

Lay Low (ft. Nate Dogg Master)

Snoop Dogg

For the nigga who be talking loud and holding his dick
 Talking shit, he better lay low
For the bitch that said I shot some shit up out of my dick
 Now she sick, she better lay low
 For the niggas who be claiming my hood
 And really ain't from my gang, better lay low
 I hope he don't be thinking I'm just talking
And I won't do a thing, really hope so! Lay low, nobody move until I say so
 Limo tint rolling deep like the president
See I don't go to clubs, I never chase a bitch (bitch)
 I'm here to bang that gangsta shit to the apocalypse
 We call it stress, some of y'all call it chocolate
 Return of the top dogg, and ain't no stopping this
 Whatever the case, I ain't trying to catch it
 Lay low, blow big dope, and slang records
 Unseen but well heard, do not disturb
The only reason you alive 'cause I ain't sent the word
 I flip, faster than birds, Snoop Dogg will emerge
 From the smoke and go loc, you shouldn't provoke
 I bring the worst from the L.B.C.
Smash motherfuckers thinking they goin' smash on me
 Snoop and Dre give a fuck about what y'all say
From the "world's most dangerous group" N.W.A. Our rise, it was no surprise
 I always knew these fools would trip
 Hating, faking, scheming on mine
 And on the down low talking shit
 Best move 'cause I refuse to lose
 No matter which damn road I choose
 So lay low 'cause you might be bruised
 Top story on the evening news
I ain't for games, so if you wanna play 'em lay low
 Lay down on the floor
 I'm in a rage, so if we gotta do this let me know
That's what I came fo' Where that nigga who be talking shit?
 He don't come around no more because I fucked his bitch
 I made her suck my dick, while I was squeezing the tits
 Then I hit it from the back, gripped tight on them hips
 She tried to make me cum, but I was trying to take her home
 Dropped you off and seen you fishing on your raggedy brougham

Could of thumped you and the dog (you little fag)

And don't sag too hard, you show everybody your thongWe bring it straight to ya

From 22's to Luger's the shit that shoot through ya

Who you motherfuckers think the top dogg bang with?

The same click he came with and made the game flip

Now niggas grow they hair, hope they staying act hard

That's even tho' yo' CEO talk shit get slapped hard

The backyard is where we get our scrap on

The black car drive by then you get capped onWhats up pimping? It's P and Snoop

With Dre on the beat, this ain't nothing but loot

They call me Jed Clampett for all the bread I got

But they call me Bill Clinton for all the head I got

I keeps it real-ah, 'cause I'm all about my scrilla

The ladies love me 'cause I'm a million dollar hitta

It's, no limit til I d-I-e

C-p-3, or Richmond, Cali's where I beFor the nigga who be talking loud and holding his dick

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