Snoop Doggy Dogg F/ Nate Dogg, Xzibit "Pit of Snakes"

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[Rza] The pit, the pit (Ohhhh my!) Yo, 1, 2 Dun dunna dunna dun. All ya'll mentally dead muthafuckas. We come to break ya'll some information and ressurect you from the mentality of fool in this. Yo, yo.

[Rza]

We come away and chop the heads of these snakes It's better off they dyin in a pit fulla snakes Mistake inside your self, that be the first head you take It's better off you dyin in a pit fulla snakes

[Rza]

The marijuana got my karma glowin Gold armor, surround my body I'm reachin a high state of nirvana But wanna chop and imitate To bite, the livin spirits Golden livin tablets Transmitted by the Abbot Blood related king to King David's mighty men I appear in the atmosphere like nitrogen, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon dioxide. helium, xenon, argon, neon, freon, be gone I travel beyond The range where sick sounds grave You can't respond Dynamic semantics makes your mind go frantic Hand picked Gods Razor sharp be my standard Breakin from bondage and white garments Eye ball as black as onyx Hair gonna grow as long as a comet's tail Escape from Hell Watch the Gods be real What makes rain and hail, snow and earthquakes?

Goin through crisis, or mad devices I thought girls was made of sugar and spices Always wanted to fuck 'em like Isis While others bow down, Percival, Cyrus I'm inside my lab stabbin rhymes on black papyrus Your weight couldn't measure a snow flake How you gonna shine on a God while you rotate I dislocate your head, your neck, your back, your legs, your kneecap Back smack your ass bitch And splatter your gall bladder My mathematical data Terror far beyond the stars of William Shatner The rattler can't deport on my speed of thought Then escape New York in East London or import [Gatekeeper] Stronger currents than my brains runnin rapid Hereditary practice pierce hoes through metal jackets War commander Niggas get caught up in the exhaust pipe Get the frost right or suffer frost bite Isle of the Kina Maniac barbarian, sort of Romanian Underground, subterranean Five stepper grandson of Nefar The rest of ya'll heffers, thimble Ya'll resembled Uncle Fester God biding escape

Through telepathic gates

Integrate, causin one mind to elevate

Stagnate competition, like an earthquake

Causin the earth to shake

On release day, diggin more graves

Master 4 tay or black cherries block

Freshly picked out the cemetary, bear the plot

Chorus

[Grym Reaper]

Yo, projectiles lace the project ailes Organic, saw panic when I wreck shit and smile With more props than New York City got blocks I cripple your whole knot till your air drip of snot First encounter of Hell, is facin Grym Lacin human shells with radiation untill cell mutation Begins to permeate flesh Like skins bein pressed And barb wire, steel mesh As 200 nerve endings record the pain I cut like the Wu-Tang sword hittin the brain

The main issue for invasion of your brain tissue Is your dismissal, nigga I reign official I lack fear like a black bear Slash your chest area open And have the whole world soakin within your hemoglobin Then blast, your lyrics be on face and astrophysics You couldn't be your ... if you were Noriega's chemist Bustin' the mic like Brooklyn fire hydrants in the summer Bangin like a Forerunner Lyrically my formula is C-4 to the third power Of ice, fire, and water This equation causes manslaughter Torture upon the microphone With the type of poem The strikes like a poem with a baseball bat Why waste the track, I'm better than all of that!

Chorus 2X

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