

Snoop Dogg, Gun Smoke

Snoop Dogg, what up, cuh?
What up, Snoop Dogg? What's up, my nigga?
What a G, what up, though, my nigga? What's happenin' with it?
Shit, you know me, my nigga (Blaze that shit up)
Aww, they in the 'Nati just doin' what I do, haha
Oh, for real? Sure, I could dig that
Oh, you wanna hear that?

What a G, nigga, I am where it's cookin' at
Nigga, ain't no lookin' back
Nigga, what you lookin' at?
Lost it in the dice game, took it back
Look at that nigga with the black on
Me and Tek back on
I'm the rapper, so I got to get my rap on
He's the producer with the bass
Now clap on, snap on my fit
Shoot it, shawty, hit it (Ooh)
Lit it slow, really, though, from the city, though
Where they kill for a penny
Shot him, saved him, sent him back to the hideaway
I'm tryna find a ride away
Grew up on the darker side, pray for a brighter day
Fuck the alphabet, PD and the C to the I, the A
Every nigga grab a K, aim it in the same way
Until they fuckin' go away
Bang it 'til they blow away
Tryna do a show a day
Raised my level, lowered my car
And shoot at these motherfuckin' fake rap stars (Nope)
I'd rather not, too much time to be taken
Ain't no fakin' when you cakin' and bakin'
And makin' moves like a CEO
Tellin' only cheat a ho
Threw up the set to seek a friend, a foe
'Cause I ain't got nothin' for 'em but some info
Small bag of indo, a pot to piss in
And a one-room flat so he can throw it out the window
Yep, Tek, this my intro, haha
Doggy, where you hangin' at?
Homie, can you bring it back?
We need some money and some things and a starter pack
A few tickets and we'll kick it back to you, loc
No thang, a friendly game of some gun smoke