

Nuthin' But A G Thang

Snoop Dogg

One, two, three and to the fo'
Snoop Doggy Dogg and Dr. Dre are at the do'
Ready to make an entrance, so back on up
('Cause you know we 'bout to rip shit up) Gimme the microphone first, so I can bust like a bubble
Compton and Long Beach together, now you know you in trouble Ain't nothin' but a G thang, baby
Two loc'ed out niggas, so we're crazy
Death Row is the label that pays me
Un-fadable, so please don't try to fade this
(Hell, yeah) But, uh, back to the lecture at hand
Perfection is perfected, so, I'm 'a let 'em understand
From a young G's perspective
And before me dig out a bitch, I have ta' find a contraceptive You never know she could be earnin' her man
And learnin' her man and at the same time burnin' her man
Now you know I ain't wit that shit, Lieutenant
Ain't no pussy good enough to get burnt while I'm up in it Now, that's realeer than real deal Holyfield
And now all you hookas and ho's 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 peepin' and I'm creepin' 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 seatbelt You never been on a ride like this befo'
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 ol' funky shit To add to my collection, the selection
Symbolizes dope, take a toké but don't choke
If ya' do, ya' have no clue
O' what me and my homey Snoop Dogg came to do It's like this and like that and like that and uh
It's like that and like this and like that and uh
It's like this, and who gives a fuck about those?
So, jus' chill 'til the next episode We ain't got to be there
('Cos you're over the project)
We ain't got to be there
(Yeah, yeah) Fallin' back on that ass with a hellified gangsta' lean
Gettin' funky on the mic like a' old batch o' collard greens
It's the capital S, oh yes, the fresh N double O P
D O double G Y D O double G, ya' see Showin' much flex when it's time to wreck a mic

Pimpin' ho's and clockin' a grip like my name was Dolomite
Yeah, and it don't quit
I think they in a mood for some mothafuckin' G shitSo Dre., we gotta give 'em what dey want
(What up Dogg? What's that, G?)
We gotta break 'em off somethin'
(Hell, yeah)
And it's gotta be bumpin'
(City of Compton)It's where it takes place, so, I'ma ask your attention
Mobbin' like a mothafucka but I ain't lynchin'
Droppin' the funky shit that's makin' the sucka niggaz mumble
When I'm on the mic, it's like a cookie, they all crumbleTry to get close and your ass'll get smacked
My mothafuckin' 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'm a continue to put the rap down, put the mack
down
And if your bitches talk shit, I have ta' put the smack down
Yeah, and ya' don't stop
I told you I'm just like a clock when I tick and I tockBut I'm never off, always on, 'til the break dawn
C O M P T O N and the city they call Long Beach
Puttin' the shit together
Like my nigger D.O.C., no one can do it betterLike this, that and this and uh
It's like that and like this and like and uh
It's like this, and who gives a fuck about those?
So, jus' chill, 'til the next episodeWe ain't got to be there, we ain't got to be there
('Cos you're over the project, yeah, yeah)
We ain't got to be there, we ain't got to be there
('Cos you're over the project, yeah, yeah)
We ain't got to be there, we ain't got to be there
('Cos you're over the project, yeah, yeah)

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