

# Snoop Dogg, Ghetto Symphony

(feat. No Limit)

[Snoop Dogg]

Yo nephew, give me some of that No Limit shit  
Yeah..

We got my nigga Fiend in the house  
C-Murder in this motherfucker  
Mystikal all up in this bitch  
Goldie Loc, hm-hmm  
My nephew Silkk the Shocker  
Oh yeah, we got somethin for the ladies too  
Mia X, run this bitch

[Mia X]

Lyrical arsonist, lady alligator  
Down South, hustler, former weight smuggler  
I'm Mother, of the Tank, gave birth to an army  
Guerilla millionaires, so don't even ask, if you wanna  
get to clappin, soldier action specialty of style  
We made the whole world respect the underground while  
some of y'all niggaz talk shit and get mad  
Cause we did it with a foot up your ass, and it's still there  
I cares not about your click or the block  
I'm still that same bitch to run up in your spot and knock you off  
Broad, with the cause (yeah) bitch on a mission  
Keep them niggaz by they nuts while you hoes be dick kissin  
Missin the game, damn bitch it's written in plain ebonics  
So shake that come-up off you brain and do the knowledge  
Mia X, kickin off the ghetto symphony  
Next soldier up, tell em who the FUCK you be

[Fiend]

WHUT? It's Fiend y'all  
Put me in the ring with real MC's, and watch em run for cover  
and hidin in trees, to escape the mic that I breathe on  
Bleed on, exceed on!  
Weak rappers with titles after twelve  
Hit a bell that's what I'll feed on!  
Microphone Don, walkin flesh, talkin bomb  
Bringin harm, to the calm, and, them be alarmed  
It's the African, oh, you wanna battle again?  
I'll turn, you and your mans, to my yesterday plans  
Oh damn, totin two pistols like Yosemite Sam  
Old man be grand, loud as the Southern band  
Pickups and caravans, the soldier, that could, that can  
I would be the man, but Dogg beat me to them plans

[Snoop Dogg]

Next up, on the M-I-C  
C-Murder, get busy for the symphony

[C-Murder]

I be's that nigga on the tank, always trippin never slippin  
Have you reminiscin and missin, that fool in your picture  
Call me Bossalinie BITCH without the Mo's at shows  
And FUCK dose who oppose (why?) we runnin them hoes  
three-hundred and sixty-five motherfuckin days a year  
I have your fool staggerin just like a bottle of beer  
You niggaz runnin from the cops, well I ain't runnin no mo'  
I flip the bird when I swerve, man, FUCK them hoes  
I'm crazy my nagga, but uh, I thought y'all knew that, shit  
Oh you ain't see the news? Shit I'm the nigga with the TRU tat  
Ask my nigga Keno, shit, I just don't give a fuck  
And if you run up wrong, I'ma fuck you up, you bitch you

[Snoop Dogg]  
Next up, on the M-I-C  
Silkk the Shocker get busy on the symphony

[Silkk the Shocker]  
Now would I COME THIS FAR FUCKER? If I didn't sound like a hit  
Y'all didn't know what the fuck y'all thinkin bout  
You sound like a bitch (beotch!)  
Shit it sound like a wish, you know when you got a motherfuckin hit,  
bitch?? When it sound like this!  
Or you fake niggaz get enough heart, and try to bust a  
rhyme at this click  
Fuck around and miss, then fuck around and get  
found in a ditch  
Gotta labels give me dough, when they find I can, gross this much  
Freestyle shit, you can tell em I ain't, wrote this stuff  
Silkk the Shocker, KLC perv and mash like, Snoop and Dre nigga  
Y'all can relate to ??? ??? get a contract like, MJ nigga  
Nigga where you from? You sweata, FUCK YOU AT?  
N-O-L-I-M-I-T, Top Dogg, and I'm FUCKIN with that

[Snoop Dogg]  
Next up, on the M-I-C  
Mystikal get busy on the symphony

[Mystikal]  
WHOO SHIT MOTHERFUCKER GOD DAMN!!  
I keep it HYYYYYYPE, BITCH I'M THE MAN!  
When the FUCK you ever heard somebody say that they don't say my song  
or that I don't roll on every fuckin person RAPPIN ON  
(That nigga Mystikal tighter than a muh'fucker) HAHHHHH?  
I came up off of \_Peter Piper\_ bells and the LL's \_Bad\_  
??Nee?? nigga to be pissed off with me  
cause their old lady they call me their baby  
MC's pilin up and crowdin up, but I'm their FAVORITE  
The type to fly buyin a Z-28 IROC  
And chop you in your motherfuckin face (HIII-YAH)  
Your album ain't tite, WHAT IN THE FUCK IS YOU PUSHIN?  
You played out just like old woman pussy

[Snoop Dogg]  
Next up, on the M-I-C  
Goldie Loc, get busy on the symphony

[Goldie Loc]  
Now watch me put these haters to the test, accumulatin with my stress  
Fold em fuck em fifty, get the shit up off my chest  
Releasin anger, all natural gangsta energy  
Goldie Loc the name, Dogg House game  
Motherfuckers better start backin up (whattup whattup)  
We in the Tank punk busters, motherfuckers don't wanna see us loc'd up  
Little Goldie Loc, Goldie Locks the same thang  
Smashin for the hood, cause I wanted to gangbang

[Snoop Dogg]  
Last up, I believe that's me  
Snoop Dogg, light up the mic for the symphony

This jam is dedicated to all non-optimistics  
That thought I wasn't comin, out with some exquisite, rhymes  
But that's OK, cause now I'm back  
To kill all the rumors, and straighten the facts  
Like umm, doin bad, gettin ganked for my bank  
Now you all on my dick when you see I'm TRU Tank Dogg

You say, &quot;Mmmm mmm mmm! Ain't that somethin  
Dogg I bought yo' album, my nigga, that shit is bumpin  
I apologize, I'm sorry for the drama  
Can I get your autograph for my baby momma?&quot;  
Shit I'm settin it off, lettin it off, bustin  
Hustlin, rushin, dustin motherfuckers  
Droppin the heat, lock up the street, we 'posed to  
I put this pistol in your mouth, now what you gon' do?  
Top of the line, first class  
I pop a cap in yo' ass, then pop some more in the glass  
Too legit to quit, I'm spittin gangsta shit  
Man fuck all that yappin, we bout that gun clappin

No Limit, yeah, that's what's happenin  
Fuck all that yappin, we bout that gun clappin  
Yeah  
In the real world, talk is cheap  
Actions speak louder than words  
No Limit Records, here to protect and serve