

# Snoop Dogg, Big Bang Theory

Intro: Xzibit

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, what

Snoop double, D O G, what, mr. X to the Z, yeah, and Kurupt

The kingpin, DoggHouse Records takin over the shit in the '99

What, yeah, uh huh, yeah, bangin on you, huh

It's the big bang theory, yeah, check it out, bring it, yo

HOOK: Xzibit

I got a big bang theory my hardcore comittee

Gon rock and roll the streets and shake the whole city

Chronic low ridin bitches with silicon tities

(we gon bounce and ball until the wheels fall off)

I got a big bang theory my hardcore comittee

Gon rock and roll the streets and shake the whole city

Affiliated with thousands sent out medallions

(we gon bounce and floss until the wheels fall off

[Kurupt]

Chest plates hit with gauges, sawed off, hauled off

Blast wit somethin and I breaks all the walls off

Fuck it, tie my flag around my mouth

Blue rag on my face, blue rag in my left pocket

Pistols screamin, unleashin pure fury

Smash, snatch the pockets and all the jewelry

Glass shattering, blastin, niggas scatterin

Scat, takin three to four to the back

I'm back motherfucker, live broadcast

Show my face, with my rag on, let me throw my hood in the air

Let me put 'bout two in the air

Let me show these motherfuckers that I don't care

It's a symphony composed of killers and armed forces

Livin for whatever it cost's, crimb bosses

[Pinky]

It's goin down by the year 2 G

I'm goin be flyin through the hood, duckin, dodgin the heat

My niggas watch the street, be it rain, snow, or sleet

Us niggas gon eat, makin troops we creep

Losin the jeep, runnin on feet, survivin off the land money and

Gun in hand, operation quicksand

Aint tryin ta put the mark of the beast on my hand

I had to bless the head of a military man

Jumped into the back of the 4 door sedan

All up in the trunk was the hidden contraband

Fuck a middleman, my pistols aim directly from Iran

Looking from a third eye, I spot the hidden cam

I know what you look like, I know how you think

I'm the type of bitch to pop a pill up in your drink

HOOK

[CPO]

Bitch, fuck that, you bring fat rag, here's cheese

You work your fuckin employees

You know you get all excited like that

Stack it through them hoodlum back, cuz I like it like that, bitch

I kill drama, shit get action packed

When I jump out the black stealth bomber

Cuz it's bout, you know, I want the fuckin mansion pad

To heal that bitch sittin on

So don't waste the fuckin cheese that you earn

Rotate the fuckin weed that you burn

Don't fuck with Bossy off the glam,

Rollin crack , blow blocks in half

[Tray Deee]

We rides on visitors and takes no prisoners

Handles all business and pay off the comissioner

Big time crime figure niggas gettin riches

20 inches whippin all we givin hittin switches

Twistin flippin chickens stickin victims if they slippin  
Trippin, on the mission and my trigga finga itchin  
Positioned at your dome, one twitch and it's on  
No remorse or second thoughts once the clip and the chrome  
This is the zone, weak niggas covers get blown  
Stoned killers and gorillas want whatever you want  
Shake spots with bank notes, keep the thang cocked  
And leave motherfuckers stripped to tank tops  
We the gang, it's our thang to mash and maintain  
Gangbang slang came and aint gon change  
All out till we fall out, fuck the world  
DoggHouse style with the chucks and curls  
HOOK