

# For All My Niggaz & Bitches

## Snoop Dogg

Well it's that slow flow, D-O-double-G, nigga  
See these other fools but you can't see me, nigga  
Who am I? (It's Kurupt motherfucker)  
Do or die (We gives a fuck motherfucker)  
So slow your roll, I'm In Control like Janet  
The loc-est twenty-one year old nigga that's on this planet  
Take it for granted, if ya want to, 'cause I'm gonna  
Grab my strap then clear the corner, bitch!! So all my bitches and my niggas and my niggas and my bitches  
Wave your motherfucking hands in the air  
And if you don't give a shit  
Like we don't give a shit  
Wave your motherfucking fingers in the air  
So all my niggas and my bitches and my bitches and my niggas  
Wave your motherfucking hands in the air  
And if you don't give a fuck  
Like we don't give a fuck  
Wave your motherfucking hands in the air Now on a one, two, three who could it be  
Coming with a group of gangsta shit for ninety-three  
So ninety-four's arrived nigga, back on up  
And let me and my Dogg Kurupt fuck shit up  
Now can't nobody see me here or there  
Wherever I bails, I put it down on the ground  
'cause ain't shit for sale in the Coupe  
With the beat flossing off gold D's  
And my cousin Snoop packs well, you know what I mean  
And it don't take much, for the Dogg Pound to bust a cap  
In your ass, for getting us all fucked up  
Now check it, it's a calling for niggas like Doggs  
Who supposed to be the shit, but steadily bitching like hogs  
(Yes y'all) Walk the Doggs (yes y'all) Yiggy y'all  
Stay full of that gin and juice and have a ball I packs a strap, like that, I kicks it like this  
Now how many bitches must get dick?  
Before they say, that Daz is that nigga from back in the day  
Ya never ever thought I'd see him busting with Dr. Dre  
Cause I grips mics, I rips mics in half  
Hoes be coming to my flat so I can tap that ass So all my bitches and my niggas and my niggas and my bitches  
Wave your motherfucking hands in the air  
And if you don't give a shit  
Like we don't give a shit

Wave your motherfucking fingers in the air  
 So all my niggas and my bitches and my bitches and my niggas  
 Wave your motherfucking hands in the air  
 And if you don't give a fuck  
 Like we don't give a fuck  
 Wave your motherfucking hands in the air You're headed my way, nigga you best to hit a you-turn quick  
 So what's happening? I'm capping shit up like a Western flick  
 The kinpin of the clique, top notch  
 17 shot Glock cocked, so all nigga drop  
 The run of the mill fool get broke off for trying to serve  
 The best Kurupt's era, peep the terror, 'cause it's a murder fest  
 I smoke chronic everyday, so what have we  
 Another motherfucker, getting served like some cavy  
 Now who, drops (ruff rhymes) I got full Juice like 2Pac  
 (plus I'm) rolling with two Glockes  
 Fly motherfuckers can't see Kurupt  
 Hell-raising like Pinhead, beware I'm tearing shit the fuck up  
 Slow your roll, like your legs was broken  
 Who's joking? Rakim never joked, so why should I loc?  
 Now that's my idol, check the vital rhyme flow doe  
 Running em like Flo Jo, stranded on Death Row  
 Mediocre motherfuckers die 'cause I'm serving it  
 They can't fuck with or see me I'm mass murdering  
 (Smoking indo, look out my window I suppose) Yeah  
 (Niggas don't understand how we kicks different flows)  
 (I'm raw like new footage) I'm rugged like a BF Goodrich  
 (Bring your whole set and get your hood lynched)  
 (Drop to your knees like a dog in heat)  
 Peep the murderous styles and the poetical techniques So all my bitches and my niggas and my niggas and my  
 bitches  
 Wave your motherfucking hands in the air  
 And if you don't give a shit  
 Like we don't give a shit  
 Wave your motherfucking fingers in the air  
 So all my niggas and my bitches and my bitches and my niggas  
 Wave your motherfucking hands in the air  
 And if you don't give a fuck  
 Like we don't give a fuck  
 Wave your motherfucking hands in the air Check it out, it's Rage, ready for the breakdown  
 Take down, when it comes to the mic I'm putting my weight down  
 And that's 175 pounds of beed  
 Beating yo' ass down to the concrete  
 Fool, act like ya know  
 I'm stranded on Death Row with no where to go, so  
 What's a girl to do

Take out a crew, or two, a few, what you want to do? Throw your guns in the motherfucking air, we don't care

(Niggas don't give a fuck nigga)

About nothing at all, just my Doggs and clocking the grip bitch

(Niggas don't give a fuck nigga)

That's why I can kick it so tuff, 'cause when times get ruff, my

(Niggas don't give a fuck nigga)

The clique I'm with, don't give a shit, ya know why?

(Real niggaz don't give a fuck) To all my bitches and my niggas

Wave your motherfucking hands in the air

To all my bitches and my niggas

Wave your motherfucking hands in the air

To all my bitches and my niggas

And if you don't give a shit

Like we don't give a shit

Wave your motherfucking fingers in the air

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>