

Snoop Doggy Dogg, Ghetto Symphony

(feat. Mia X, Fiend, C-Murder, Silkk The Shocker, Mystikal & Goldie Loc)

[Snoop Dogg]

Yo nephew, give me some of that No Limit shit

Yeah..

We got my nigga Fiend in the house

C-Murder in this motherfucker

Mystikal all up in this bitch

Goldie Loc, hm-hmm

My nephew Silkk the Shocker

Oh yeah, we got somethin for the ladies too

Mia X, run this bitch

[Mia X]

Lyrical arsonist, lady alligator

Down South, hustler, former weight smuggler

I'm Mother, of the Tank, gave birth to an army

Guerilla millionaires, so don't even ask, if you wanna

get to clappin, soldier action specialty of style

We made the whole world respect the underground while

some of y'all niggaz talk shit and get mad

Cause we did it with a foot up your ass, and it's still there

I cares not about your click or the block

I'm still that same bitch to run up in your spot and knock you off

Broad, with the cause (yeah) bitch on a mission

Keep them niggaz by they nuts while you hoes be dick kissin

Missin the game, damn bitch it's written in plain ebonics

So shake that come-up off you brain and do the knowledge

Mia X, kickin off the ghetto symphony

Next soldier up, tell em who the FUCK you be

[Fiend]

WHUT? It's Fiend y'all

Put me in the ring with real MC's, and watch em run for cover
and hidin in trees, to escape the mic that I breathe on

Bleed on, exceed on!

Weak rappers with titles after twelve

Hit a bell that's what I'll feed on!

Microphone Don, walkin flesh, talkin bomb

Bringin harm, to the calm, and, them be alarmed

It's the African, oh, you wanna battle again?

I'll turn, you and your mans, to my yesterday plans

Oh damn, totin two pistols like Yosemite Sam

Old man be grand, loud as the Southern band

Pickups and caravans, the soldier, that could, that can

I would be the man, but God beat me to them plans

[Snoop Dogg]

Next up, on the M-I-C

C-Murder, get busy for the symphony

[C-Murder]

I be's that nigga on the tank, always trippin never slippin

Have you reminiscin and missin, that fool in your picture

Call me Bossalinie BITCH without the Mo's at shows

And FUCK dose who oppose (why?) we runnin them hoes
three-hundred and sixty-five motherfuckin days a year

I have your fool staggerin just like a bottle of beer

You niggaz runnin from the cops, well I ain't runnin no mo'

I flip the bird when I swerve, man, FUCK them hoes

I'm crazy my nagga, but uh, I thought y'all knew that, shit

Oh you ain't see the news? Shit I'm the nigga with the TRU tat

Ask my nigga Keno, shit, I just don't give a fuck

And if you run up wrong, I'ma fuck you up, you bitch you

[Snoop Dogg]

Next up, on the M-I-C

Silkk the Shocker get busy on the symphony

[Silkk the Shocker]

Now would I COME THIS FAR FUCKER? If I didn't sound like a hit

Y'all didn't know what the fuck y'all thinkin bout

You sound like a bitch (beotch!)

Shit it sound like a wish, you know when you got a motherfuckin hit,
bitch?? When it sound like this!

Or you fake niggaz get enough heart, and try to bust a
rhyme at this click

Fuck around and miss, then fuck around and get
found in a ditch

Gotta labels give me dough, when they find I can, gross this much

Freestyle shit, you can tell em I ain't, wrote this stuff

Silkk the Shocker, KLC perv and mash like, Snoop and Dre nigga

Y'all can relate to ??? ??? get a contract like, MJ nigga

It ain't where you from; it's where the -- FUCK YOU AT
N-O-L-I-M-I-T, Top Dogg, and I'm FUCKIN with that

[Snoop Dogg]

Next up, on the M-I-C

Mystikal get busy on the symphony

[Mystikal]

WHOO SHIT MOTHERFUCKER GOD DAMN!!

I keep it HYYYYYYYPE, BITCH I'M THE MAN!

When the FUCK you ever heard somebody say that they don't say my song
or that I don't roll on every fuckin verse I'm RAPPIN ON

(That nigga Mystikal tighter than a muh'fucker) HAHHHHH?

I came up off _Peter Piper_ bells and the LL's _Bad_

??Nee?? nigga to be pissed off with me

cause their old lady they call me their baby

MC's pilin up and crowdin up, but I'm their FAVORITE

The type to fly buyin a Z-28 IROC

And chop you in your motherfuckin face (HIII-YAH)

Your album ain't tite, WHAT IN THE FUCK IS YOU PUSHIN?

You played out just like old woman pussy

[Snoop Dogg]

Next up, on the M-I-C

Goldie Loc, get busy on the symphony

[Goldie Loc]

Now watch me put these haters to the test, accumulatin with my stress

Fold em fuck em fifty, get the shit up off my chest

Releasin anger, all natural gangsta energy

Goldie Loc the name, Dogg House game

Motherfuckers better start backin up (whattup whattup)

We in the Tank punk busters, motherfuckers don't wanna see us loc'd up

Little Goldie Loc, Goldie Locks the same thang

Smashin for the hood, cause I wanted to gangbang

[Snoop Dogg]

Last up, I believe that's me

Snoop Dogg, light up the mic for the symphony

This jam is dedicated to all non-optimistics

That thought I wasn't comin, out with some exquisite, rhymes

But that's OK, cause now I'm back

To kill all the rumors, and straighten the facts

Like umm, doin bad, gettin ganked for my bank

Now you all on my dick when you see I'm TRU Tank Dogg

You say, "Mmm mmm mmm! Ain't that somethin
Dogg I bought yo' album, my nigga, that shit is bumpin
I apologize, I'm sorry for the drama
Can I get your autograph for my baby momma?"
Shit I'm settin it off, lettin it off, bustin
Hustlin, rushin, dustin motherfuckers
Droppin the heat, lock up the street, we 'posed to
I put this pistol in your mouth, now what you gon' do?
Top of the line, first class
I pop a cap in yo' ass, then pop some more in the glass
Too legit to quit, I'm spittin gangsta shit
Man fuck all that yappin, we bout that gun clappin

No Limit, yeah, that's what's happenin
Fuck all that yappin, we bout that gun clappin
Yeah
In the real world, talk is cheap
Actions speak louder than words
No Limit Records, here to protect and serve