

G Funk Intro (Feat. Dr. Dre & The Lady Of Rage)

Snoop Dogg

Yeah,
This is another story about dogs
For the dog that don't pee on trees, is a bitch
So says Snoop Dogg, get your pooper scooper
Cause the nigga's talking shit
Aroof! I'm sipping on Tanqueray
With my my mind on my money and my mouth in the ganjahy
Are-A-G to the motherfucking E
Back with my nigga S-N double O-P
(Yeah, and ya don't stop)
Rage in effect I just begun to rock
(I said yeah, and you don't quit)
(Hey yo Rage would you please drop some gangsta shit)
I rock ruff and stuff with my Afro Puffs
Handcuffed as I bust bout to tear shit up
Oh what did ya think I, didn't ever think I
Would be the one to make you blink eye, I catch you like pink-eye
Never will there ever be another like me
Um you can play the left, 'cause it ain't no right in me
Out the picture out the frame out the box I knock em all
Smack em out the park, like A Friendly Game of Baseball
Grand, slam, yes I am
Kicking up dust and I don't give a god damn!
Cause I'm that lyrical murderer
Pleading guilty, you know for my skills I'm about to be
Filthy large, Rage in charge
You know what's happenin don't try to play large
This ain't no Rerun, see hun, don't ya want to be one
A cover, word to wreck ya, cause I never get my vocals
I'm loco, close to Constantinople,
I'll make 'em go coo-coo for my Cocoa
Puffin stuff, hey yo Snoop, you're up
Let these niggas know that niggas don't give a fuck! This is just a small introduction to the G Funk Era
Everyday of my life I take a glimpse in the mirror
And I see motherfuckers trying to be like me
Every since I put it down with the D-are-EFoaming at the mouth and wagging his tail
Searching through the yards with a keen sense of smell
Looking for the business in heat
And when he find it he'll be sniffing her seat

We travel in packs and we do it from the back
How else can you get to the booty?
We do it Doggystyle, all the while we do it Doggystyle
Yo motherfucking hoes
He fucked the fleas off a bitch
He shacked the ticks off his dick
And in the booty, he buries his motherfucking bone
And if there's any left over
He'll roll over and take a doggy bag home

Songwriters

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