

# Snoop Doggy Dogg, Freestyle Conversation

Intro: (Snoop talking with homey)

Homey: Ai Dogg, let me holla at'cha man

Snoop: Wuz up home?

Homey: Word is on the streets

Your beats gone be delicate since Dre did shake the spea's out, man.

Snoop: Delicate? Beats?

So that's what makes me now?

Man, I don't give a fuck about no beat

(Now let me shake that shit man)

(I hear ya Dogg)

(It's a cold, cold thing!)

(It's a cold thing!)

(For real, hmm!)

I got more niggas tryin to get at me than the President do sometimes

Niggas be tryin to get at me cos I be droppin funky rhymes

What the fuck is goin on? This rap game is made to make money

You niggas is taking the shit outta hand, actin' way too funny

Doin too much, y'know I see it from the get-go

What the fuck's goin on wit you niggas, y'all tryin to play a low pro

And tryin ta be hard and tryin ta be big willies or whatever they call it

I guess it's time for me to act just like an alcoholic

And step to the game, I'm a stumble in like I don't know

And if a nigga say somethin wrong, I'm takin off from the get-go

I ain't givin no room to try to get me first

Cos I done been bombed on before and I'ma tell you, man, that's the worst

Fifth in the world, but I'ma keep my thang together

Cos I'ma keep makin money and hope everything is still together

Havin papers, man, now what y'all niggas doin?

All y'all broke on the corner, drinkin your drink, wanna be doin what I'm doin

But don't get mad and don't be tryin to play-hate

Cos, uhh, takin trips around state to state

Representin, uhh, what y'all wanna represent

But y'all can't represent it cos y'all got no dollars, no cents

I'm movin on, groovin on and I'm movin

Makin more moves than the average Cuban

Tryin ta get G's across the town, tryin ta make more hits

And tryin ta get my game tight and get at your bitch

Now if she wants to get with this, she gone come holla at a player, do'

Cos she know that Snoop Dogg is got that white Rolls Royce

And she wants to jump in, bring a friend

Cos everything is like alphabet, come on in

Come on in and bring a friend and you can come on back

Cos when you do, we gone be sippin on some Cognac

It's on me, I'm feelin good tonight

Cos I'ma do mines and I'ma keep everything tight

I ain't lettin nothin leak cos if thangs leak, then I'm get caught

And I can't get caught cos you know how they do it about that child support

Shit, bitches is cold on a nigga who ain't got his game tight

Gettin 18-point-5 percent, half your life

Shit, I love my baby boy and all

But I ain't gonna be payin no bitch, no no, no way Dogg

I'm too slick on my toes, I'm too tight

I'm guaranteed to get away from some shit like dat, ain't that right

Cos, uhh, when you play in this game you got to be the real player

You can't be no fake ass nigga talkin about you wanna be the man

Cos if you ain't with the game, the game ain't gonna be wit you

And I can put that on everything including you

Interlude: (Snoop talking)

One of every five black males before the year 2000 will be detained or  
deceased  
No justice, no peace  
Yeah the truth hurts, we scared to go to church

Look here, but don't cut it, gettin five points  
Step back for a second, I'm puttin less than five to this joint  
Hmm, if this is the bomb niggas gonna blow up like Atlanta at the Olympics  
Niggas be trippin but I'll be pimpin  
I don't be trippin off no nigga at all, no bitches  
Just tryin to get money, I don't even be trippin off no switches  
I used to like low-riders but now I like Eastsiders  
I put it down wit me and make a hit maker, y'knowwhatl'msayin?  
I love the Lakers now cos now they got Shaq O'Neal  
It's time to make a million dollars and that's for real  
See we gone blow up and show up and throw up nuttin but Dogg Pound  
Give it to ya ta put it down and we'll be round to your town  
So just sit in your seats and wait til we come through  
Until we do just keep smokin grey and blue  
Or whatever you do just stay true to what you do  
Cos we gone keep doin what the fuck we got to do  
Now, follow me now and listen to the instructions  
Cos the game's gonna get deep now, niggas is tryin ta creep  
Tryin ta get up on game but they don't wanna be down with the PG  
All of a sudden everybody wanna dis DP  
Now, what we look like?  
Makin y'all diss us, that ain't right  
I should get upset but I'ma stay composed  
Chill for a second, spit at some hos  
Drinkin my drink, smokin my dank  
Countin my bank, uhh that shit stank  
Stanky bank is what I got cos I'ma keep it  
And nah this ain't no motherfuckin secret

Interlude: (Snoop talking)

Yeah, we're in drought season  
Niggas lookin for a reason  
It's like thanksgiving without the feast  
Yeah the truth hurts, we're scared to go to church

They got me runnin from my life, I'm jumpin gates  
They got dogs on my ass, but I'm a Dogg  
So I know how to alert and get wit dat shit  
The dog run up on me I give him a cold  
Like nigga back up off me  
He turn around and bite the police, hmm  
Game recognise Snoop Dogg too cold, I'm on my toes  
I slide in the back of a garage, dippin with this ho  
They run right past me, ask me "Have I seen the suspect?"  
&quot;Yeah, he went that way&quot;, now for the jack