

# Tha Eastsidaz

## Snoop Dogg

Mobbin, straight billin through the eastside  
Never had a site to rhyme, but I'm still mobbinGoldie Loc-  
Dope dealers, to the fullest  
I keep my glock, stuffed with rocks, so watch out for the bullets  
Eastside, young nigga sportin them chucks  
Never givin a fuck, so watch out for the come up  
Them eastside niggas be the crip, crip, craziest  
Ride wit my niggas fool we gon die for this  
No need to be a punk just dump when I say so  
Empty the clip another block let's go  
I don't give a fuck about some posted what  
So see slide me the mac so I can rip shit up  
We ain't finished with this mission so listen to what's crackin  
We ain't rollin wit you niggas that's scared to do the jackin  
The plan don't stop nigga, fuck the cops  
If a nigga snitch he the first nigga to drop  
That's all my game, we ride like macked up trucks  
You know them niggas on the eastside be givin it up  
Just blast for me, and I'ma blast for you  
When I'm in jail, get cash, and I'ma mash for you  
That's on the real homeboy don't let me down  
I clown homeboy and I bang the pound(Chorus) x2  
Tray Deee-  
We Tha Eastsidaz, what define us, is we ridaz  
And when we come through real niggas stand beside us  
Killers, cutthroats, and knivers  
Bringin it the livest, and leavin no survivorsTray Deee-  
I still wear the same pair of khakis least three days  
Nappy ass french braids and it ain't no thang  
Hang with motherfuckers wanted for all types of crimes  
Plus them little bitty niggas on they bikes wit nines  
On the grind no I rhyme nigga times is hard  
Got jugs of water buried all across my yard  
One time on my line tryin ta find a cause  
Toss a nigga in the street and reach up under my balls  
Guns cocked, mug shots, cell blocks and locked down  
But I done made it too far to stop now  
Results of a banger, to most I'ma danger  
No hope for those who come to close to the chamber

Bitches lovin I'ma gangster so fuck it  
No matta if I hafta I get at em in a bucket  
Tuckin in my shirt and all that shit don't work  
First look, say I'ma crook that did dirt for the turf  
High talk, high walk, when I stalk the street  
Gurantee who try to see me come across the feet  
It's a eastside lifestyle, wild and foul  
Goin out, puttin it down sayin fuck the trial  
Aim is to be famous wit major loot  
A gang of juice, in case I gots to bring the troops  
And everybody know the eastside the craziest  
So motherfuckers know it ain't no fadin this

Songwriters

MEECH WELLS, KEIWAN SPILLMAN, JEFFREY FORTSON, CALVIN BROADUS, TRACY  
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