

# Snoop Doggy Dogg, Gz And Hustlas

Chorus:

This is for the Gz, and this is for the Hustlas  
This is for the hustlas, now back to the Gz  
This is for the Gz, and this is for the Hustlas  
This is for the hustlas now back to the Gz

Verse One:

Freeze, at ease, now let me drop some more of them keys  
It's 19-9-tre so let me just play  
it's Snoop Dogg, I'm on the mic, I'm back with Dr. Dre  
But this time I'ma hit yo' ass with a touch  
To leave motherfuckers in a daze, fucked up  
So sit back relax new jacks get smacked  
It's Snoop Doggy Dogg I'm at the top of the stack  
I don't lack for a second, and I'm still checkin  
The dopest motherfucker that ya hearin on the record  
it's me, ya see, S-N-double-O-P  
D-O-double-G-Y, the D-O-double-G  
I'm fly as a falcon, soarin through the sky  
And I'm high till I dizzie, rizzide  
So check it, I get busy, I make your head dizzy  
I blow up your mouth like I was Dizzy Gillespie  
I'm crazy, you can't phase me  
I'm the S oh yes, I'm fresh, I don't fuck with the stress  
I'm all about the chronic, bionic ya see  
Every single day, chillin with the D-O-double-G's  
P-O-U-N-D that's my clique, my crew  
Ya fuck with us, we gots to fuck you up  
I thought ya knew, but yet and still  
Ya wanna get real, now it's time to peel, ya say chill  
and feel, the motherfuckin realism  
Snoop Doggy Dogg is on the mic i'm hittin hard as steel nigga

Chorus

Verse Two:

How many hoes in your motherfuckin group  
Wanna take a ride in my 7-8 Coupe, DeVille  
Chill, as i take you on a trip  
where them niggaz ride, and slide, you know about the East Side  
Niggaz like myself, here to show you where it's at  
With my hoes on my side, and my strap on my back  
Papers I stack daily, and Death Row is still the label that pays me  
but you know how that goes  
We flow toe for toe, if you ain't on the Row  
Fuck you and your hoe, really doe, so check it  
It's Snoop Doggy Dogg on the solo tip  
Still clockin grip, and really don't give a sheeit  
about nuttin at all, just my Doggs, steppin through the fog  
and i'm still gonna fade em all  
With the gangsta shit that keeps ya hangin  
How many hoes in ninety-four will I be bangin?  
Every single one, to get the job done  
As I dip, skip, flip, right back to two one  
Where the sun be shinin and i be ryhmin  
It's me, Snoop D-O-double-G, and I'm climbin

Chorus

Verse Three:

I come creepin through the fog with my saggin Dukes  
East Side, Long Beach, in a 7-8 Coupe DeBille  
I'm rollin with the G Funk, bumpin in my shit and it don't quit  
So drop it on the one motherfucker put together that set  
A nigga with a grip of that gangsta shit  
With the Eastside hoes on my motherfuckin dick  
And the Compton niggaz all about to set trip  
Swing it back, bring it back, just like this  
And if you with my shit, then blaze up another spliff  
And keep the motherfuckin blunt in your pocket loc  
Cuz Doggy Dogg is all about the zig zag smoke  
See it's a West coast thing, where I'm from  
And if you want some, get some, bad enough, take some  
But watch the gun by my side  
Because it represents me and the motherfuckin East Side  
So bow down to the bow wow, cause bow wow  
yippie yo, you can't see my flow  
My shit is dope, original, now you know  
And can't no hood fuck with Death Rizzow

Chorus