

Snoop Dogg, Tha Eastsidaz

Mobbin, straight billin through the eastside
Never had a site to rhyme, but I'm still mobbin

[Goldie Loc]

Dope dealers, to the fullest

I keep my glock, stuffed with rocks, so watch out for the bullets

Eastside, young nigga sportin them chucks

Never givin a fuck, so watch out for the come up

Them eastside niggas be the crip, crip, craziest

Ride wit my niggas fool we gon die for this

No need to be a punk just dump when I say so

Empty the clip another block let's go

I don't give a fuck about some posted what

So C slide me the mac so I can rip shit up

We aint finished with this mission so listen to whats crackin

We aint rollin wit you niggas that's scared to do the jackin

The plan don't stop nigga, fuck the cops

If a nigga snitch he the first nigga to drop

That's all my game, we ride like macked up trucks

You know them niggas on the eastside be givin it up

Just blast for me, and I'ma blast for you

When I'm in jail, get cash, and I'ma mash for you

That's on the real homeboy don't let me down

I clown homeboy and I bang the pound

HOOK: Tray Deee

We Tha Eastsidaz, what define us, is we ridaz

And when we come through real niggas stand beside us

Killers, cutthroats, and knivers

Bringin it the livest, and leavin no survivors

(repeat)

[Tray Deee]

I still wear the same pair of khakis least three days

Nappy ass french braids and it aint no thang

Hang with motherfuckers wanted for all types of crimes

Plus them little bitty niggas on they bikes wit nines

On the grind no I rhyme nigga times is hard

Got jugs of water buried all across my yard

One time on my line tryin ta find a cause

Toss a nigga in the street and reach up under my balls

Guns cocked, mug shots, cell blocks and locked down

But I done made it too far to stop now

Results of a banger, to most I'ma danger

No hope for those who come to close to the chamber

Bitches lovin I'ma gangster so fuck it

No matta if I hafta I get at em in a bucket

Tuckin in my shirt and all that shit don't work

First look, say I'ma crook that did dirt for the turf

High talk, high walk, when I stalk the street

Gurantee who try to see me come across the feet

It's a eastside lifestyle, wild and foul

Goin out, puttin it down sayin fuck the trial

Aim is to be famous wit major loot

A gang of juice, in case I gots to bring the troops

And everybody know the eastside the craziest

So motherfuckers know it aint no fadin this

HOOK 2X