

# Snoop Doggy Dogg, Deep Cover

Hit this motherfucker Dre,  
Naa man I can't fuck with it right now  
Ahh man iv'e been dealin with you fo 3 motherfuckin months, you hit the pipe infron'a me, Yeah?  
So what you sayin man,  
I think you Five-O,  
Five-O, man I aint no motherfucking cop,  
Well hit this motherfucker then, [I can feel it]

Tonight's the night I get in some shit, [Yeah]  
Deep cover on the incognito tip.  
Killin' motherfuckers if I have to,  
Peelin' caps too, cause you niggas know I'm comin' at you.  
I guess thats part of the game,  
But I feel for the nigger who thinks he just gonna come and chance things  
With the swiftness, so get it right, with the quickness,  
And let me handle my business, yo.  
I'm on a mission and my mission won't stop  
Until I get the nigger maxin at the top.  
I hope you get his ass before he drops.  
Kingpin kickin back while his workers sling his rocks.  
Coming up like a fat rat.  
Big money, big cars, big body guards on his back.  
So it's difficult to get him.  
But I got the hook up with somebody who knows how to get in contact with  
him.  
Hit him like this and like that,  
Let 'em know that I'll make it for a big fat dope sack  
What is this pen? so let's rush it.  
If you want to handle it tonight we'll discuss it  
On the nigga's time, in the nigga's place,  
Take a strap just in case one of his boys recognise my face.  
Cause he's a sheisty motherfucker,  
But I gives a fuck, cause I'm going deep cover.

Yeah, and you don't stop, cause it's 1-8-7 on an undercover cop  
Yeah, and you don't stop, cause it's 1-8-7 on an undercover cop

Creep with me as I crawl through the hood,  
Maniac, lunatic, call 'em Snoop Eastwood  
Kickin dust as I bust fuck peace  
And, the mothafuckin drug police  
You already know I gives a fuck about a cop  
So why in the fuck would you think that it would stop  
Plot, yeah, that's what we's about to do  
Take your ass on a mission with the boys in blue  
Dre, (whatup, Snoop) yo I got the feelin  
Tonight's the night like Betty Wright, and I'm chillin  
Killin, feelin, no remorse, yeah  
So lets go straight to the motherfuckin' source  
And see what we can find  
Crooked ass cops that be gettin niggaz a gang of times  
And now they wanna make a deal with me  
Scoop me up and put me on they team and chill with me  
And make my pockets bigger  
They want to meet with me tonight at 7:00, so whassup nigger?  
What you wanna do? (What you wanna do?)  
I got the gauge, a uzi and the mothafuckin 22  
so if you wanna blast, nigga we can buck 'em  
If we stick 'em then we stuck 'em so fuck 'em!&quot;

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Six fo' five was the time on the clock,

When me and my homey bailed in the parking lot.  
The scene looked strange and it felt like a set up  
Better not be, cause if it is, they're getting lit up.  
Oh here they come from the back in they 'lacs.  
I'm checkin for the gats they strap, so whats up black?  
Chill, lets hit a deal, if it aint up to what you feel then grab your  
steel.  
Right, so, what you motherfuckers gonna come at me with?  
Hope you ain't wantin' none of my grip.  
Cause you can save that shit. Guess what they told me?  
'We give you 20 G's if you snitch on your homey,  
We'll put you in a home, and make your life plush,  
Oh yeah, but you got to sell dope for us.'  
Hmmm, let me think about it  
Turned my back and grabbed my gat and guess what I told him before I shot  
it:  
'If you don't quit, yeah, if you don't stop, yeah, I'm lettin' my gat pop'  
Cause it's 1-8-7 on an undercover cop  
  
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