

# Snoop Dogg, Hoes, Money & Clout

(Scratching by Daz Dillinger)

Dogg Pound

Don Colion, whatever, whatever, Dogg Pound, East Side

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For all my homies with the eight tray wigs (ride on)

And all the playas in the '79 Coupes (ride on)

For all of my gang affiliates in tha hoppin' '68

This ones from me to you (ride on)

Well, not the Under Dogg, call me the Wonder Dogg

I keep it crackin' while I'm stackin' in this game called rappin'

Now I kick up my feet like I kick a rhyme to a beat

And everytime you see me on the streets ,I gots some heat

Hell, yeah, then pass the beat

And everybody wanna know what's up with me and Master P (ughh)

For your concern, you knew there wann't no gimmick

When I got into some gangsta shit and told you wann't No Limit

To the thangs I'm gon' do

Now it's really goin' down with the DPGC

Well, Daz did the beat, and Kurupt got the heat

And Tray Dee, he laid the hook and Supafly played the keys (woo, woo)

Ughh, it get no realer than this from the LB to the Down South

Add more killers to this entourage

South, West, oh, yes

We in charge and we'll pull your cards

No disrespect or disregards

Life in the big LB is gettin' hard (so what)

So my squad gon' mob and drop bombs

Bring me along, we causin' everybody harm

Chorus 2x:

I make ya scream (ahhhhhh)

I make ya shout (ooooohhh)

C'mon all you partyin' people

Let me turn ya out

Cuz you know I'm all about

The hoes, money, and clout

And I rock a Long Beach City (heyyyyyy)

All the way down South

Can you feel me?

I can dig it

Hoes- Take me to the bridge

Snoop Dogg, Snoop Dogg (who)

Snoop Dogg, Snoop Dogg (what)

Snoop Dogg, Snoop Dogg (who)

Snoop Dogg, Snoop Dogg

Whether in a Khaki suit or a pimped stripe

I'm a G for G and nuttin' else for life

You can bet your bottom biscuit

You get twisted if you dwellin' in my felon intuition (what up)

Tha Doggfather is a household name

&gt;From basketball to alcohol, everybody love the Dogg

I'm sure Billy King probably got a Doggystyle tape

Somewhere hidden in his briefcase

Newsweek, Rolling Stone, major magazines

Dope fiends, prom queens, we too clean

Take a look you ain't ever seen

One hip-hop rapstar drop this West Coast rap-cord

Back to the spot up top

West Hills for real, give it up to him (WC)  
A who bang with diamond  
Take a hit with big Lajeezy before he found some wheezy  
With blue Colion playin' in the background  
On the behind line with big style  
Hitting P, LIG tell him let it go  
Game strong, no longer in the roll  
Just a few names from the respected files  
LBC styles, DPG ale  
I bought a house with a lake in the back  
My big holey stack just like that

Chorus: