Snoop Doggy Dogg, Pump Pump

Verse One:

static
Pump Pump, Pump Pump, Pump Pump, Pump Pump
Pump Pump

Let the motion of your body be the key, cuz we be the motherfuckin G Funk family
Now, I'll play the G in this deadly game
Snoop Dogg is the name Dogg Pound's the game
If it ain't one thing it's a motherfuckin nother
Word to my granny and my daddy, and my mother
Whether standin on the corner, or bouncin in the six-deuce
When I was locked up, I couldn't wait to get loose
Cuz back in the days, on the side where it's at
A nigga had to have a fat stack
And I was a fool, don't make me have to grab my strap and go
rat-tat-tat-tat, nigga slap to a motherfucker face he fall
Can't none of y'all niggaz see the Doggy Dogg
Cuz I'm one rude bwoy comin with the wickedness
So shut the fuck up, and listen while I'm kickin this

Chorus: (repeat 2X)

Blam blam, blam to dem all Listen to the shots from my nigga Doggy Dogg (pump pump)

Verse Two: Snoop

Now you can look to the Sun, and spot the moon And see Snoop Doggy Dogg step into the room With the G funk, he funk, she funk, we funk Follow me, follow me, listen to the words that a nigga... I come down with the wickedness One rude bwoy comin with the darkness (blam!) Close your eyes cuz you can't see me I guit school cause of recess you fuckin B.G. I'm shakin up the party, like Lodi Dodi Is he the dopest? Ya betta ask somebody When, then, send, some gin And a pack of zig zags now let the games begin In nineteen-motherfuckin-ninety-three I'm fuckin up every nigga known in the indistry Check this out, it's a Dogg Pound thang You know who I am you know my motherfuckin name, who am I? (The S-N-Double-O-P) nickname (Silky Smell) last name (D-O-double-G) The behavior and the flavor that I found Makes me wanna hit that ass up with the Dogg Pound

Chorus

Verse Three: Malik

Now just back up, don't act up, I pack up much heat Any battle I'm in, I win, I can't be beat Don't sleep while I creep peep out my technique I forgot, I'm out of sight so you can't see the MC of the year, you hear and you fear i got somethin for them niggaz in the front and the rear I handle the sides, did a driveby in the who-ride I'm satisfied now everything is really alright You know when I come nigga I come wicked Don't need no permisison, motherfucker I'ma kick it Niggaz sweat my shit I wet em up with the biscuit

Lick em up shot, it don't stop, till dem all drop Make up your mind, go pop or slang rocks Just stop, rottin on the next niggaz jock I'm strapped with my glock on your block And ready to let loose on the first imitator that I spot

Chorus