

# Pimp Slapp'd

## Snoop Dogg

W-Balls, it's your main man DJ E-Z Dick  
About to unleash another one of those platinum plus hits  
And the word is on the streets, and the word is the streets  
We gon' go to a live remote, licking wit my main man Mr Doggy Dogg  
A day in the life, of a Rollin' 20 Crip  
I'm just a stubborn type of fella with a head like a brick  
And just because I sip Moet, they say that I'm hopeless  
But I don't give a fuck, so blame it on the loc'ness  
Now this is how we do it when we checking the grip  
Snoop Dogg is in this bitch, so don't even trip  
I bust a funky composition that's smooth as a prism  
So check it as I kick off in this funky ass rhythm  
It's six dub, the phone is ringing off the deck  
And it's some homies talking about I disrespected they set  
Aww nah, Dogg ain't this y'all  
I got couple relatives up off of Crenshaw  
This is about me and Simon, not me and y'all  
I got love for a bunch of real B-Dogs  
Like K-Dub, Top Cat, B-Reel, E-Rock, Boo-Lay Face  
And the homie Har'ron rest in peace  
Big Jay from Cappinella Park  
He used to blaze with his nephew after dark  
On and on, rocking big neck bone  
Mausberg, I had to put you on my song  
It's so real, I had to show some love  
Now back to this scrub  
It ain't about Crip or Blood  
It's about you bein' jealous of what I does'  
Cos I does it the most  
The king of the coast in the paint playin' post  
I back you down like Shaq-Daddy  
And bust on ya out the new Caddy  
And skirt up, bust ya boulevard  
I'm not Xzibit, you can't pull my hoe card  
I fucked all your groupies  
When you was doin' time in Camp Snoopy  
With the fags and snitches, no killers just bitches  
And you was payin' niggaz off with all my riches  
You so hardco', why you ain't go to level fo'?  
Oh I know  
(Bitch!) But I walk the mainline everytime I go down  
You can check my G files I do it L.B.C. style  
I got the word on your Simon  
You need to just start rhymin'  
Cos you the biggest star on your label  
And them other niggaz just crumbs off my table  
You're not able, to compete with the heat that I drop  
And I still ain't been paid, for 1-8-7 on a cop  
I started yo' shit and I will end yo' shit

If you keep talkin' shit on CripIt all boils down to the fact that you're jealous of my paper stack

(Jealous ass nigga)

It all boils down to the fact that you're jealous of my paper stack

(Gon' get pimp slapped)

It all boils down to the fact that you're jealous of my paper stack

(Jealous ass nigga)

It all boils down to the fact that you're jealous of my paper stack

(Gon' get pimp slapped)Money, I get it, paper I got it

Heaters, I keep 'em, bitches I got 'em

Money, I get it, paper I got it

Heaters, I keep 'em, bitches I got 'emIf I shoot you, I'll be brainless, and you'll be famous

And I'll be spending money out the anus

Your only gain is to try to get me to fall down to your level

Man you worser than devilsAlotta niggas should've said it, fuck 'em

But I'ma say it for 'em, stop it, pop it, rewind and play it for 'em

This nigga's a bitch like his wife

Suge Knight's a bitch, and that's on my lifeAnd I'ma let the whole world see

'Cos you fucked up the industry, and that's on me

We can go head up, nigga, set it up

Or we can do the other thing, I love to wet it upYou rappers and artists, tell 'em, shut it up

'Cos I'll fuck every last one of 'em up, especially Kurupt

See that's my lil homeboy, so he knows what's up

He better keep it cripin', and slip his clip in'Cos these niggas trippin', this is official business

Do the same way, leave no witnesses

This is that unexpected diss directed, sprayed, covered and protected

Strip you butt naked, chicky, check, check itIt's all to the good again

You can catch Snoopy Dibby Double in the hood again

Spinning that real times, spitting that real shit

To make the whole world feel it

So put the bacon in the skillet, and try to peel it

'Cos Doggystyle Records is the realest, niggaIt all boils down to the fact that you're jealous of my paper stack

(Jealous ass nigga)

It all boils down to the fact that you're jealous of my paper stack

(Gon' get pimp slapped)

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