

Snoop Doggy Dogg, Pimp Slapp'd

[DJ E-Z Dick]

W-Balls, it's your main man DJ E-Z Dick

About to unleash another one of those platinum plus hits

And the word is on the streets, and the word is the streets

We gon go to a live remote, licking wit my main man Mr Doggy Dogg

[Snoop Dogg]

A day in the life, of a Rollin 20 Crip

I'm just a stubborn type of fella with a head like a brick

And just because I sip Moet, they say that I'm hopeless

But I don't give a fuck, so blame it on the loc'ness

Now this is how we do it when we checking the grip

Snoop Dogg is in this bitch, so don't even trip

I bust a funky composition that's smooth as a prism

Now check it as I kick off in this funky ass rhythm

It's six dub, the phone is ringing off the deck

And it's some homies talking about I disrespected they set

Aww nah, Dogg aint this y'all

I got couple relatives up off of Crenshaw

This is about me and Simon, not me and y'all

I got love for a bunch of real B-Dogs

Like K-Dub, Top Cat, B-Reel, E-Rock, Boo-Lay Face

And the homie Har'ron rest in peace

Big Jay from Cappinella Park

He used to blaze with his nephew after dark

On and on, rocking big neck bone

Mausberg I had to put you on my song

It's so real, I had to show some love

Now back to this scrub, it ain't about Crip or Blood

It's about you bein jealous of what I does

Cause I does it the most, the king of the coast

in the paint playin post - I back you down

like Shaq-Daddy, and bust on ya out the new Caddy

And skirt up, bust ya boulevard

I'm not Xzibit, you can't +Pull My Hoe Card+

.. I fucked all your groupies

When you was doin time in Camp Snoopy

With the fags and snitches, no killers just bitches

And you was payin niggaz off with all my riches

You so hardco', why you ain't go to level fo'?

Oh I know (bitch!)

But I walk the mainline everytime I go down

You can check my G files I do it L.B.C. style

.. I got the word on your Simon

You need to just start rhymin

Cause you the biggest star on your label

And them other niggaz just crumbs off my table

You're not able, to compete with the heat that I drop

And I still ain't been paid, for "1-8-7 on a cop"

I started yo' shit and I will end yo' shit

if you keep talkin shit on Crip!

[Hook 1: repeat 2X]

It all boils down to the fact

that you're jealous of my paper stack (jealous ass nigga)

It all boils down to the fact

that you're jealous of my paper stack (gon get pimp slapped)

[Hook 2: repeat 2X]

Money, I get it, paper I got it

Heaters, I keep em, bitches I got em

[Snoop Dogg]

If I shoot you, I'll be brainless, and you'll be famous

And I'll be spending money out the anus
Your only gain is to try to get me to fall down to your level
Man you worser than devils
Alotta niggas should've said it, fuck em
But Ima say it for em, stop it, pop it, rewind and play it for em
This nigga's a bitch like his wife
Suge Knight's a bitch, and that's on my life
And I'ma let the whole world see
Cos you fucked up the industry, and that's on me
We can go head up, nigga, set it up
Or we can do the other thing, I love to wet it up
Your rappers and artists, tell em, shut it up
Cos I'll fuck every last one of em up, especially Kurupt
See that's my lil homeboy, so he knows what's up
He better keep it Crippin, and slip his clip in
Cos these niggas trippin, this is official business
Do the same way, leave no witnesses
This is that unexpected diss directed, sprayed, covered and protected
Strip you butt naked, chicky-check-check-it
It's all to the good again
You can catch Snoopy Dibby Double in the hood again
Spinning that real times, spitting that real shit
To make the whole world feel it
So put the bacon in the skillet, and try to peel it
Cause Doggystyle Records is the realest, nigga

[Hook 1]

Money, I get it, paper I got it
Heaters, I keep em, bitches I got em
Money, I get it, paper I got it

Jealous ass nigga