

# Snoop Dogg, For All My Niggaz And Bitches

Verse One: Kurupt

Well it's that slow flow, D-O-double-G, nigga  
See these other fools but you can't see me, nigga  
Who am I? [It's Kurupt motherfucker]  
Do or die [We gives a fuck motherfucker]  
So slow your roll, I'm In Control like Janet  
The loc-est twenty-one year old nigga that's on this planet  
Take it for granted, if ya wanna, cuz I'm gonna  
Grab my strap then clear the corner, beeotch!!

Chorus: repeat 2X

So all my bitches and my niggaz and my niggaz and my bitches  
Wave your motherfuckin hands in the air  
And if you don't give a shit  
Like we don't give a shit  
Wave your motherfuckin fingers in the air

Verse Two: Daz, Kurupt

Now on a one, two, three who could it be  
Comin with a group of gangsta shit for ninety-three  
So ninety-four's arrived nigga, back on up  
And let me and my Dogg Kurupt fuck shit up  
Now can't nobody see me here or there  
Wherever I bails, I put it down on the ground  
Cuz ain't shit for sale in the Coupe  
With the beat flossin off gold D's  
And my cousin Snoop packs well, you know what I mean  
And it don't take much, for the Dogg Pound to bust a cap  
In your ass, for gettin us all fucked up  
Now check it, it's a callin for niggaz like Doggs  
Who supposed to be the shit, but steadily bitchin like hogs  
(Yes y'all) Walk the Doggs (yes y'all) Yiggy y'all  
Stay full of that gin and juice and have a ball  
I packs a strap, like that, I kicks it like this  
Now how many bitches must get dick?  
Before they say, that Daz is that nigga from back in the day  
Ya never ever thought I'd see him bustin with Dr. Dre  
Cuz I grips mics, I rips mics in half  
Hoes be comin to my flat so I can tap that ass

Chorus

Verse Three: Kurupt

You're headed my way, nigga you best to hit a U-turn quick  
So what's happenin? I'm cappin shit up like a Western flick  
The kinpin of the clique, top notch  
17 shot Glock cocked, so all nigga drop  
The run of the mill fool get broke off for tryin to serve  
The best Kurupt's era, peep the terror, cuz it's a murder fest  
I smoke chronic everyday, so what have we  
Another motherfucker, gettin served like some cavy  
Now who, drops (ruff rhymes) I got full Juice like 2Pac  
(plus I'm) rollin with two Glocks  
Fly motherfuckers can't see Kurupt  
Hellraisin like Pinhead, beware I'm tearin shit the fuck up  
Slow your roll, like your legs was broken  
Who's jokin? Rakim never joked, so why should I loc?  
Now that's my idol, check the vital rhyme flow doe  
Runnin em like Flo Jo, stranded on Death Row  
Mediocre motherfuckers die cuz I'm servin it  
They can't fuck with or see me I'm mass murderin  
[Smokin indo, look out my window I suppose] Yeah  
[Niggaz don't understand how we kicks diffrent flows]  
(I'm raw like new footage) I'm rugged like a BF Goodrich  
(Bring your whole set and get your hood lynched)  
[Drop to your knees like a dog in heat]  
Peep the murderous styles and the poetical techiques  
Chorus

Verse Four: Rage

Check it out, it's Rage, ready for the breakdown

Take down, when it comes to the mic I'm puttin my weight down

And that's 175 pounds of beed

Beatin yo' ass down to the concrete

Fool, act like ya know

I'm stranded on Death Row with no where to go, so

What's a girl to do

Take out a crew, or two, a few, what you wanna do?

[Snoop] Throw your guns in the motherfuckin air, we don't care

[Dogg Pound] Niggaz don't give a fuck nigga

[Snoop] About nuthin at all, just my Doggs and clockin the grip bitch

[Dogg Pound] Niggaz don't give a fuck nigga

[Snoop] That's why I can kick it so tuff, cuz when times get ruff, my

[Dogg Pound] Niggaz don't give a fuck nigga

[Snoop] The clique i'm with, don't give a sheeit, ya know why?

[Dogg Pound] Real niggaz don't give a fuck

Chorus