

Ten Toes Down

Snoop Dogg

Told you I was bout to do it big, huh?
Came in this game as a kid huh
Still down ten toes in this shit huh
First nigga talk that cripin' to your kids huh
First nigga talk that cripin' to your kids huh
First nigga talk that cripin' to your kids huh
Still down ten toes in this shit huh
Keep a shooter at the gate on my crib huhI ain't do it, people said I did huh?
Rap music ain't whats fuckin' up they kids huh?
Gangster rap is fuckin' up the biz huh?
My influence, something that I said cuh?
Like i'm jewish, all about the bread huh
From the sewage, tryin' to get ahead huh
I'm bout to do it, fuckin' up they head huh?
These opportunist, fuckin' up they bread huh?
Corporate america stance is irregular
Ready 'cause, rap sheet, impeccable
Multi plats, my past
What we have here is unprofessional
My metal, undetectable, my style, unselectable
Niggas runnin' they mouth thats unacceptable
21st street, long beach 'til the death of youTold you I was bout to do it big, huh?
Came in this game as a kid huh
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First nigga talk that cripin' to your kids huh
Still down ten toes in this shit huh
Keep a shooter at the gate on my crib huhKeep shootin', thats what the people tell me huh
Get the biggest dope sack that you can sell me huh
And your homegirl do it huh, I make the whole world do it huh
Ain't no limit to the dog and thats real talk
I'm the one thats showed you how a real crip walk
Resume, document, g-file
Recollect, reflect, and let me break it down
Take it out the bag lay it on the table quick
Call my handle it quick disable this
Tickin' time bomb, made cripin' look fun
Can't walk around without your motherfuckin' gun, thats a no no

Real hood redemption, my tiny locos is really on a mission
Niggas runnin' they mouth thats unacceptable
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Keep a shooter at the gate on my crib huh Do anybody in the house remember
When it wasn't no snoop dogg? (hell yeah)
It wasn't no rappers talking' bout the LBC, am I trippin' y'all (hell nah)
So its safe to say, I put it on the map huh
So if you see me on the block yeah I'm back huh
And if you don't think you know where I'm at huh
You wanna battle, little homie get your racks up
Boy you need to kit kat, make you niggas get back
Split you like a kit kat, the big homie did that
Rollin' like a rebel though, I'm on a whole 'nother level though
My heart my hair, my G, my seat that part right there
I'm more than a rapper though, pure intellectual
Smooth as a criminal, you hear me though? Told you I was bout to do it big, huh?
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Songwriters

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