

Lay Low (ft. Nate Dogg)

Snoop Dogg

For the nigga who be talking loud and holding his dick
Talking shit, he better lay low
For the bitch that said I shot some shit up out of my dick
Now she sick, she better lay low
For the niggas who be claiming my hood
And really ain't from my gang, better lay low
I hope he don't be thinking I'm just talking
And I won't do a thing, really hope so! Lay low, nobody move until I say so
Limo tint rolling deep like the president
See I don't go to clubs, I never chase a bitch (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 stopping this
Whatever the case, I ain't trying 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 thinking they goin' smash on me
Snoop and Dre give a fuck about what y'all say
From the "world's most dangerous group" N.W.A. Our rise, it was no surprise
I always knew these fools would trip
Hating, faking, scheming on mine
And on the down low talking 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 talking shit?
He don't come around no more because I fucked his bitch
I made her suck my dick, while I was squeezing the tits
Then I hit it from the back, gripped tight on them hips
She tried to make me cum, but I was trying to take her home
Dropped you off and seen you fishing on your raggedy brougham

Could of thumped you and the dog (you little fag)
And don't sag too hard, you show everybody your thong 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 niggas grow they hair, hope they staying act hard
That's even tho' yo' CEO talk shit get slapped hard
The backyard is where we get our scrap on
The black car drive by then you get capped on Whats up pimping? It's P and Snoop
With Dre on the beat, this ain't nothing 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 dollar hitta
It's, no limit til I d-I-e
C-p-3, or Richmond, Cali's where I be For the nigga who be talking loud and holding his dick
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Songwriters

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