

Serial Killa (ft. DOC, RBX & Tha Dogg Pound)

Snoop Dogg

Six million ways to die, choose one
It'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 puttin in work
Unaccountable amounts of dirt, death becomes all niggas
Anybody killa, you know what the deal is
Nigga, you know what the real is
I see some mark brand niggas on the corner flaggin me down
Sayin, "Yo Daz, what's up with the Pound?
Is that nigga Snoop alright? Aiyyo what's up with the crew?
Is them niggas in jail, or are them niggas through?"
I said, "If you ain't up on thangs
Snoop Dogg is the name, Dogg Pound's the game"
It's like this they don't understand
It's an everyday thang, to gangbang
Make that twist, don't be a bitch, let these niggas know
What's up withchu 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 two slugs dead in your chest
Now you dead then a motherfucker creepin and sleepin
6 feet deep in, fuckin with the Pound is
Suicide, it's a suicide
(Repeat x4)The 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, oooh
Don't make a move for your gat so soon cuz
I drops bombs like Platoon (ay 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, cuz you don't wanna 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 busta ass homeboys dwell
 WellSuicide, it's a suicide
 (Repeat x3)
Now tell me, what's my motherfuckin name?
 Serial killa! Serial killa! Serial killa!
(Wake up in the morning eat your 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 fuckin chest plates
 Open and release them guts
 Then I release def cuts
 Brutal, jagged edged, totally ruffneck
 Now everybody scream nuff respect to the X
 Nuff respect given
 Disrespect and you will not be livin
 Word to momma, Emma, drama, dilemmaOutbrain
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