

Bring It On

Snoop Dogg

In these times of hate an' pain
We need a remedy to help us through the rain
Can't you see I'm straight O.G.?
Fuck you niggas, think you can fuck with me
Now that pimp is gonna jump back
Bitch an' fuck that
Shit, I'm qualified to knock a hoe, no matter wherever I go
Excuse me partner, this is pimpin', little pimpin' let you know
Break the bitch, you say, "I will"
Separate the bitch but you sayin', "I will"
Damn, nigga, shit, since you put it like that
I'm about to lay some right now, nigga
An' take them straight to the track
I've never let a bitch pimp me
Tryin' to tell me what to do but I'mma stay O.G.
Fresh out the pen only 32 days
An' every bitch is pregnant in a multiply ways
Now sick world, why did the little girl
Walk around with a gold fish in her pocket?
So she could smell like the big girl
An' check the one with the fast mouth
Just get your money if you have to knock her motherfuckin' ass out
I don't care whatcha do
Long you don't fuck with mine
You think you can't be touched
Niggas disappear all the time
Old 'Blue Eyes', Dogg Sinatra
Make a nigga disappear like Jimmy Hoffa
The glock cocker, ho hopper, show stopper
Watch your mouth, watch your mouth
I'll put you in a brick in a building
An' separate you from your children
I stay G'd up
All the Gs from my set ain't never P C'd up
If you hit the main line, you gonna get stop
Payin' motherfuckers off 'cause sucka duck
Me an' my niggas go heart an' pain
Puttin' paint where it ain't, makin' bitch niggas faint

It's a clear blue sky there on the Eastside

Throw your set up an' wave it from side to C side
I'm talkin' big shit, holdin' my dick
Bangin' on you 'cause nigga, this Crip
I got so many tricks up my sleeve
For you hoes to disbelieve
You wanna bang, let's bring it on
We's about a thousand niggas strong
I don't care whatcha you do
Long you don't fuck with mines
You think you can't be touched
Niggas disappear all the time
No, I don't love you, bitch, you a hoe, I never will
Can't tell you my feelings 'cause the pimpin' don't feel
Bitch, matter 'fact be gone
Fuck around an' have your momma sayin', "Baby, he wrong"
Talkin' about, ?Is he a real pimp??
Bitch, is jumbo laced with the proper crop of jumbo shrimp?
Since I'm prepared with my hoe, got it crackin' with my hoe
Steady mackin' with my hoe, now I'm stackin' with my hoe
I pop a bottle of Mo', about to model a hoe
I'm workin' them, servin' 'em an' breakin' enough
Did the weed, man, get in, take it too long
But when he get it, dogg, I'm takin' us off
Niggas, know how D O double G does it
Known for makin' that 'Crip Hop' music
Don't abuse it, just ride to the rhythm
Of a pimp ass, upper class, cold motherfucker
I don't care whatcha you do
Long you don't fuck with mines
You think you can't be touched
Niggas disappear all the time
I got so many tricks up my sleeve
For you hoes to disbelieve
You wanna bang, let's bring it on
We's about a thousand niggas strong
So good
So, so cold
Cold, so cold

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