

# Hoes, Money, And Clout

## Snoop Dogg

Dogg Pound

Don Colion, whatever, whatever, Dogg Pound, East Side

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Whatever, whatever

For all my homies with the eight tray wigs

And all the playas in the '79 Coupes

For all of my gang affiliates in tha hoppin' '68

This one's from me to you

Not the Under Dogg, call me the Wonder Dogg

I keep it crackin' while I'm stackin' in this game called rappin'

Now, I kick up my feet like I kick a rhyme to a beat

And every time you see me on the streets, I got some heat

Hell, yeah, then pass the beat

And everybody wanna know what's up with me and Master P

For your concern, you knew there want no gimmick

When I got into some gangsta shit and told you want No Limit

To the things I'm gon' do, now it's really goin' down with the DPGC

Well, Daz did the beat and Kurupt got the heat

And Tray Dee, he laid the hook and Supafly played the keys

It get no realer than this

From the LB to the Down South, add more killers to this

Entourage, South, West, oh yes, we in charge

And we'll pull your cards, no disrespect or disregards

Life in the big LB is gettin' hard, so my squad gon' mob and drop bombs

Bring me along, we causin' everybody harm

I make ya scream, I make ya shout

C'mon, all you partyin' people, let me turn ya out

'Cuz you know I'm all about, the hoes, money and clout

And I rock a Long Beach City all the way down South

I make ya scream, I make ya shout

C'mon, all you partyin' people, let me turn ya out

'Cuz you know I'm all about, the hoes, money and clout

And I rock a Long Beach City all the way down South

Can you feel me? I can dig it

Hoes, take me to the bridge

Snoop Dogg, Snoop Dogg

Snoop Dogg, Snoop Dogg

Snoop Dogg, Snoop Dogg  
Snoop Dogg, Snoop Dogg  
Whether in a Khaki suit or a pimped stripe  
I'm a G for G and nuttin' else for life  
You can bet your bottom biscuit  
You get twisted if you dwellin' in my felon intuition  
Tha Doggfather is a household name  
From basketball to alcohol, everybody love the Dogg  
I'm sure Billy King, probably got a Doggystyle tape  
Somewhere hidden in his briefcase  
Newsweek, Rolling Stone, major magazines  
Dope fiends, prom queens, we too clean  
Take a look, you ain't ever seen  
One hip hop rap star drop this West Coast rap-cord  
Back to the spot up top  
West Hills for real, give it up to him  
A who bang with diamond  
Take a hit with big Lajeezy before he found some wheezy  
With blue Colion playin' in the background  
On and on, behind line with big style  
Hitting P, LIG, tell him let it go  
Game strong, no longer in the roll  
Just a few names from the respected files  
LBC styles, DPG ale  
I bought a house with a lake in the back  
My big home stack just like that  
I make ya scream, I make ya shout  
C'mon, all you partyin' people, let me turn ya out  
'Cuz you know I'm all about, the hoes, money and clout  
And I rock a Long Beach City all the way down South  
I make ya scream, I make ya shout  
C'mon, all you partyin' people, let me turn ya out  
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