

Issues

Snoop Dogg

Yeah, Dogg House, oh serious
Well, I didn't know about all that
I keep my industry as much as possible
Found out, check out Everywhere I go, I got niggas and bitches on my dick
Trying to take my shit now, I don't really know
But I try to keep my head to the skitta slice my piece of hitta
Whatcha hating for? You better get up, get out and get your own
Nigga pick up the phone and holla at your folks
Young locs in the hood, mashing Dogg House
Fuck them other fools D O double G, kick back, blaze the sack
I catch a muthafucking big, Mack Attack
We blazing up the dogg
It'll hurt you nothing but purple in my circle
To the day we die we don't get money, bitches and high
Dogg House Gangsta Crip
Right back in your muthafucking ass for the R 2 G, bitch What y'all wanna do?
Seems like these niggas wanna talk all night
What we gonna do?
We ain't gonna say nothing more, we gonna get with y'all, on side That's how suppose to see
So all that stragglin in the gate trying to get close to me
Y'all niggas need to stop trying to flip the hip hop scrip
I snap and crackling pop Tell your friends and folks
It's a whole new year and situation and I'm still hating hoes
Will it ever stop?
Look I really don't know but on the up I doubt that, loc Now, what about your hood?
Man, I'm doing mine they're doing there's so I guess It's all good
And, what about your crew?
Shit, my crew it's 'Tha Eastsidaz' and fool, I thought you knew Dogg Pound ain't the same?
Yeah, them niggas split up and did they own thang
And went made their own gang
Money is thicker than blood? That's fuck up but on the real that's how it is 'cause, damn
The world just ain't the same?
And come to find out this niggas crossing out my muthafucking name
So what am I to do?
I put it on mind continue to shine everything fine In G O D we trust
That's why y'all suckers can't touch us, touch us
Meech you made the beat
And you know when we get together
Shit, we like bread and meat We coming with the heat

Close your mouth cause Dogg House is definitely turning it out
And what about the cops?
I pay them and the ones I didn't I slaved them Will it ever stop?
It's like asking, "Who is it?" before a nigga even knock
The game is here to stay?
And I'm here to change the rules 'cause I'm a player that loves to play Did you thank the Lord today?
Think I did and on that note young loc, I'm getting dose
Why you tell the truth?
'Cause I'm hundred twenty proof from the turf to the roof
Bigg Snoop, pace, pace, pace

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