

# Kurupt, Bring Back That G Shit Featuring Goldie

(Snoop Dogg)

Ride, ride  
Rough, ride on, ride on  
Roll on, roll on  
What!, what!, what!  
Ride on, ride on, roll on  
Nigga what!, w-w-what!, what!, w-w-what!  
Ride on

(Kurupt)

This is the game you wanna spit to a nigga  
Let a nigga know it's all right, cascades  
And G'z stompin' on niggas like parades  
Escapades and charades played  
When the stampede stopped  
And it continuously Young Gotti  
Seen so many bodies  
Drop fours hop classics and drastic measures  
Principle's a pleasure and penal endeavours  
Whatever the case, whatever case, it's caught on a chase  
When a chase, it began in the facial of race  
Me and Fred, he make beats, I make rhymes  
And Snoop, he controls and calculates  
In previous moves, the Pound Pentagon  
Wit a pistols, I holla where the gangstas' at  
Daz poppin' his collar, nigga sweet and sour  
Pop Chucks and collars, rollin' through the streets in my '84 Impala

(Snoop Dogg)

Holla, holla, if you wanna  
We gon' run it from the co'na, it's the killa Califo'nia  
Ya see, I do it to ya  
'Cause I know it screw ya, ya try up do us  
But you can't 'cause you lovin' this beat  
Uh, uh... we dump, dump to make you pump, pump  
We comin' wit the heat to make ya trunk bump  
Freddy said he had a whole a gritty down to go steady  
And stick up Eddie for his fedy and bring it all back to daddy  
I want bread, cheese now put it on the patty  
Knick Knack style, kick back and flip files  
In the verge, on now listen now honey child  
Bow Wow, do ya now, how ya like it doggystyle?  
Smile and grinnin', sippin' on some gin'n  
Roll wit a cap and ya all strapped in  
Once ya back in, it's straight mackin'  
I keep it crackin'

(Hook - 4x)

This is how we all get down  
Bring back that "G" shit fo' me!

(Snoop Dogg)

I know I slept you, kept ya, fin'na fetch ya  
Snatch ya back too, slapped you and rapped too  
The vacuum sat 'chu and rat packed you, act two  
Now what must i do, to get you back  
To the way is used to see, D-P-G-C'ology  
I'm not talkin' 'bout chemistry or biology  
This "G" 'ology, you feelin' me  
Niggas be killin' me and willin' me  
Silly he, thinkin' y'all gon' smash on me  
Blast on me, the audacity  
I'll take ya back to the ol' skool and let ya cut class wit me  
Get some ass wit me

Then get us somethin' to drink and let you sip out the same glass as me  
And now you a killa  
And it was all over weed and a tall can of milla, illa  
Kill a nigga like a flea  
Bigg Snoopy D-O double gizzle  
Way off tha hizzle my nizzle

(Goldie Loc)

I hit niggas and bitches if you fuck wit my mental  
'Cause I'm a killa and stick release ya pop like a pimple  
If you don't got my money I suggest you run  
'Cause the Gold Loc, he do you like a 20 or done  
Ain't no fun the way I play, nigga I plays fo' keeps  
No details you've just been sweeped to sweep  
Locations, directions, not even a trace  
Bitch I doubt it, if ya body get found like waste  
In the alley, killa Cali, this Eastsidaz Crips  
Never slip, set trip, and smoke chronic dip  
Cuz!

(Hook -4x)

(Traci Nelson)

Snoop Doggy Dogg has to give it to ya  
Fredwreck got the reefers bumpin' through ya  
Goldie Loc can put the G and the C  
Wit Kurupt Young Gotti from the D-P-G

(Kokane - Harmonizing)

(Daz)

Bitch

(Fred Durst)

Hey!