

# Brotha Lynch Hung, Dogg Market

(snoop)

I'm in a murderous-mental mind state, monopolizin on 'em  
Enterprise with homicide, rock this dope and cut them corners (corners)  
Worldwide, visualize, two young killas on the rise  
Ain't that a bitch, snoop dogg and brotha lynch

(lynch)

And we remain bombed out (what), no doubt  
Eat niggas up with sour crout (what up), hollow 'em out  
'bout to open my own business, siccmade meats  
Where you gonna get your product from nigga?  
Sacramento streets (why), gotta be  
'cause these niggas be trippin  
I'm dippin in and out the city with the ? ? ? ? ? whip (what)  
With no pity, dingy, dirty, grimey and gritty, get me

(snoop)

I had a bundle of bitchest before I had a bundle a dollas  
A fist full a problems while I'm poppin my collar (ay, ay, ay)  
Sockin bustas, frontin hustlers with they work on the streets  
&gt;from the streets, to the sweets (to the what), to the slugs, to the east (man)  
Please believe, let me holler at you nephew  
What you do and what I do, I'll make you wan' act a fool

(lynch)

Alright, wait, wait, wait, hold up  
Avian lies up in the city, smashin with the fifty-slug  
No love, leave ya layin down lookin at the stars above ('cause what)  
'cause everything fade to black, like a scene change, ain't it strange  
Illegal procedure through out the game, lets ya nuts hang, hit the rain (rain)  
? ? ? ? like ? ? ? , laid 'em up with the hay

They, found the body three months later as I hit him with the potato  
Ate up his midsection, recollection, murder on my mind (ay what)  
Got me chin-checkin, and they said (that real? ), heard it all the time  
That's what these muthaf\*\*kas think about me, they ain't made it  
Mad 'cause niggas be tryna' ? ? ? some g's,  
Smoke weed (? ? ? some g's, smoke weed)  
Everyday, best believe, everyday  
Ay you, you nigga tryna' start ? ? ? move out my way  
Bet you never see me in black clothes, creepin out the back yard  
Hard-boiled with lead toes

(snoop)

I got so much to do with so little time  
My folks smoke dope that'll blow ya mind, hmm  
I bust a bitch about a quarter 'til nine  
So by 10:15 I got my dick on her spine  
Relax, recline, roll somethin nigga  
Hit this shit, blaze it up, now raise it up  
The grip and the bitch, yeah, stays with us  
Now, a lot a y'all niggas be talkin 'bout y'all livin it up, and give it up  
But let me take ya back to the essence, and shit  
Meditate and drop a message and shit  
You crumb-snatchin, no rappin peasants  
The big dog want it all, I came back to snatch all y'all presents  
Dippin, slippin, slidin away  
From the sac-town to the I-b, we do this shit like everyday  
Do you feel me, I'm the untouchable  
F\*\*kin with the rectable, unquestionable, remarkable,  
Fabulous and all that shit  
You know, I'm the original, biiitch, the original, biiitch