

The Bidness

Snoop Dogg

Aey whassup my nig?
Shit, just chillin', what's happenin'?
Shit nuttin', whatchu up to?
Shit, not too much, aey you ain't seen that nigga Snoop?
Man hell naw, I been callin' that nigga since Starsky and Hutch
I ain't fin' to call that nigga no more man
Oh like that?
Man f'real man, I ain't buyin' that new album either
I'ma download that motherfucker for free
Let that nigga know when I see him man
Shit, there he go right there I don't say much, I don't say "Alize", say, no I don't say "Dutch"
Keep yo' hands off until I say, okay touch
I never come off tacky, I'm a boss exactly
I'm like the slick suit Snooper fly Versace Conversation flashy, y'all niggaz can't match me
I talk to you slow, so your game can roll
Take advice from a player, don't love her just play her
Boy I never could dare, to pay double the fare
Man I swear to God it's gon' be some trouble in here
Before I pay that bitch, I'm like a bossy hog
Half dog, half gorilla, bitch Donkey Kong Niggaz thirst for hoes, I got a thirst to ball
Tryin' to knock a pimp's hustle, be the first to fall
Fuckin' with a hundred fifty, whole can of vodka
Mixed with gang bang, got a program like Poppa! ma do you a favor, let this pimpin' save ya
Leave that bitch alone, the homies call her Ms. Behavior
Boy you move too fast, done too much talkin'
I'm too much walkin' to one who keep hoes hawkin' Don't fuck with Snoop too much 'cause he goes off when
Niggaz mouth too much, so please no flossin'
I step up quicker, 'cause the game don't pause
I gotta stay sucka free, 'cause it ain't no laws
Dig this y'all That's the bidness man, step my game up up in this man
Long hours hard minutes man, with this hustle on splendid man
He gave perfect attendance man 'Cause I'm a boss
Yea, real bossy like and sometimes flossy
And if you fuckin' with that I had to tell you the truth homey but you got mad
Yea I hurt yo' feelings, fuck it! It's too damn bad
I'm a major player, I got major game
I might floss a different bitch, but the pimpin' the same I ain't got time for no haters, I lay 'em flat on they back
I'm from the Dogg Pound homey, I don't fuck with them cats
I fuck with, niggaz, who be bustin' them shots

I'm talkin' Long Beach, Inglewood, Compton, Watts
Close your chops, I knows your spots
Keep talkin' nigga I'll expose your knots
You ain't ready for Daddy, boy I do this for fun
It's like you versus Kobe ballin' one on one
You ain't got no chance, you ain't got no fans
I kick the shit out you punk, look Momma no hands
I'm not a holy roller but I pray so hard
Help me, I'm sendin' these bitch niggaz straight to God
Shit I'm too damn grown, conversation is short
While your talk is funny, Jack I talk with money
Keep the chain on bling, the rock is sunny
For you smart mouthed bitches I ain't that dummy
That's the bidness man, step my game up up in this man
Long hours hard minutes mane, with this hustle on splendid man
He gave perfect attendance man
That's the bidness man, step my game up up in this man
Long hours hard minutes man, with this hustle on splendid man
He gave perfect attendance man
That's the bidness, that's the bidness
That's the bidness, can I get a witness?
Yea, that's the bidness, yea, say what?
Yea that's the bidness, can I get a witness?

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