

# nuthin but a "g" thang

Dr. Dre

1, 2, 3 and to the 4  
Snoop Doggy Dogg and Dr. Dre is at the door  
Ready to make an entrance so back on up  
(Cause you know we're about to rip shit up)  
Give me the microphone first so I can bust like a bubble  
Compton and Long Beach together: now you know you in trouble  
Ain't nothing but a G thang, baby  
Two loc'ed out niggas so we're crazy  
Death Row is the label that pays me  
Unfadeable, so please don't try to fade this  
But um, back to the lecture at hand  
Perfection is perfected, so I'mma let em understand  
From a young G's perspective  
And before me dig out a bitch I have to find a contraceptive  
You never know, she could be earning her man  
And learning her man -- and at the same time burning her man  
Now you know I ain't with that shit, Lieutenant  
Ain't no pussy good enough to get burnt while I'm up in it  
(Yeah) and that's realer than "Real-Deal" Holyfield  
And now you hookers and hoes know how I feel  
Well, if it's good enough to get broke off a proper chunk  
I'll take a small piece of some of that funky stuff  
It's like this and like that and like this and uh  
It's like that and like this and like that and uh  
It's like this and like that and like this and uh  
Dre, creep to the mic like a phantom  
Well I'm peeping and I'm creeping and I'm creep-in  
But I damn near got caught, cause my beeper kept beepin'  
Now it's time for me to make my impression felt  
So sit back, relax, and strap on your seat belt  
You never been on a ride like this before  
With a producer who can rap and control the maestro  
At the same time with the dope rhyme that I kick  
You know and I know: I flow some old funky shit  
To add to my collection, the selection  
Symbolizes dope: take a toke but don't choke!  
If you do, you'll have no clue  
On what me and my homey Snoop Dogg came to do  
It's like this and like that and like this and uh  
It's like that and like this and like that and uh  
It's like this and like that and like this and uh  
And who gives a fuck about those?  
So just chill, til the next episode  
Falling back on that ass, with a hellafied gangsta lean

Getting funky on the mic like a old batch of collard greens  
It's the capital S, oh yes I'm fresh, N double-O P  
D O double-G Y, D O double-G, ya see  
Showing much flex when it's time to wreck a mic  
Pimping hoes and clocking a grip like my name was Dolomite  
Yeah, and it don't quit  
I think they in the mood for some motherfuckin' G shit  
(Hell yeah!) So Dre (Whattup Dogg?)  
Gotta give them what they want (What's that, G?)  
We gotta break em off something (Hell yeah!)  
And it's gotta be bumpin' (City of Compton!) Is where it takes place so, when asked, your attention  
Mobbing like a motherfucker but I ain't lynchin'  
Dropping the funky shit that's making the sucker niggas mumble  
When I'm on the mic, it's like a cookie: they all crumble  
Try to get close, and your ass'll get smacked  
My motherfucking homie Doggy Dogg has got my back  
Never let me slip, cause if I slip, then I'm slippin'  
But if I got my Nina then you know I'm straight trippin'  
And I'mma continue to put the rap down, put the mack down  
And if you bitches talk shit, I'll have to put the smack down  
Yeah, and you don't stop  
I told you I'm just like a clock when I tick and I tock  
But I'm never off, always on to the break of dawn  
C-O-M-P-T-O-N and the city they call Long Beach  
Putting the shit together  
Like my nigga D.O.C., "No One Can Do it Better"

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