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
DogghouseAny 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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