

# Still a G Thang

## Snoop Dogg

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Top dollar with the gold flea collar  
Dippin' in my blue Impala  
(DPG)Top dollar with the gold flea collar  
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Dippin' in my blue Impala  
(DPG)It's like 4 and to the 5 and to the 6 and to the 7  
I once was told that all Doggs go to Heaven  
Well, how ya been? Where ya been and what it look like?  
My game trump tight especially when it bump likeFour DPG's gettin' crazy  
And No Limit is the label that pays me  
Ridin' 'round town layin' game down like Goldie  
And I remember what my momma showed meTold me game recognize game  
And stay true to what ya do and don't be ashamed  
I got all my game from her sometimes I have to wonder  
How I keep from goin' under, I'm a bad muthafuckaI fall to my knees, thank God before I do my thang  
I don't know why, I love to gang bang  
See life ain't nuthin' but a twist anyway, bitch, anyway  
You can say what you wanna sayJust don't get in my way 'cause I'm a mean old  
Fiend know, C know and P know, see loc'  
We make music for the thugs and the bangers  
And the bitches, fuck them R&B singersShe want a nigga with his khackies hangin' real low  
In a black rag Sixty-four  
Hit it down the street, way clean  
Bangin' that real shit nigga like Al GreenI'm headed straight to the LB  
Forget it, that's what they tell me  
Sell me everythang except some bullshit  
And when it's time for the gunfight nigga pull quick'Cause ain't nothin' butter but us  
And nigga you'll get wet up for fuckin' with my cheddar  
It's cold outside, nigga grab ya sweater

And that bad bitch you fuckin' with  
Nigga she get ya set up Top dollar with the gold flea collar  
Dippin' in my blue Impala  
(DPG) Top dollar with the gold flea collar  
Dippin' in my blue Impala  
(DPG) Boy, you done, put all ya trust in that hoe  
Didn't ya see what happened to the President Niggaro?  
Livin' in a tight house, big as the White House  
You fucked around and stuck ya dick  
In that white bitch mouth What you talkin' 'bout? Fool, I'm dirty like the South  
And to be real, I feel that's how I'm comin' out  
Back on the hoe stroll, highway pimp patrol  
Put ya cuffs on ya, girl, nigga let her off parole Man nigga way cold with his game  
What's his muthafuckin' name? Who? Huh!  
I'm the capital S, don't fuck with stress  
N double O P D O, muthafuckin' double G Coldest entertainer, gangbanger since Alphonz Capone  
Count money like Basie police try to chase me  
Niggas try to replace me but you can't  
I'm ridin' in a tank, I'm blowin' hella dank So whether ridin' in ya lo-lo or blowin' on some doe doe  
Spread the word and take the fo' door  
The Last Don done hooked up with the muthafuckin'  
King of the coast with the most here's a toast With Snoop Dogg is the representer  
Through the niggas and G's through the LBC's  
Through the Calio projects, Brooklyn to Queens  
Chi-town woe now, the Dogg Pound in the house Every time we touch down right next to my hometown  
D-town, Eastside St. Louie  
Spokane, get ya money, man, tic-tock  
Little Rock, right next to Houston, Texas Home of Rap-A-Lot, we like to jack a lot  
Gimme what ya got, let me get that up out ya, nigga  
I got ya somethin' for the summertime while it's hot  
And got the bitches posted up in the parkin' lot And guess what, they want the  
Nigga with the biggest nuts  
A nigga who don't give a fuck  
See, niggas like me, all we see is  
Money, power moves, and a bitch a week And last but not least my nigga BOZ  
Much love from the N.O, my nigga, feel me, oh, yeah  
And my little cousin DAZ, forever, nigga  
This DPGC, oh, yeah, and Dr. DRE [Incomprehensible] You know where I'm at? Holla at me  
Get at me holla at me nigga holla at a Dogg that's real  
Y'all niggas know what's happenin'  
It's still a thang, it's still a G thang Top dollar with the gold flea collar  
Dippin' in my blue Impala  
(DPG) Top dollar with the gold flea collar  
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