

# Nuthin' But A "G" Thang

## Snoop Dogg

One, two, three and to the fo'  
Snoop Doggy Dogg and Dr. Dre are at the do'  
Ready to make an entrance, so back on up  
( 'Cause you know we 'bout to rip shit up) Gimme the microphone first, so I can bust like a bubble  
Compton and Long Beach together, now you know you in trouble Ain't nothin' but a G thang, baby  
Two loc'ed out niggas, so we're crazy  
Death Row is the label that pays me  
Un-fadable, so please don't try to fade this  
(Hell, yeah) But, uh, back to the lecture at hand  
Perfection is perfected, so, I'm 'a let 'em understand  
From a young G's perspective  
And before me dig out a bitch, I have ta' find a contraceptive You never know she could be earnin' her man  
And learnin' her man and at the same time burnin' her man  
Now you know I ain't wit that shit, Lieutenant  
Ain't no pussy good enough to get burnt while I'm up in it Now, that's realeer than real deal Holyfield  
And now all you hookas and ho's know how I feel  
Well, if it's good enough to get broke off a proper chunk  
I'll take a small piece of some of that funky stuff It's like this and like that and like this and uh  
It's like that and like this and like that and uh  
It's like this and like that and like this and uh  
Dre, creep to the mic like a phantom Well, I'm peepin' and I'm creepin' and I'm creep-in'  
But I damn near got caught 'cause my beeper kept beepin'  
Now, it's time for me to make my impression felt  
So, sit back, relax and strap on your seatbelt You never been on a ride like this befo'  
With a producer who can rap and control the maestro  
At the same time with the dope rhyme that I kick  
You know and I know, I flow some ol' funky shit To add to my collection, the selection  
Symbolizes dope, take a toké but don't choke  
If ya' do, ya' have no clue  
O' what me and my homey Snoop Dogg came to do It's like this and like that and like that and uh  
It's like that and like this and like that and uh  
It's like this, and who gives a fuck about those?  
So, jus' chill 'til the next episode We ain't got to be there  
( 'Cos you're over the project)  
We ain't got to be there  
(Yeah, yeah) Fallin' back on that ass with a hellified gangsta' lean  
Gettin' funky on the mic like a' old batch o' collard greens  
It's the capital S, oh yes, the fresh N double O P  
D O double G Y D O double G, ya' see Showin' much flex when it's time to wreck a mic

Pimpin' ho's and clockin' a grip like my name was Dolomite  
Yeah, and it don't quit  
I think they in a mood for some mothafuckin' G shitSo Dre., we gotta give 'em what dey want  
(What up Dogg? What's that, G?)  
We gotta break 'em off somethin'  
(Hell, yeah)  
And it's gotta be bumpin'  
(City of Compton)It's where it takes place, so, I'ma ask your attention  
Mobbin' like a mothafucka but I ain't lynchin'  
Droppin' the funky shit that's makin' the sucka niggaz mumble  
When I'm on the mic, it's like a cookie, they all crumbleTry to get close and your ass'll get smacked  
My mothafuckin' homie Doggy Dogg has got my back  
Never let me slip 'cause if I slip, then I'm slippin'  
But if I got my Nina, then you know I'm straight trippin'And I'm a continue to put the rap down, put the mack  
down  
And if your bitches talk shit, I have ta' put the smack down  
Yeah, and ya' don't stop  
I told you I'm just like a clock when I tick and I tockBut I'm never off, always on, 'til the break dawn  
C O M P T O N and the city they call Long Beach  
Puttin' the shit together  
Like my nigger D.O.C., no one can do it betterLike this, that and this and uh  
It's like that and like this and like and uh  
It's like this, and who gives a fuck about those?  
So, jus' chill, 'til the next episodeWe ain't got to be there, we ain't got to be there  
( 'Cos you're over the project, yeah, yeah)  
We ain't got to be there, we ain't got to be there  
( 'Cos you're over the project, yeah, yeah)  
We ain't got to be there, we ain't got to be there  
( 'Cos you're over the project, yeah, yeah)

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