

## Snoop Doggy Dogg F/ Nate Dogg, Xzibit

### "Running Game on Real"

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[Intro: Frukwan]

Yo, it's that Brooklyn shit!

Y'all niggas ready? NAAAAAAAH!

Y'all ready? YEEEEAH!

Yo, oh shit

[Chorus: Frukwan]

Runnin game on bail

A nigga might find it hard walkin alone in a graveyard

Runnin game on bail

And if ya can't compete I'll leave ya 6 Feet Deep, nigga!

[Frukwan]

Yo, I be the Pied Piper, enlightener, holy cipher

Watch the God strike like a viper

Potential energy pumps the mainstream

Warn a nigga, crazy enough to return the dust

My chrome crushed the image, considered it a mess

Jump the C.O., bust the captain, and hop the fence

Did manuever like a cougar, usin night vision

Interrogate intruders, rest, puff my Buddha

The grand child, father of mad style

Battle Gods on file, exiled since I lost the trial

Behold, control niggas like croaks, insert dats

Death blow, aim and hit straight to the heart

It's a strong wind, niggas is thin as tin strips

Immeasurable wealth, campaignin that wack shit

The barriers ready, engaged lock finder

Fox 1, launch the sidewinder

Gothic hip-hop break, I blast microscopic bars

Til it ends communication, only seen through Allah

God body, search Darth Khadafi, killa of Nazis

Take heads like Jake DiViassi

Clips of snake venom, toos rock, instructor, destruct

Just burnt from lyrical reflux

Tramp through decisions, battlin and collisions

High speed, still a nigga tryin to breathe, what nigga?

[Chorus x4]

[Poetic]

I come with the Killa Arm-Leg-a-Leg-a-Arm-Head  
Ready with the bomb threat, fuck all of the calm shit  
Waitin til the bomb hits, make a nigga vomit  
Cuz he gave it all when preparin to respond wit  
My correspondece, only young foes fall as soldiers in  
the Cold War  
Powered by solar  
Always in the trench, intense until I dent  
The armour of the Devil brigade, slugs are spent  
And dark rebels invade your tent, with the intent  
To leave your body bent, I let the shotty vent  
To lay your chest, penetrate your vest  
Look for your family traits, as you defecate  
You're dyin in the stench, nothin can prevent  
A violent takeover, the modern J. Hova  
Cannot be tempted by no type payola  
Colder than the Polar, your bling-bling is over  
Fuck all you fake Costra Nostras  
Grym is a real street soldier, put you in a deep coma  
Your weak streak is over, finito  
I sting like 10 million mosquitoes with hypodermic  
needles

[Chorus x4]

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