

# Serial Killa

## Snoop Doggy Dogg

Six million ways to die, choose one  
It's time to escape, but I don't know where the fuck I'm headed

Up or down, right or left, life or death

I see myself in a mist of smoke

Death becomes any nigga that takes me for a joke

We hit a five dollar stick, now we putting in work

Unaccountable amounts of dirt, death becomes all niggas

Anybody killer, you know what the deal is

Nigga, you know what the real is  
I see some mark brand niggas on the corner flagging me down

Saying, "Yo Daz, what's up with the Pound?"

Is that nigga snoop alright? Hey yo what's up with the crew?

Is them niggas in jail, or are them niggas through?"

I said, if you ain't up on things

Snoop Dogg is the name, Dogg Pound's the game

It's like this they don't understand

It's an everyday thing, to gang-bang

Make that twist, don't be a bitch, let these niggas know

What's up with you I represent the Pound and Death Row

And can't no other motherfucker in L.A. or Long Beach

And Compton, and Watts, see D-O-G's

Now, you can't come and you can't run, and you can't

See long to the G of the gang

One gun is all that we need, to put you to rest

Pump pump, put 2 slugs dead in your chest

Now you dead then a motherfucker, creepin and sleepin

6 feet deep in, fuckin with the Pound is  
Suicide, it's a suicide  
The cloud becomes black, and the sky becomes blue

Now you in the midst of the Dogg Pound crew

Ain't no clue, on why the fuck we do what we do

Leave you in a state of paranoia, oh

Don't make a move for your gat so soon 'cause

I drops bombs like Platoon (hey nigga)

Walk with me, hold my hand and let me lead you

I'll take you on a journey, and I promise I won't leave you

(I won't leave you) until you get the full comprehension

And when you do, that's when the mission

Or survival, becomes your every thought

Keep your eyes open, 'cause you don't want to be caught

Half steppin with your weapon on safety

Now break yourself motherfucker 'fore you make me

Take this 211 to another level

I come up with your ends, you go down with the devil  
Now roam through the depths of hell  
Where the rest your buster ass homeboys dwell  
WellSuicide, it's a suicideNow tell me, what's my motherfuckin name  
Serial killa, serial killa, serial killa(Wake up in the morning, to Lucky Charms cereal)Deep, deep like the mind  
of Minolta, now picture this!  
Let's picnic inside a morgue  
Not pic-a-nic baskets, pic-a-nic caskets  
And I got the machine, that cracks your fucking chest plates  
Open and release them guts  
Then I release def cuts  
Brutal, jagged edged, totally ruff-neck  
Now everybody scream 'nough respect to the X  
'Nough respect given  
Disrespect and you will not be living  
Word to momma, Emma, drama, dilemmaSuicide, it's a suicideNow tell me, what's my motherfucking name  
Serial killer, serial killer, serial killer(Wake up in the morning, to Lucky Charms cereal)

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