

Lay Low

Snoop Dogg

If dis one of my hoes, two way
Ay ay Snoop, whattup? This nigga Dre
Ay man, I was thinkin' I ain't said shit
On your whole motherfuckin' album Check it out, put this on there
All you motherfuckin' haters out there
Can suck my motherfuckin' dick
And we still smokin', what? For the nigga who be talkin' loud and holdin' his dick
Talkin' shit, he better lay low
For the bitch that said I shot some shit up out of my dick
Now she's sick, she better lay low For the niggaz who be claimin' my hood
And really ain't from my gang, better lay low
I hope he don't be thinkin' I'm just talkin'
And I won't do a thing, really hope so Lay low, nobody move until I say so
Limo tint rollin' deep like the President
See, I don't go to clubs, I never chase a bitch
I'm here to bang that gangsta shit to the Apocalypse We call it stress, some of y'all call it chocolate
Return of the Top Dogg and ain't no stoppin' this
Whatever the case, I ain't tryin' to catch it
Lay low, blow big dope and slang records Unseen but well heard, do not disturb
The only reason you alive 'cause I ain't sent the word
I flip faster than birds, Snoop Dogg will emerge
From the smoke and go loc, you shouldn't provoke I bring the worst from the L.B.C.
Smash motherfuckers thinkin' they gon' smash on me
Snoop and Dre give a fuck about what y'all say
From the world's most dangerous group N.W.A., ay, ay Our rise, it was no surprise
I always knew these fools would trip
Hatin', fakin', schemin' on mine
And on the down low talkin' shit Best move 'cause I refuse to lose
No matter which damn road I choose
So lay low 'cause you might be bruised
Top story on the evening news I ain't for games so if you wanna play 'em lay low
Lay down on the floor
I'm in a rage so if we gotta do this let me know
That's what I came fo' Where that nigga who be talkin' shit?
He don't come around no more because I fucked his bitch
I made her suck my dick, while I was squeezin' the tits
Then I hit it from the back, gripped tight on them hips Tried to make me cum but I was tryin' to take her home
Dropped you off and seen you fishin' on your raggedy Brougham
Coulda thumped you and the dog

And don't sag too hard, you show everybody your thong
Booyaka booyaka, we bring it straight to ya
From 22's to Luger's the shit that shoot through ya
Who you motherfuckers think the Top Dogg bang with?
The same click he came with and made the game flip
Now niggaz grow they hair, hope they stayin' act hard
That's even tho' yo' C.E.O. talk shit get slapped hard
The backyard is where we get our scrap on
The black car drive by then you get capped on
Whassup pimpin'? It's P and Snoop
With Dre on the beat, this ain't nuttin' but loot
They call me Jed Clampett for all the bread I got
But they call me Bill Clinton for all the head I got
I keeps it real ah, 'cause I'm all about my Scrilla
The ladies love me 'cause I'm a million dolla hitta
It's, No Limit til I D I E
CP3 or Richmond, Cali's where I be
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Talkin' shit, he better lay low
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