

Serial Killa (feat. D.O.C. RBX & Tha Dogg Pound)

Snoop Dogg

Six million ways to die, choose oneIt's time to escape, but I don't know where the fuck I'm headed

Up or down, right or left, life or death

I see myself in a mist of smoke

Death becomes any nigga that takes me for a joke

We hit a five dollar stick, now we putting in work

Unaccountable amounts of dirt, death becomes all niggas

Anybody killer, you know what the deal is

Nigga, you know what the real isI see some mark brand niggas on the corner flagging me down

Saying, "Yo Daz, what's up with the Pound?

Is that nigga snoop alright? Hey yo what's up with the crew?

Is them niggas in jail, or are them niggas through?"

I said, if you ain't up on things

Snoop Dogg is the name, Dogg Pound's the game

It's like this they don't understand

It's an everyday thing, to gang-bang

Make that twist, don't be a bitch, let these niggas know

What's up with you I represent the Pound and Death Row

And can't no other motherfucker in L.A. or Long Beach

And Compton, and Watts, see D-O-G's

Now, you can't come and you can't run, and you can't

See long to the G of the gang

One gun is all that we need, to put you to rest

Pump pump, put 2 slugs dead in your chest

Now you dead then a motherfucker, creepin and sleepin

6 feet deep in, fuckin with the Pound isSuicide, it's a suicideThe cloud becomes black, and the sky becomes blue

Now you in the midst of the Dogg Pound crew

Ain't no clue, on why the fuck we do what we do

Leave you in a state of paranoia, oh

Don't make a move for your gat so soon 'cause

I drops bombs like Platoon (hey nigga)

Walk with me, hold my hand and let me lead you

I'll take you on a journey, and I promise I won't leave you

(I won't leave you) until you get the full comprehension

And when you do, that's when the mission

Or survival, becomes your every thought

Keep your eyes open, 'cause you don't want to be caught

Half steppin with your weapon on safety

Now break yourself motherfucker 'fore you make me

Take this 211 to another level

I come up with your ends, you go down with the devil
Now roam through the depths of hell
Where the rest your buster ass homeboys dwell
WellSuicide, it's a suicideNow tell me, what's my motherfuckin name
Serial killa, serial killa, serial killa(Wake up in the morning, to Lucky Charms cereal)Deep, deep like the mind
of Minolta, now picture this!
Let's picnic inside a morgue
Not pic-a-nic baskets, pic-a-nic caskets
And I got the machine, that cracks your fucking chest plates
Open and release them guts
Then I release def cuts
Brutal, jagged edged, totally ruff-neck
Now everybody scream 'nough respect to the X
'Nough respect given
Disrespect and you will not be living

Word to momma, Emma, drama, dilemmaSuicide, it's a suicideNow tell me, what's my motherfucking name
Serial killer, serial killer, serial killer(Wake up in the morning, to Lucky Charms cereal)

Songwriters

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