

# Poppin' Them Collars

## Master P

[Snoop Dogg & (Master P) talking] Hey yo (Ghetto Postage)  
Give me something that makes a nigga wanna pop his motherfuckin' collar  
(With a lil' West Coast twist on it)  
(Master P and Snoop, ha ha, tah dow, poppin' collars]  
[Chorus with Master P & Snoop ad-libs] Pop those collars  
Pop those collars  
Pop those collars  
That's the just the way we do it  
Pop those collars  
We changed the game  
[Snoop] Slid up in the door, get up in ya ho  
Sippin' on some Mo with Big D from the mad ass 6-0  
Stretched out on the couch with some Mary Jane  
Doghouse nigga, we all in the same game  
An every nigga in my click got the platinum chain  
Blang, blang Doggy's Angel's same thang  
Eastsidaz same thang, rip riders ask my nephew Kokane  
[Master P & Snoop together] Cause game recognize game and we got it  
No Limit and Dogg Pound, we rowdy, get em' up  
We bang bang  
[Snoop] On this music that we make ho  
In the cars, the clubs, or when we smoke dope  
We drop that shit for you kin folk  
And poor folks no joke, loc loc  
Blaze a sack loc, bust a back stroke  
And pop ya motherfuckin' collar till ya break ya back loc  
[Chorus with Master P & Snoop ad-libs][Master P]  
Ah dog we off the heezy  
Snoop and P together for cheesy  
Poppin' collars from the South to the Wizest  
We off, see the tank around our nizeck  
We O.G. show me love  
And the Baker Boys started the buzz  
Now we California livin' like Dre and Pac  
And them No Limit boys, see we can't be stopped  
Me and E-Feezy go way on the bizack  
Remember Baby D, TRU it and Prizack  
My essay homie, chop chop got the dizope  
While me and Xzibit was ballin' by cizoast

I'm the black Slim Shady so don't try to play me  
Turn a six into a Bentley and drive em' crazy  
Roll up to Eastside back to the West  
Represent Richmond, California to the South, respect  
[Chorus with Master P & Snoop ad-libs][Snoop]I'll bless you before I diss you  
Y'all miss me, shit I miss you  
So sweet, so sure but so low  
So just let it all go, serious we sick of this  
Dog homie, ask ya kids they put chu' up on it  
On the corners they poppin' they collars  
While back in the days, shit niggas used to stack they dollars  
Make a nigga wanna holler  
Playas, pimp, p-poppers, impersonators  
Real rip riders, Eastsidaz and regulators  
Haters come in all shapes, sizes and colors  
But we on top of thangs so they can't get above us  
Hate us or love us, we rollin' with the heat huggers  
Thuggers, house party niggas fuck clubbers  
With anine in my pockets, poppin' my collar pushin' and shovin'  
[Hook with Master P & Snoop ad-libs to fade]

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