

Master P, Poppin' Them Collars

[Snoop Dogg & (Master P) talking]

Hey yo (Ghetto Postage)

Give me something that makes a nigga wanna pop his motherfuckin' collar

(With a lil' West Coast twist on it)

(Master P and Snoop, ha ha, tah dow, poppin' collars]

[Chorus with Master P & Snoop ad-libs]

Pop those collars

Pop those collars

Pop those collars

That's the just the way we do it

Pop those collars

We changed the game

[Snoop]

Slid up in the door, get up in ya ho

Sippin' on some Mo with Big D from the mad ass 6-0

Stretched out on the couch with some Mary Jane

Doghouse nigga, we all in the same game

An every nigga in my click got the platinum chain

Blang, blang Doggy's Angel's same thang

Eastsidaz same thang, rip riders ask my nephew Kokane

[Master P & Snoop together]

Cause game recognize game and we got it

No Limit and Dogg Pound, we rowdy, get em' up

We bang bang

[Snoop]

On this music that we make ho

In the cars, the clubs, or when we smoke dope

We drop that shit for you kin folk

And poor folks no joke, loc loc

Blaze a sack loc, bust a back stroke

And pop ya motherfuckin' collar till ya break ya back loc

[Chorus with Master P & Snoop ad-libs]

[Master P]

Ah dog we off the heezy

Snoop and P together for cheesy

Poppin' collars from the South to the Wizest

We off, see the tank around our nizeck

We O.G. show me love

And the Baker Boys started the buzz

Now we California livin' like Dre and Pac

And them No Limit boys, see we can't be stopped

Me and E-Feezy go way on the bizack

Remember Baby D, TRU it and Prizack

My essay homie, chop chop got the dizope

While me and Xzibit was ballin' by cizoast

I'm the black Slim Shady so don't try to play me

Turn a six into a Bentley and drive em' crazy

Roll up to Eastside back to the West

Represent Richmond, California to the South, respect

[Chorus with Master P & Snoop ad-libs]

[Snoop]

I'll bless you before I diss you

Y'all miss me, shit I miss you

So sweet, so sure but so low

So just let it all go, serious we sick of this

Dog homie, ask ya kids they put chu' up on it

On the corners they poppin' they collars
While back in the days, shit niggas used to stack they dollars
Make a nigga wanna holler
Playas, pimp, p-poppers, impersonators
Real rip riders, Eastsidaz and regulators
Haters come in all shapes, sizes and colors
But we on top of thangs so they can't get above us
Hate us or love us, we rollin' with the heat huggers
Thuggers, house party niggas fuck clubbers
With anine in my pockets, poppin' my collar pushin' and shovin'

[Hook with Master P & Snoop ad-libs to fade]