

Pimp Slapp'd

Snoop Dogg

W-Balls, it's your main man DJ E-Z Dick
About to unleash another one of those platinum plus hits
And the word is on the streets, and the word is the streets
We gon' go to a live remote, licking wit my main man Mr Doggy Dogg
A day in the life, of a Rollin' 20 Crip
I'm just a stubborn type of fella with a head like a brick
And just because I sip Moet, they say that I'm hopeless
But I don't give a fuck, so blame it on the loc'ness
Now this is how we do it when we checking the grip
Snoop Dogg is in this bitch, so don't even trip
I bust a funky composition that's smooth as a prism
So check it as I kick off in this funky ass rhythm
It's six dub, the phone is ringing off the deck
And it's some homies talking about I disrespected they set
Aww nah, Dogg ain't this y'all
I got couple relatives up off of Crenshaw
This is about me and Simon, not me and y'all
I got love for a bunch of real B-Dogs
Like K-Dub, Top Cat, B-Reel, E-Rock, Boo-Lay Face
And the homie Har'ron rest in peace
Big Jay from Cappinella Park
He used to blaze with his nephew after dark
On and on, rocking big neck bone
Mausberg, I had to put you on my song
It's so real, I had to show some love
Now back to this scrub
It ain't about Crip or Blood
It's about you bein' jealous of what I does
'Cos I does it the most
The king of the coast in the paint playin' post
I back you down like Shaq-Daddy
And bust on ya out the new Caddy
And skirt up, bust ya boulevard
I'm not Xzibit, you can't pull my hoe card
I fucked all your groupies
When you was doin' time in Camp Snoopy
With the fags and snitches, no killers just bitches
And you was payin' niggaz off with all my riches
You so hardco', why you ain't go to level fo'?

Oh I know
(Bitch!)
But I walk the mainline everytime I go down
You can check my G files I do it L.B.C. style
I got the word on your Simon
You need to just start rhymin'
'Cos you the biggest star on your label
And them other niggaz just crumbs off my table
You're not able, to compete with the heat that I drop
And I still ain't been paid, for 1-8-7 on a cop
I started yo' shit and I will end yo' shit
If you keep talkin' shit on Crip

It all boils down to the fact that you're jealous of my paper stack
(Jealous ass nigga)
It all boils down to the fact that you're jealous of my paper stack
(Gon' get pimp slapped)
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Money, I get it, paper I got it
Heaters, I keep 'em, bitches I got 'em
Money, I get it, paper I got it
Heaters, I keep 'em, bitches I got 'em
If I shoot you, I'll be brainless, and you'll be famous
And I'll be spending money out the anus
Your only gain is to try to get me to fall down to your level
Man you worser than devils
Alotta niggas should've said it, fuck 'em
But I'ma say it for 'em, stop it, pop it, rewind and play it for 'em
This nigga's a bitch like his wife
Suge Knight's a bitch, and that's on my life
And I'ma let the whole world see
'Cos you fucked up the industry, and that's on me
We can go head up, nigga, set it up
Or we can do the other thing, I love to wet it up
You rappers and artists, tell 'em, shut it up
'Cos I'll fuck every last one of 'em up, especially Kurupt
See that's my lil homeboy, so he knows what's up
He better keep it cripin', and slip his clip in
'Cos these niggas trippin', this is official business
Do the same way, leave no witnesses
This is that unexpected diss directed, sprayed, covered and protected
Strip you butt naked, chicky, check, check it

It's all to the good again
You can catch Snoopy Dibby Double in the hood again
Spinning that real times, spitting that real shit
To make the whole world feel it
So put the bacon in the skillet, and try to peel it
'Cos Doggystyle Records is the realest, nigga
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