

Hoes, Money And Clout

Snoop Dogg

Don Colion, whatever, whatever, Dogg Pound, East Side
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Don Colion, whatever, whatever, Dogg Pound, East SideFor all my homies with the eight tray wigs (ride on)

And all the players in the '79 Coupes (ride on)

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

This ones from me to you (ride on)

Well, 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 everytime you see me on the streets ,I gots some heat

Hell, yeah, then pass the beat

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

For your concern, you knew there wann't no gimmick

When I got into some gangsta shit and told you wann't No Limit

To the thangs 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 (woo, woo)

Ughh, 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 what)

So my squad gon' mob and drop bombs

Bring me along, we causin' everybody harmI make ya scream (ahhhhhh)

I make ya shout (ooooohhh)

C'mon all you partyin' people

Let me turn ya out

Cause you know I'm all about

The hoes, money, and clout

And I rock a Long Beach City (heyyyyyy)

All the way down South

I make ya scream (ahhhhhh)

I make ya shout (ooooohhh)

C'mon all you partyin' people

Let me turn ya out

Cause you know I'm all about

The hoes, money, and clout

And I rock a Long Beach City (heyyyyyy)
All the way down SouthCan you feel me?
I can dig it

Hoes- Take me to the bridgeSnoop Dogg, Snoop Dogg (who)
Snoop Dogg, Snoop Dogg (what)
Snoop Dogg, Snoop Dogg (who)

Snoop Dogg, Snoop DoggWhether 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 (what up)
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 rapstar drop this West Coast rap-cord
Back to the spot up top
West Hills for real, give it up to him (WC)
A who bang with diamond

Take a hit with big Lajeezy before he found some wheezy
With blue Colion playin' in the background
On the 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 holey stack just like thatI make ya scream (ahhhhhh)
I make ya shout (oooooohhh)
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 (heyyyyyy)
All the way down South
I make ya scream (ahhhhhh)
I make ya shout (oooooohhh)
C'mon all you partyin' people
Let me turn ya out
Cause you know I'm all about
The hoes, money, and clout

And I rock a Long Beach City (heyyyyyy)

All the way down South

Songwriters

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