

# We from the Lbc

## Bad Azz

Ay yo, Hollis  
Give us some of that G Shit  
Yeah, now come on Oh shit, come on, yeah, come on  
Get at me, come on  
Get your ass on up, come on Ey, B A D this D O G, you got some Chronic smoke  
I'm at the house, fresh out, Dogg and burned out  
I can't find it so I'm lookin', can you help me out?  
I need a lil' bit and quick, you dig what I'm talkin' bout? Ey, D O G, I got some Chronic, see, I'm on my way  
I'm about to roll me up a blunt and than I'm on my way  
See, I was smokin', the whole time I was on my way  
And I ain't seen no one time while I was on my way Sharitha, Kalika, Salitha and Parisha  
All my lil' sneakers that love the way I freak her  
Man, it's a trip how they do me, oh wee  
Make me everywhere like into me The money and the bitches, the cars with all the switches  
And the houses with the big TV's, with all the couches  
'Bout to get money now, attitude with a gat or two  
And haters in it, always gon' be mad at you They caught us in the pen and Gang Banger, Rap Slanger  
Crap Slangers, Head Bangers  
In this motherfucker bitch, it's the B A D  
With the motherfuckin' D O double G  
(Yeah yeah, yeah yeah) We keep it happenin' and crackin', mackin', stackin'  
With my gat and I'm a Gangsta about my motherfuckin' Paper Loc  
I'm Mr. B A D, I'm with Bigg Snoop D O double G Fuck being stuck, get bucks, backed up, nigga what?  
Me and Snoop'll shoot, we in the Coupe, we into loot, we in group  
Nigga, we ain't hot for suit, we in your mouth  
We in your pocket but too Money made honey grind for me  
Come, show me what you done for me  
Homie, real hoes get money  
Pussy, titties and ass to shake  
We on the strip or in the strip  
Club, it's cash to make  
We smash for cake Mad niggaz wanna touch me, bad bitches wanna fuck me  
'Cuz I'm taller than small this bitch nigga tryin' ta punk me  
(What you say?)  
We don't waste time, we drop proper lines  
And pop thighs and pop bottles of Dom Pizzle, my Nizzle, Peace to Fran Dizzle and my folks in  
Mississizzle, especial my Grandmizzle  
You fizzle dizzle what I sizzle  
(What you sizzle?)

Just put a whole lotta gumbo in the motherfuckin' Game  
You see the money ain't a thang, gotta represent your  
game

How we bang it, ain't no motherfuckin' thang gon' change  
We from the LBC, Worldwide Dogghouse Family We show you how to do it, sippin' on some  
[Incomprehensible] fluid

Hollis, tell me why you do it, comin' through and got a boomin'

Group of Gangsta G's that's on the motherfuckin' LBC

(Eastside, Eastside) Groove on, groove on

Move on, move on

Groove on, groove on

Move on, move on Groove on, groove on

Move on, move on

Groove on, move on Yeah, Big Snoop Dogg

Bad Azz, Extravagant Records

We are Dogghouse Style in ya mouth

2000, plus one, bitch Yeah, yeah, Personal Business

Keep it there, Bad Azz

Run your Business, my nigga Oh boy, yeah, from the Sac-Town back to the LBC

Somethin' that you crawl on

Get your crawl on, Bad Azz

You's a motherfuckin' fool, my nigga

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>