

# Gz and Hustlas

## Snoop Doggy Dogg

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

This is for the Gz, and this is for the Hustlas

This is for the hustlas, now back to the Gz

This is for the Gz, and this is for the Hustlas

This is for the hustlas now back to the GzFreeze, at ease, now let me drop some more of them keys

It's 19-9-tre so let me just play

It's Snoop Dogg, I'm on the mic, I'm back with Dr. Dre

But this time I'ma hit yo' ass with a touch

To leave motherfuckers in a daze, fucked up

So sit back relax new jacks get smacked

It's Snoop Doggy Dogg I'm at the top of the stack

I don't lack for a second, and I'm still checking

The dopiest motherfucker that ya hearing on the record

It's me, ya see, S-N-double-O-P

D-O-double-G-why, the D-O-double-G

I'm fly as a falcon, soaring through the sky

And I'm high till I dizzie, rizzide

So check it, I get busy, I make your head dizzy

I blow up your mouth like I was Dizzy Gillespie

I'm crazy, you can't phase me

I'm the S oh yes, I'm fresh, I don't fuck with the stress

I'm all about the chronic, bionic ya see

Every single day, chilling with the D-O-double-G's

P-O-you-N-D that's my clique, my crew

Ya fuck with us, we gots to fuck you up

I thought ya knew, but yet and still

Ya want to get real, now it's time to peel, ya say chill

And feel, the motherfucking realism

Snoop Doggy Dogg is on the mic I'm hitting hard as steel niggaThis is for the Gz, and this is for the Hustlas

This is for the hustlas, now back to the Gz

This is for the Gz, and this is for the Hustlas

This is for the hustlas now back to the GzHow many hoes in your motherfucking group

Want to take a ride in my 7-8 Coupe, DeVille

Chill, as I take you on a trip  
Where them niggas ride, and slide, you know about the East Side  
Niggas like myself, here to show you where it's at  
With my hoes on my side, and my strap on my back  
Papers I stack daily, and Death Row is still the label that pays me  
But you know how that goes  
We flow toe for toe, if you ain't on the Row  
Fuck you and your hoe, really doe, so check it  
It's Snoop Doggy Dogg on the solo tip  
Still clocking grip, and really don't give a shit  
About nothing at all, just my Doggs, stepping through the fog  
And I'm still gonna fade em all  
With the gangsta shit that keeps ya hanging  
How many hoes in ninety-four will I be banging?  
Every single one, to get the job done  
As I dip, skip, flip, right back to two one  
Where the sun be shining and I be ryhming  
It's me, Snoop D-O-double-G, and I'm climbing  
This is for the Gz, and this is for the Hustlas  
This is for the hustlas, now back to the Gz  
This is for the Gz, and this is for the Hustlas  
This is for the hustlas now back to the Gz  
I come creeping through the fog with my sagging Dukes  
East Side, Long Beach, in a 7-8 Coupe DeBille  
I'm rolling with the G Funk, bumping in my shit and it don't quit  
So drop it on the one motherfucker put together that set  
A nigga with a grip of that gangsta shit  
With the Eastside hoes on my motherfucking dick  
And the Compton niggas all about to set trip  
Swing it back, bring it back, just like this  
And if you with my shit, then blaze up another spliff  
And keep the motherfucking blunt in your pocket loc  
'cause Doggy Dogg is all about the zig zag smoke  
See it's a West coast thing, where I'm from  
And if you want some, get some, bad enough, take some  
But watch the gun by my side  
Because it represents me and the motherfucking East Side  
So bow down to the bow wow, cause bow wow  
Yippie yo, you can't see my flow  
My shit is dope, original, now you know  
And can't no hood fuck with Death Rizzow  
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