Bring Back That G Shit

Kurupt

[Snoop Dogg]Ride, ride
Rough, ride on, ride on
Roll on, roll on
What!, what!, what!
Ride on, ride on, roll on
Nigga what!, w-w-what!, what!, w-w-what!
Ride on
[Kurupt]This is the game you wanna spit to a nigga
Let a nigga know it's all right, cascades
And G'z stompin' on niggas like parades
Escapades and charades played
When the stampede stopped
And it continuously Young Gotti
Seen so many bodies
Drop fours hop classics and drastic measures
Principle's a pleasure and penal endeavours
Whatever the case, whatever case, it's caught on a chase
When a chase, it began in the facial of race
Me and Fred, he make beats, I make rhymes
And Snoop, he controls and calculates
In pervious moves, the Pound Pentagon
Wit a pistols, I holla where the gangstas' at
Daz poppin' his coller, nigga sweet and sour
Pop Chucks and collers, rolllin' through the streets in my '84 Impala
[Snoop Dogg]Holla, holla, if you wanna
We gon' run it from the co'na, it's the killa Califo'nia
Ya see, I do it to ya
'Cause I know it screw ya, ya try up do us
But you can't 'cause you lovin' this beat
Uh, uh... we dump, dump to make you pump, pump
We comin' wit the heat to make ya trunk bump
Freddy said he had a whole a gritty down to go steady
And stick up Eddie for his fedy and bring it all back to daddy
I want bread, cheese now put it on the patty
Knick Knack style, kick back and flip files
In the verge, on now listen now honey child
Bow Wow, do ya now, how ya like it doggystyle?
Smile and grinnin', sippin' on some gin'n
Roll wit a cap and ya all strapped in

Once ya back in, it's straight mackin'
I keep it crackin'
[Hook - 4x]This is how we all get down

Bring back that "G" shit fo' me!
[Snoop Dogg]I know I slept you, kept ya, fin'na fetch ya
Snatch ya back too, slapped you and rapped too
The vacuum sat 'chu and rat packed you, act two
Now what must i do, to get you back
To the way is used to see, D-P-G-C'ology
I'm not talkin' 'bout chemistry or biology
This "G"'ology, you feelin' me
Niggas be killin' me and willin' me
Silly he, thinkin' y'all gon' smash on me
Blast on me, the audacity
I'll take ya back to the ol' skool and let ya cut class wit me
Get some ass wit me
Then get us somethin' to drink and let you sip out the same glass as me
And now you a killa
And it was all over weed and a tall can of milla, illa
Kill a nigga like a flea
Bigg Snoopy D-O double gizzle
Way off tha hizzle my nizzle
[Goldie Loc]I hit niggas and bitches if you fuck wit my mental
'Cause I'm a killa and stick release ya pop like a pimple
If you don't got my money I suggest you run
'Cause the Gold Loc, he do you like a 20 or done
Ain't no fun the way I play, nigga I plays fo' keeps
No details you've just been sweeped to sweep
Locations, directions, not even a trace
Bitch I doubt it, if ya body get found like waste
In the alley, killa Cali, this Eastsidaz Crips
Never slip, set trip, and smoke chronic dip
'cause!
[Hook -4x][Traci Nelson]Snoop Doggy Dogg has to give it to ya
Fredwreck got the reefers bumpin' through ya
Goldie Loc can put the G and the C
Wit Kurupt Young Gotti from the D-P-G
[Kokane - Harmonizing][Daz]Bitch
[Fred Durst]Hey!

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