

Connected (ft Mobb Deep, Kokane)

Snoop Dogg

[Prodigy]

Come on man, Eastsidaz[Goldie Loc]

Eastside...[Prodigy]

Infamous Mobb[Tray Deee]

Infamous Mobb Deep[Verse 1 - Prodigy, Tray Deee]

Out the muthafuckin' depths in New York, its P

You couldn't get close enough to even touch the kid

If you did, you wouldn't get far enough to bag

I put my guns to work on your bitch ass

Hold up, niggas fuckin' up the game

Put my name in statements, cooperating wit these and talkin'

Fuck it, I'll still buck em and gamble wit my freedom

These niggas gon learn to respect the P-Dub

I don't take no shit off of nobody

No nigga, no bitch, lets get rich and party

Lets not test my gangsta, that's how you get bodied

that's how hearts get took, pride get damaged

Lives is shedded, fuckin' wit these east side niggas

We teach why'all niggas bout this murder shit

We got Tray Deee, Goldie Loc, Hav and P

Kokane, wit my nigga Snoop D-O-G-G[Tray Deee]

Big hitters, wig splitters, give niggas the blues

Fools loud mouth we all about spittin' them tools

From the coast of the locs were the Gs was born

And we raise up B.G.s to keep it goin'

In the alleys, not the valleys, killa Cali the zone

Long Beach bringin' heat takin' off when its on

Fuck pretty, come gritty when we bring the noise

Big boys play wit keeps when we bring the toys

Wet T-shirts, we search to put in work, 'cause

Come back for ya homies as you gettin' ya dirt dug

Congregatin', operatin' Gs and hustlas

You other muthafuckas can't conceive our structures

The DPGC, the M-O-be-be, strictly east side and we ride on G.P.

Bandanas, hoodies, timbos and chucks

Stay mashin on bustas not givin a fuck[Chorus - Snoop Dogg, Kokane]

Eastsidaz and Mobb Deep

We connected

From the West to the East

Connected
Oh what you got beef?
Connected
Run up on ya while ya sleep
Stay connected
My nephews play wit keeps
We connected
From the West to the East
Connected
Blast ya ass in the streets
We connected
Eastsidaz & Mobb Deep
Stay connected

For life[Kokane] Yeah [repeat 30X][Verse 2 - Havoc, Goldie Loc]
[Havoc]

Connect wit my dogs be that serious shit
Serious things when M-O-be and sidaz bang
Ice and chains, be best that you hide those thangs
And pressure to that ass we apply those thangs
Told you fucks before, when it rains it pours
Its a cold ,cold, cold world nigga its Doggy Dogg
Better walk or crawl(for real), cause on the real homeboy
Fuck around and you'll be up in the morgue
Moms praisin' the lords, rev paintin' the picture
Of a wise young man who didn't get the picture
We keep it gangsta nigga, don't get it twisted nigga
Cross me nigga, you'll wind up a missin nigga
QB and we truly, rep for ours
Wars and scars, bitches in a gang of whips
When it came to this game though we changed the shit
And fuck who you wit, its what you up in the club but yo[Goldie Loc]
Uzis, AKs, Glock 40s and Tech 9s
Tryna take mines, you'll be a dead muthafucka
Come up short, wit yo life on support
Burnin' rubber down the street in a black super spoke
Fo' pokes to the neck, five sticks to the dome
Gun powder on my clothes when I smacked him in his nose
Real talk, show you how to walk the walk
All black all times when I scheme and stalk
Its somethin' about bein a cold blooded killa
I'm bananas my nigga, like a black ass guerrilla
I'm G'd up, smokin' all the muthafuckin' weed up
Drinkin' on a full cup nigga[Chorus][Snoop Dogg]
Yeah, definitely connected
How you love that?

Uh, like I said you can't spell the West wit out the ES
East side up eastsidaz
From QB to the LB
You see what I see and G how I G
Feel me?
Eastsidaz, duces and trayz the old fashioned way
Alchemist
Uh, yeah-yay

Songwriters

Broadus, Calvin / Maman, Alan / Long, Jerry B. / Muchita, Kejuan Waliek / Johnson, Albert / Davis, Tracy La
Marr / Spillman, Keiwan DashawnPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Universal Music Publishing Group,
Royalty Network Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>