

Got Beef

Tha Eastsidaz

Yeah, yeah,
It's another one of those,
Snoop D-O-Double G, L.T. Hutton thangs
Yeah, we all off up in the hills right about now
It's about two in the morning!
I got big C-Style on the grill
Eastside! Keepin' it way real
Dogg Dogg, LBCIf you got beef, with DPG,
Then holla at me, the D-O-G
If you got beef, with DPG,
Then holla at me, the D-O-G
If you got beef, with DPG,
Then holla at me, the D-O-G
If you got beef, with DPG,
Then holla at me, the D-O-GAny problems any problems you can holla at my dog
Holla, holla
Holla at my dogg, you could holla at my dogg, oh
Any problems any problems you could holla at my dog,
Holla at my dogg, holla at my dog, hey hey[Chorus]
If you got beef, with DPG,
Then holla at me, the D-O-G
If you got beef, with DPG,
Then holla at me, the D-O-GThe life I lead
The average nigga would have broke down a long time ago
Try to bang in a show and get slumped like The Crow
Anyday now, we gonna run at my nigga them killers is Nathal
We see it all like night owls and we stay on the prowl
They don't wanna see me shine again
They fucking with my mind again
But as soon as I finish this Heineken
I gotta go get my nine again
(It got a body on it from a party don't it?)
Yeah I been tryin' to slang it, but don't nobody want it
They can't help you with band-aids, we comin' with grenades,
You ain't seen this many niggas in your life with diamonds and braids
I'm from the home where they get sprayed and gang related raids
Fuck y'all, that start bangin' after "Colors" was made
Let's C-walk to that, and never give me no hassle
cause I come from one of the worst cottage in Paso[Chorus: x2]It ain't no mystery you dissin' me you dissin'

my clique

And ain't no question we come steppin' straight to get in your shit

So why you actin' like a bitch? Puttin' your business on wax

When we could scrap or slap a clip, if you wanted to crack

See in the pen we got a name for niggas runnin' they yap

Sale soldiers, roll 'em up with somethin' up in they back

Handles ours, battle scars, Shackles, guards and all

And we the last niggas standin' once they start to fall

Make the call, or fuck it, just kick off the brawl

Cuz I'm ridin' with my doggs, win, lose, or draw

Dogg pound insane, neighborhood twenty gangin' it

And every gangsta that I hang with down to bang

Full time pull mines and I gots to bust

Fuck a pass, when I mash, anybody get touched

So make my name taste just like a dick in your mouth

And watch the way you on my nuts when you spittin' it out

DoghouseAny problems any problems you can holla at my dog

Holla, holla

Holla at my dogg, you could holla at my dogg, oh

Any problems any problems you could holla at my dog,

Holla at my dogg, holla at my dog, hey heyIf you got beef, with DPG,

Then holla at me, the D-O-GYou got a muthafuckin' problem with my niggas then you got one with me

It's the S to the Y, the L, just drop three keys

As I flee, to the homie L.T.'s, to make the magic

It's those that talk, and those that make shit happen

So what'cha say? You wanna spit? You got beef?

D.P serve the heat, straight to the street

Honey west, I make the mission complete

Therefore them bitches who talk that shit

Be them bitches that's gettin' they ass beatNow don't come round here fuckin' with us

Cause on the real homeboy, we'll be fuckin' you up

And to you bitches who be thinking y'all could slide by

With that punk shit, bitch, biddity bye bye

I fuck a bitch up faster than I do a nigga

See to me, most bitches is women but bitch you'se a nigga

We got rules and codes, G's and hoes

Friends and foes, ride or get rode onIf you got beef, with DPG,

Then holla at me, the D-O-GNigga, nigga, bitch

Songwriters

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