

# Snoop Dogg, Downtown's Assassins

INTRO:(\*mobster Corleone talking\*)

VERSE ONE:(DAT NIGGA DAZ)

Yeah

Vision 88 kilos of cocaine smack-dead in your face  
The street value of that is what you dream to make  
Run an illegal business,racketeerin  
Smugglin,doin things from handin a gun,is what they fearin  
Bodyguards and hitmen like some Al Capone shit  
Heavy artillery got the cops on my dick  
Different locations,spots where it takes place  
If you show them my money,your ass is gettin f-laid  
There's four major games that run the city of G's  
The violators,the Gambinos and the Corleones and me  
The violators and Gambinos they run uptown  
Me and my cousin Corleone we run downtown  
Murder's an everyday thang in the city  
Where you gotta plot chips,jag robberies and do in its  
Tanadian Nay,the charge of the weapons  
Hit from verandahs and do a thing unexpected  
So we plan a plot with an Uzi and 10 shot  
Buck em till they all drop,circle round the block  
Let em have it as soon as they come out  
Unload on their ass,commence to takin them out!

INTERLUDE:(DAZ talking)

Throughout the streets of Long Beach  
The streets was infected with drugs,dope pealers and addicts  
Gangs have taken over 75% of our town as the young  
Youth behaviour is outrageous with crime  
They feel no remorse what'soever, as the law enforcements  
Have tried to stop the trafficking of drugs  
From coming into our country, but they can't  
The murders have increased more than 95% and the drug amount  
Of which they make is more than 700 million dollars  
Now wanted by the IRS and we will convict them of tax evasion

VERSE TWO:(TRAY DEE)

I had no choice or remorse for time for puttin it down  
Niggas know the scoop is stupid if they come from my town  
I been around since the Jumpstreet makin it pop  
Young crook keepin hook,nigga,shakin the spot  
Had to be a standout not to get ran out  
Look for help,you help yourself cos there's no handout  
Since the city Long Beach is only G's and hos  
You hold on ya heat but them fiendish foes  
Trust,bust,be aware and I ain't ya curse  
Cos the niggas that I dared to (?agank?) the first  
Think I might be deceased 'fore I reach my calling  
As long as I'm haulin my heat I'm stallin  
I bring it to ya hard from the streets of life  
Where niggas get rewarded to grief for strikes  
Don't speak on the creep,mo' fools is listenin  
And war story glory ain't worth the riskin  
Real niggas still get a mob like respect  
If you represent ya set,till ya bite the deck  
Who I be?I'm the Dee,nigga check the file  
Under G you will see not to sweat my style  
I'm takin em out!

INTERLUDE:(Corleone talking some more)

VERSE THREE:(SNOOP DOGG)

I come through blastin,me as a Downtown Assassin  
Mashin,may they rest in peace in they caskets  
Shoot em down in front of Hassans  
Should've known from the gate,who's the baddest?  
In my zone,Don Corleone wanted  
For the murder of forty men

Ordered to hit and watch him kill again and again  
From the U-S-C,I shift ki's,a 120 plane rides  
Multiplied by G's,87.3 million in a matter o'months  
Big business and big dollars is all that I want  
I blaze up to celebrate,new empire to make  
Toast till we all die,till we burst and break  
From knives to guns,from the rich to the slums  
We ran outta dope,I don't think so son  
While I be gunned by a mark from the enemy park  
From daylight to reach dark and all the clucks a'spark  
From when I pick em off like darts  
Stab em in they hearts  
Make an example,what I said,ya end up dead  
Spayed the wall with graffiti like hogs for all my lost Doggs  
Never reach until I see the blue sky till I die  
All I ever want is to be left alone  
Me myself,me my dope,me and my chrome  
Got paid by cops and judges,I budge when I buzz  
I got the City of Long Beach goin crazy for drugs  
OUTRO:(Corleone capping it off)