## Snoop Dogg, Pimp Slapp'd

[DJ E-Z Dick]

W-Balls, it's your main man DJ E-Z Dick
About to unleash another one of those platnum plus hits
And the word is on the streets, and the word is the streets
We gon go to a live remote, licking wit my main man Mr Doggy Dogg

[Snoop Dogg]

A day in the life, of a Rollin 20 Crip

I'm just a stuburn type of fella with a head like a brick And just because I sip Moet, they say that I'm hopeless

But I don't give a fuck, so blame it on the loc'ness

Now this is how we do it when we checking the grip

Snoop Dogg is in this bitch, so don't even trip

I bust a funky composition that's smooth as a prism

Now check it as I kick off in this funky ass rhythm

It's six dub, the phone is ringing off the deck

And it's some homies talking about I disrespected they set

Aww nah, Dogg aint this y'all

I got couple relatives up off of Crenshaw

This is about me and Simon, not me and y'all

I got love for a bunch of real B-Dogs

Like K-Dub, Top Cat, B-Reel, E-Rock, Boo-Lay Face

And the homie Har'ron rest in peace

Big Jay from Cappinella Park

He used to blaze with his nephew after dark

On and on, rocking big neck bone

Mausberg I had to put you on my song

It's so real, I had to show some love

Now back to this scrub, it ain't about Crip or Blood

It's about you bein jealous of what I does

Cause I does it the most, the king of the coast

in the paint playin post - I back you down

like Shaq-Daddy, and bust on ya out the new Caddy

And skirt up, bust ya boulevard

I'm not Xzibit, you can't +Pull My Hoe Card+

.. I fucked all your groupies

When you was doin time in Camp Snoopy

With the fags and snitches, no killers just bitches

And you was payin niggaz off with all my riches

You so hardco', why you ain't go to level fo'?

Oh I know (bitch!)

But I walk the mainline everytime I go down

You can check my G files I do it L.B.C. style

.. I got the word on your Simon

You need to just start rhymin

Cause you the biggest star on your label

And them other niggaz just crumbs off my table

You're not able, to compete with the heat that I drop

And I still ain't been paid, for "1-8-7 on a cop"

I started yo' shit and I will end yo' shit

if you keep talkin shit on Crip!

[Hook 1: repeat 2X]

It all boils down to the fact

that you're jealous of my paper stack (jealous ass nigga)

It all boils down to the fact

that you're jealous of my paper stack (gon get pimp slapped)

[Hook 2: repeat 2X]

Money, I get it, paper I got it

Heaters, I keep em, bitches I got em

[Snoop Dogg]

If I shoot you, I'll be brainless, and you'll be famous

And I'll be spending money out the anus Your only gain is to try to get me to fall down to your level Man you worser than devils Alotta niggas should've said it, fuck em But Ima say it for em, stop it, pop it, rewind and play it for em This nigga's a bitch like his wife Suge Knight's a bitch, and that's on my life And I'ma let the whole world see Cos you fucked up the industry, and that's on me We can go head up, nigga, set it up Or we can do the other thing, I love to wet it up Your rappers and artists, tell em, shut it up Cos I'll fuck every last one of em up, especially Kurupt See that's my lil homeboy, so he knows what's up He better keep it Crippin, and slip his clip in Cos these niggas trippin, this is official business Do the same way, leave no witnesses This is that unexpected diss directed, sprayed, covered and protected Strip you butt naked, chicky-check-check-it It's all to the good again You can catch Snoopy Dibby Double in the hood again Spinning that real times, spitting that real shit To make the whole world feel it So put the bacon in the skillet, and try to peel it Cause Doggystyle Records is the realest, nigga

## [Hook 1]

Money, I get it, paper I got it Heaters, I keep em, bitches I got em Money, I get it, paper I got it

Jealous ass nigga