

Nuthin' But A G Thang (remix)

Dr. Dre

1, 2, 3 and to the 4
Snoop Doggy Dogg and Dr. Dre is at the door
Ready to make an entrance so back on up
(Cause you know we're about to rip shit up)
Give me the microphone first so I can bust like a bubble
Compton and Long Beach together: now you know you in trouble
Ain't nothing but a G thang, baby
Two loc'ed out niggas so we're crazy
Death Row is the label that pays me
Unfadeable, so please don't try to fade this
But um, back to the lecture at hand
Perfection is perfected, so I'mma let em understand
From a young G's perspective
And before me dig out a bitch I have to find a contraceptive
You never know, she could be earning her man
And learning her man -- and at the same time burning her man
Now you know I ain't with that shit, Lieutenant
Ain't no pussy good enough to get burnt while I'm up in it
(Yeah) and that's realer than "Real-Deal" Holyfield
And now you hookers and hoes 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 peeping and I'm creeping 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 seat belt
You never been on a ride like this before
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 old funky shit
To add to my collection, the selection
Symbolizes dope: take a toke but don't choke!
If you do, you'll have no clue
On what me and my homey Snoop Dogg came to do
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
And who gives a fuck about those?
So just chill, til the next episode
Falling back on that ass, with a hellafied gangsta lean

Getting funky on the mic like a old batch of collard greens
It's the capital S, oh yes I'm fresh, N double-O P
D O double-G Y, D O double-G, ya see
Showing much flex when it's time to wreck a mic
Pimping hoes and clocking a grip like my name was Dolomite
Yeah, and it don't quit
I think they in the mood for some motherfuckin' G shit
(Hell yeah!) So Dre (Whattup Dogg?)
Gotta give them what they want (What's that, G?)
We gotta break em off something (Hell yeah!)
And it's gotta be bumpin' (City of Compton!) Is where it takes place so, when asked, your attention
Mobbing like a motherfucker but I ain't lynchin'
Dropping the funky shit that's making the sucker niggas mumble
When I'm on the mic, it's like a cookie: they all crumble
Try to get close, and your ass'll get smacked
My motherfucking 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'mma continue to put the rap down, put the mack down
And if you bitches talk shit, I'll have to put the smack down
Yeah, and you don't stop
I told you I'm just like a clock when I tick and I tock
But I'm never off, always on to the break of dawn
C-O-M-P-T-O-N and the city they call Long Beach
Putting the shit together
Like my nigga D.O.C., "No One Can Do it Better"

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