

# 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 Gz Freeze, 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 dopest 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 nigga  
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  
How 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 rhyming  
 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 This is for the Gz, and this is for the Hustlas  
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