

Snoop Dogg, Don't Do The Crime (Aka Death Row)

[Chorus, Snoop singing]

Don't do the crime if you can't do the time

Yeah

Don't do it

Fell off into a party in the CPT

Niggas looking at me strange

But I'm up on the game

I ain't fucking with them niggas no mo

Shit, I feel the same way ya'll feel

Nigga, fuck Death Row (ha ha)

I cut em loose, send em juice

With visine in their cup

Catch em slipping, all my homeys get em stuck

It's the tale of a whale locked in a cell

On the streets he was the heat cause cuz had major mail

Had his homeboys plugged, wearing gold chains

Hanging at the studio, splurging and thangs

Nigga fucking off money, saving them hoes

Fucked off some money of mine

And bought me a white rolls

Living on Wilshire in a penthouse suite

Fucking bad bitches seven days a week

Colder than a motherfucker but now I'm hot

Floss me a brand new suit from Dionne Scott

I guess I'm balling now

Money falling down

I can hear them movie star bitches calling me now

Doggy Dogg come and get with the PG

Mr. Calvin Broadus could you please come and see me

But I ain't tripping, I'm just Dogg Pound Crippling

Talking big shit and in a bulletproof dipping

Make my own beats, so fuck ya'll too

And I'm down with the niggas from the you know who

We get to the point

Blaze the joint

Step into the party and holla at everybody

As long as the gin get mixed with juice

And the five on the crap game gon hit with deuce

Shit niggas gon be niggas so nigga nigga what

Just because I'm having paper don't mean fuck

I once was in the same predicament you was

Thinking to myself "Damn should I kill cuz?"

But I know deep in my heart

Two wrongs ain't right

And it started from a fist fight

I only got one life to live

I'm trying to see a grandfather with some grandkids

You dig?

I'm trying to live long like my hair

Put the shit down, like Fred Estaire

I want to share my world

But how the fuck can I share it

Everytime I throw you something

You look at mine and compare it

Man, it's a cold shame

But it's a cold game

I ain't make the rules to this game

Look, all I know and all I do

Is try to come through with something new

Banging for you

So whatever you do, you like it or not

Because when your shit play out

I be back on the dope spot

My grandpappy once sat me in his lap and he said

"Son get your money like that" (get your money, man)
I sit alone in the zone
Face of stone
Live the live of Al Capone
A Don Corleone
Casually casualties, fatalities
And all kind of funny looking niggas coming after me
Funny, it's got me dodging, dipping, slipping, and sliding
Eastside up, Eastsiders cause we riding (eastside up)
This is portable something to fuck with your ear
Doggy Dogg will appear to make it sound so clear
I fucks it up, like I always do
And that's a trick
I'm saying some shit
To make the bitches want to suck my dick
See it's an everyday thang
Communicating to ya'll with the Dogg Pound Slang
Back up in the house and we just don't stop
Call ya mama, fuck her fat, call the motherfucking cops
Hit roccs, yeah, you know what? You know what
They told me like this
[Refrain x 2]