

# Snoop Dogg, Conflicted (feat. Nas)

If God for me, who could be against me?  
I guess all them niggas that's against me  
They the ones stirrin' up the conflict  
Then try to make it out like I'm conflicted  
Bitches  
East Coast niggas in six-fours hittin' switches (Shit)  
It's not a conflict of interest  
Cuh, them niggas with the business  
West Coast niggas rockin' them Timberlands deep up in them trenches  
It's no difference

Neither one play games when swingin' for them fences  
We want the finer things, the shit that's expensive  
The shit that hit 'em either close range or at a distance  
If God for me, nigga, why bother?  
I got my game from the Godfather (Woof)  
Top of the food chain, rock bottom  
And handled my business when it was my problem  
G shit, nigga flossin' with a gold chain  
I got my Turkish rope with matchin' gold fangs  
Bomber jacker in the winter, it's a cold game  
I met some East Coast niggas up in Spokane (What up?)  
Some of the realest niggas in this dope game  
I got my curly top, lookin' like Special Ed  
Clean fade on the side, bumpin' that redhead  
Clean tags when I ride, duckin' the fed-feds  
East Coast niggas, they get that bread-bread  
You fuck with them niggas, you end up dead-dead  
Them West Coast niggas, they leave that lead spread  
And now you got bullets all in your dread head

If God for me, who could be against me?  
I guess all them niggas that's against me  
They the ones stirrin' up the conflict  
Then try to make it out like I'm conflicted  
Bitches  
Still tryna fuck the riches  
East Coast niggas in six-fours hittin' switches (Shit)  
It's not a conflict of interest  
Cuh, them niggas with the business  
West Coast niggas rockin' them Timberlands deep up in them trenches  
It's no difference

Fourth and inches  
I'm finna hit a lick and handle business  
I got a down bitch, she real vicious  
Rock-a-bye baby, no witness  
This is not even a conflict  
You niggas on nonsense  
Niggas die the same way in Brooklyn and Compton  
But niggas with that gang-gang, them niggas make a profit  
Niggas on top, niggas stay poppin'  
Look, see, I was the high school Slick Rick, I was stylin'  
Fat gold chain with an African medallion  
Hip-hop connoisseur and Rollin' 20 Crippin'  
Rap game real tight, freestyle was magnificent  
All about the clout and all about my dividends  
Them older niggas couldn't tell me different  
I need a 'round the way girl to let me stick it in  
Showtime at the Apollo  
I'm drinking OE up out the bottle  
Take two swigs and pour out a little liquor for my niggas who won't live to see tomorrow  
If God for me, who could be against me?

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