

# Tha Eastsidaz, Gang Bang 4 Real

Yeah, (yea yea) uhh, yeah  
Fred Wreck in this motherfucker  
Yeah Tha Eastsidaz  
Back once again to drop that Crip Hop shit

(Chorus - Tray Deee)  
We gets payed to steal, gang bang for real  
Slang thangs at will, known to blaze the steel  
Niggas ain't for real, cats who claim to peel  
Say you game to kill, but I don't think you will

(Tray Deee)  
Little Goldie Loc, these niggas hoes to me  
Lemme tell these motherfuckers how it's 'sposed to be  
See crime merrily and better see ya rep to death  
Squeeze ya enemies until they can't catch they breath  
Don't sleep, tote heat, seven days a week  
Whether to work or to church, snow, rain, or sleet  
And don't bang with weak - motherfuckers who ain't wit it  
Ain't no snitchin, take the deal and get convicted, stay committed  
This mission is a vision to control the globe  
Leavin scents where we step back and hold our own  
Hold that zone, it won't be long, we keep it pushin  
Livin on the edge and ain't lookin for no cushion  
It's all in the hardcore game of death  
Cuz you can't change ya steps, once you have claimed the set  
Ain't no tattoo removal, fool, bang ya block  
Or you could shake the spot, cuz now your face is hot  
All that goin outta town, tryin to set up shop  
And you ain't win up nothin buster, better check yo' props  
Keep the sag hangin, rag swangin, gangsta walk  
Leave opponents hood smokin, with the tape the chalk  
Young homies to the G's stay swollen with cheese  
Insane to the brain, rollin twenty's on D's  
Throwin C's up, ease up, or get rubbed out  
Cuz my whole squad hot and we stay thugged out

(Chorus - Tray Deee)

(Goldie Loc)  
Tray Deee, O.G., these niggas holdin me  
Lemme show these motherfuckers how it's sposed to be  
Mama, they got me in the shell again  
But this time I think I'm headed for the state pen  
I got too many problems, and I sure don't need 'em  
As I fall to my knees and I begs for my freedom  
Listen for my name, so I can get chain  
I'm headed for court but this time I feel strange  
With my eyes on the gate, with handcuffs on my wrist  
I'm tryna find a way out, to hoppin the fence  
5 o'clock, they might shock, to leave these shackles on my feet  
I feel the heat it's gettin deep, both eyes open when I'm asleep  
The big situation got me stuck in a drought  
I've been squabblin everyday so my time didn't count  
The major deal is that my brother told me, "Take no shit"  
Cuz I might end up gettin out and comin home real quick  
The plan for the lick was to do it overseas  
Come back to the L.B., spendin 24 G's  
Now you know me - straight up to no good  
Little nappy head nigga always bellin through the hood  
I kept my strap on my lap, and steadied the clip on the seat  
All eyes on me, when your fuckin with a G  
I was dedicated to seein the gangsta cuz  
I keep my head on straight, with my brain on buzz

(Chorus - Snoop Dogg)

(Snoop Dogg)

Ay B-A-D (whattup) These niggas hoes to me  
Lemme show you motherfuckers how it's 'sposed to be  
Keep a, bag of money with the grocery  
And when I'm on the move I groove with the fo'fifth heat

(Bad Azz)

Check it out Eastsida, these niggas hoes to me  
Now lemme show you motherfuckers how it's 'sposed to be  
I'm just a Eastside, low-life nigga to death  
We gone ride in any car, show with niggas the best  
Peep the nigga that test, you shoulda put on ya vest  
You shoulda, covered ya wig, 'fore I hitcha with this  
It ain't no motherfuckin give back, when knees is crackin  
If it ain't a gun war, we finna use 'em for jackin  
And it's money 'round here, it's just hard to see it  
And when you spot it, don't be so fuckin sure that you got it  
You make it happen or not - you still grindin on the spot  
You gotta give it what you got, still livin how it pop  
It's a do-it-all-day type of thang, make it crack-a-lak  
Fuck a jail cell, I'm on the beach in a Cadillac  
Fleetwood, seven deuce nigga with the rag back  
Bangin ol' deez like a cold O.G.  
Used to smoke wet 'til my day looked black  
Used to pack techs 'til my pay looked fat  
I have bitches transport them llello packs  
Still the sam ol' nigga, I just slang dope raps  
Hate, I feel like "so what", smash and get my dough up  
You know what, point some heat at'cha when ya show up

(Snoop Dogg)

So niggas don't be runnin up up on the B-A-D  
Cuz he be packin heat, and this is D-P-G-C  
Uh-huh, it's off the hizzy  
For real, beat by Fred Wrizzy  
Makin them niggas get dizzy  
For real {\*echo\*}  
Gangsta shit, lemme get some girl  
Yea this shit to gangsta for the motherfuckin streets  
Eastsida, be-atch!