

# Up Jump Tha Boogie (feat. Kurupt)

## Snoop Dogg

[Chorus: x2]

Up jump the boogie to the bang bang boogie

While you're banging on ya baby OG's

That's why I flip the script to the boogie bang homey

If I'm hanging it's with DPG[Snoop Doggy Dogg]

Some do the things that they do 'cause they dumb

And some do the things that they do for crumbs

I do mine for me ya see?

Not the big homey double O-G

Scared to do your own work, man that's fast

And that's the reason why I had to shoot you down

Because you never should've tried to work my Dogg

And the lil homey wouldn't had no reason to bump

Y'all know the game ain't the same no mo'

Lil G's keep heat so big G's freeze, geez!

Johnny Rockafella went to jail-er

Few many times too many and became a teller

They sell a nigga dreams if he want em

But they won't sell you the game to get up on em

Ya tryin ta find em 'cause you want em, they shook out

Get the book out and when the pitch come, nigga look out

It ain't hard to pump up the lil homies nigga

But it's hard for your bitch ass to get wit us

But it's steel, you put it in their head

That at 13 they better off dead (now they gone)[Chorus][Kurupt]

Hey yo Snoop, why would niggas get into the bracket

And make a loot, niggas want trip

Spitting like "you spoke beef from the hood

Show me love nigga or don't show me shit"

Feel the fever, million dollar male like Cole Severs

Made a non-believing man into a believer

Receive a cheque the next day, my homies say

"it's the wagy to get paid", DP's and pay

I don't know why you want to get on my back? (why?)

Tripping 'cause you know the bomb's at where I'm at

Well if that's the case you should of roll

Wit the PG instead of losing control (motherfucker)

This is how we do, Dogg Pound Gangstas in blue

Me, D-A-Z, N-A-T-E and Snoop

Niggas from Seth be trying to set you 'cause you setting your ways  
So ask DJ Pooh what pays[Chorus][Snoop Dogg]  
Just what we need, banging on wax another trip  
What you gon' do nigga, jack the mother-ship?  
You're like a actor wit another script  
Predictable as Rambo wit another clip  
How many niggas you gon' kill in your verse?  
You need to sit down and learn to get down first  
Cause, real hoo-bangers are toast-slangers  
Not part-time FBI singers  
Niggas having bad intentions, sending BG's on a mission  
One move too many, nigga you missing  
Listen you fuck wit the cyco-lic-no  
Loony ass nigga from your H-doubleO-D  
Niggas got too flossy from all the sex they tossing  
But guess what it cost em, they crossing me  
But before I give a nigga a 9  
I'd rather give a nigga a mic and write him a rhyme[Chorus: Repeats]

Songwriters

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