit**

### **"Killing Fieldz"**

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[Intro: Poetic]

No more dead end streets  
Gravediggaz, dark angels  
Appearin out the fog  
Reappearin every millenium  
Frukwan, the Gate Keep, sun star  
Hit it up, ya

[Chorus: Frukwan]

How many's willin, ready for the war  
Permit the killin, what if it's ya own  
That's the villain, what do you do? Do you kill 'em?

[Frukwan]

Created from a cumulus, cause that are numerous  
Dangerous combattin, when I kill, it's no accident  
Punch hole thru your abdomen, pluck your vein  
instrument  
Prevent, my thought waves travel infinite  
Periodically I generate, natural intake  
7 and a half ounce brain, 5% body weight  
Repititious, the bishop, he only enter the vicious  
Sleepin wit yo misses, tappin that ass vicious  
Squeeze time, a pressure ya muthafuckas couldn't  
measure  
The dead body severed, fingers are dismembered  
Hair folliculs, point of rap, wrapped in iodine  
Wrapped in a heat, body found upon the ground of  
Egypt  
Jamaica, that on to make a Earth shaker  
Natural disaster, hemipheric master  
Master crater size hole, niggas that wanna fold  
Blow, transport threatin ya fuckin life support  
Petroleum niggas up on the Potium  
Figure, how many niggas run wit Gravediggaz, nigga!

[Break: Poetic]

Yo, next up  
Grym Reap, Poetic, Tony titanium

[Poetic]

Criminal record, never had one, never made none  
Never grab guns and blaze them just for fun  
I'm military trained, not considered very fiend  
Not to kill up every frame within the skill of my brain  
When I peep certain cats on the block, I know they plot  
How to get what I got, cuz we travel alot  
Doin hip hop in spots that get hot  
They figure we get knots, a few bad apples'll lick shots  
And shit stops, the Most High  
Deprive human life out of his gift shop  
Thirty four years up on the brick top  
Tryin to survive, it's as wild as elephant's stampede  
To see, fans leave as someone in the audience, clans  
bleed  
They can't breath, after the next man squeeze  
And this girl is like "Please"  
Someone, get a parademic, the ghetto drama's  
pathetic  
More black armor shredded, I need peace  
Peace of mind, peace and quiet, piece of the pie  
Piece of the action, to acquire  
A nice piece of real estate when I need escape  
A pen and a piece of paper, to plot my next caper  
Up in the safe havin, smokin peace pipes  
As peeps try the peace treaty  
And we be usin the Sun as a time piece  
Dime pieces in two piece bikinis  
That give me a piece of ass, whenever they see me  
What the dealy? Behind the whole plot  
As I carry a piece to protect my flock  
Can't throw rocks while enemies toke glocks  
The human and the low brain lock, and we go into  
shock

[Chorus 3X]

"My mic check is life or death" (6X)- Nas {scratched  
up}

"My mic check is life or death, breathin the sniper's  
breath" - Nas

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