

# From Long Beach 2 Brick City

## Snoop Dogg

Get on up to get down  
And really go to town  
I say, don't stop till you get enough  
I wanna rock with you  
Shake your stuff  
Get on up to get down  
And really go to town  
I say, don't stop till you get enough  
I wanna rock with you  
Shake your stuff  
Yo yo, Doctor, everybody hit the floor  
Wild out till the security hit the door, I'm dirty  
Gorilla paws, bang sugar walls  
Hoes wanna pop E, hang with a Dogg  
I told my man Snoop, she salmonilla  
Got a ho with no dough with condoms with her  
I'm a ride to the death of Def Squad on my chest  
Look at it crook at it, rob you and jet  
Surprise you and flex  
Funk in the Cadillac truck with a chicken, bobbing her neck  
You done woke up and ain't trying to sleep  
You done called up Hugh Heffer to find the freaks  
I'mma stay on the street  
I'mma stay saying, "Fuck you", behind police  
My mamma ain't raise no fool, she love me  
That's why she hide my tool inside her room  
I'm a jump, bump, throw that ass  
Rough sex, I gotta fuck with shoulder pads  
I'm like baby powder, ain't nann 'nother  
Ain't nann ho getting Redman butter  
And my man Gutter, DJ Murder Inc.  
Ja know them hoes yo we can't love 'em  
Underground the heat yeah, I stay buzzing  
Mixtapes I'm on the street they stay dubbing  
Brick City riding, then 'bout it 'bout it  
Shoot up you town then we Bin Ladin hidin'  
Meth, show 'em where the luger kept  
Open your safe, show me where the food and vest  
I hope when Dre hear this, he give a beat for ten more

'Cause I stay on the corner like squeegeemen  
Yo Nate Dogg, what's happening y'all  
Long Beach, Brick City, scream at your frog  
Everybody shaking  
All these hoes around me

She was lost in the land of love  
Glad that Nate Dogg found me  
Girl, you got a phatty  
New York back to Cali  
You know who got the bomb weed  
Long Beach to Brick City  
I know just want you want, I got just want you need  
Turn that shit around, and back it up on me  
Since I was the first, I guess I'll be the last to leave  
D-O-double-G, will you keep it gangsta please  
I gots to do it, yes yes loc', we keep the best smoke  
Me and my nigga, my nerve, my kinfolk  
I kick a bitch in the ass and then smoke  
I'm a motherfucking fool in the pool doing the breaststroke  
You want a problem, well, let's go  
'Cause if not I came to disco  
And freak this ho from Acopoqo  
And flip her inside out, now I'm 'bout to ride  
Let's go we hit the hood slow  
Post up, set up, shop and press four  
Who got the best flow, who got the most dough  
Who got the best hoes, nigga you know  
Shit its been ten years since I hit some cess smoke  
But I still rock a mean coat on the West Coast in the summertime  
And I crumble mine down to the dandelion  
Nigga watch how I handle mine  
Spiritual, hear we go, hear this  
Snoop D-O-double-G, man I'm so fearless  
Square biz, you know what time it is  
I'm cool on these niggas but I'm hard on a bitch  
Now check dis, fact is  
Put your back out, now back in  
Go head, wiggle it, round you feeling me now  
Girlfriend, you killing them now  
The way you shake your booty  
It makes me want your booty  
The way you shake your booty  
Sure looks good to me  
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