Buck 'Em

Snoop Dogg & Sticky Fingers

(Fuck 'em)
Damn this shit sound low then
Motherfucker in my earphones
Alright, yeah, that's it, right there niggaAs soon as the bass hits your dome
Snoop Dogg grabs the chrome
And gets in your system, shootin' off rhymes
Like a pistol, fuckin' your click off
With this blow, this hoe, that hoe make me rich
Snoop Dogg, please won't you break that biachI'm back in the game getting my dough and fuck
Any motherfucker that say it ain't so, do it to 'em be young
'Cause on the real dogg, you the hardest nigga we know
We shakin' 'em off, breakin' 'em off
Shot him in his face and now they takin' him off
Here's a shout out to those with quad out
Fool we should have got out, now you gettin' popped out
I'm not out to diss but to get my chips
And smash pass with cash and blaze the spliff now pass the fifthFor real nigga did you hear me, ya heard?
You ran up and got served, ha, ha
Now ain't that a trip
(What, what?)
You need to get up off of that bullshit, c'mon(Fuck 'em, fuck 'em)
Young beast to four green
Dirty or clean nigga, the money is all green
(Fuck 'em, fuck 'em)
Cock it back ya know me
Every nigga look the same behind a stocking cap
(Fuck 'em, fuck 'em)
Shit on waisted, rather see death
Then be locked down in metal bracelets
(Fuck 'em, fuck 'em)
Don't make a difference
Niggas in the hood is still broke and can't fix it
(Fuck 'em)The scene is set
(Set)
And it's a million bitch niggas 'bout to straight get wet
I walk 'em all in the street, fuck 'em
I cuff they hands and blind they eyes
And hog tie they feet, fuck 'emWith no remorse nigga cut 'em down
Love the way we shut 'em down, shit it ain't funny now

Used to be my buddy pal, nigga wet and bloody now
Nigga, where your homies now? Half them niggas funny styleFuck 'em, it's 'bout to get shitty now
Doggy 'bout to get him now 'cause you better sit him down
Nigga what up now, you act like a bitch
You bound to get fucked you trick ass snitchFuck 'em, boy we on a rampage, rippin' up this damn stage
Yeah, it's still a G thang, slammin' doors, slappin' hoes
'Cuz fuck videos, I get a hundred for shows
If you ain't got the papers, I ain't got the time to sit
And chat about the motherfucking vapors, biach,
Don't even trip you need to raise up off of that bullshit, c'mon(Fuck 'em, fuck 'em)
Young beast to four green
Dirty or clean nigga the money is all green
(Fuck 'em, fuck 'em)
Cock it back ya know me, every nigga look
The same behind a stocking cap(Fuck 'em, fuck 'em)
Shit on waisted, rather see death
Then be locked down in metal bracelets
(Fuck 'em, fuck 'em)
Don't make a difference
Niggas in the hood is still broke and can't fix it
(Fuck 'em)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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