

Snoop Dogg, Gangbangin' 101

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F/ The Game

[Snoop Dogg]

West Coast... it's time to stand up nigga

We gon' unite 'round this motherfucker one time

I'm callin' every real Crip nigga

And every real B-Dogg, to the table right now

Yeah... we gon' push a real line right now

See if y'all with this real gangsta guerrilla shit

Have you ever seen 100,000 Rip riders from the side

Blue Chuck's, blue rags, grey clouds, blue skies

On the move, can't lose, Hill Street blues

Niggaz gotta pay they dues on the crews or with the uzi spray

These suckas then I cruise, my granny saw it on the news

She shook up, look up and then she put me on the move

I tried to get away, but I couldn't get far

Cause the homies had the loop-loop that night at King Park

And I got into a squab, got caught and went to jail

Straight to the County with no motherfuckin' bail

4800 with this Crippin', oh well

My big homie Boy Blue snatched me by my coattail

He said trip Dogg, ya better get right, Crip right

Eyes open 'cause niggaz get stuck on seez-ight

It ain't no motherfuckin' problem - pop-pop, tick-tock

Never flip-flop, 20 Crippin' til I drop

[Chorus]

Ca-rip, Ca-rip, Ca-rip, Ca-rip

So whooot, so whooot, so whooot, so whooot

Ca-rip, Ca-rip, Ca-rip, Ca-rip

So whooot, so whooot, so whooot, so whooot

Ca-rip

[The Game]

Is I, in the motherfuckin' S-5

With the red bandana double knotted 'round the rearview

Niggaz see clear through, they know that it's Game

Cherry red Lowenhart's let 'em know that I bang

So bang, like Snoop in "Deep Cover";

I got the seat reclined, fo-five under the white-T, smothered

Dippin' down Green Leaf, I ain't got no enemies

Been shot five times, now I bleed Hennessy

And bang for my niggaz locked up, they can't stop us

It ain't a gangsta party 'til we go and dig Pac up

I'm Dr. Martin Luther King with two guns on

Hughey P. Lewis with Air Force One's on

I gangbang but I'm the opposite of Tookie Williams

Red Lambo', red bandana print ceilin'

Me and Snoop got the West Coast locked

Red and blue rag tied in a knot

With all my motherfuckin' homies yellin' out

[Chorus]

So whooot, so whooot, so whooot, so whooot

Ca-rip, Ca-rip, Ca-rip, Ca-rip

So whooot, so whooot, so whooot, so whooot

Ca-rip, Ca-rip, Ca-rip, Ca-rip

[The Game]

I ran outta gas in Long Beach, I'm stuck

Ain't no Bloods and all I see is blue Chuck's

Hopped out the '6-trey, nowhere to go

Til' Snoop pulled up in that Pittsburgh Steeler '6-4

We "Just Dippin'", one Bloodin' one Crippin'

I'm on that Bulls shit, throwback Scott' Pippen

Moral is, my bandana hangin' from the left side

So if you ain't a Crip or a Blood, just throw up Westside

[Snoop Dogg]

(What up Blood?) Yeah cuz, we just tippin'
Me and Game doin' thangs, switchin' lanes, Hurricanes on my feet
Stop, and C-Walk to the beat
Game, take the wheel and turn on 21st Street
Eastside LBC, gun in my hand
It's the turf by the surf but we don't play in the sand
We just - slip and slide out, we Rip and ride out
Let it C known, nigga welcome to the Thunderdome
[Chorus]
Ca-rip, Ca-rip, Ca-rip, Ca-rip
So whooot, so whooot, so whooot, so whooot
Ca-rip, Ca-rip, Ca-rip, Ca-rip
So whooot, so whooot, so whooot, so whooot
So whooot, so whooot, so whooot, so whooot
Ca-rip, Ca-rip, Ca-rip...