

Dogg Market

Brotha Lynch Hung

I'm in a murderous-mental mind state, monopolizin on 'em
Enterprise with homicide, rock this dope and cut them corners (corners)
Worldwide, visualize, two young killas on the rise
Ain't that a bitch, Snoop Dogg and Brotha Lynch

And we remain bombed out (what), no doubt
Eat niggas up with sour crout (what up), hollow 'em out
'Bout to open my own business, Siccma'de Meats
Where you gonna get your product from nigga?
Sacramento streets (WHY), gotta be
'Cause these niggas be trippin
I'm dippin in and out the city with the ?? whip (what)
With no pity, dingy, dirty, grimey and gritty, get me

I had a bundle of bitchest before I had a bundle a dollas
A fist full a problems while I'm poppin my collar (ay, ay, ay)
Sockin bustas, frontin hustlers with they work on the streets
From the streets, to the sweets (to the what), to the slugs, to the east (ma
n)
Please believe, let me holler at you nephew
What you do and what I do, I'll make you wan' act a fool

Alright, wait, wait, wait, hold up
Avian lies up in the city, smashin with the fifty-slug
No love, leave ya layin down lookin at the stars above ('cause what)
'Cause everything fade to black, like a scene change, ain't it strange
Illegal procedure through out the game, lets ya nuts hang, hit the rain (rai
n)
?? like ??, laid 'em up with the hay
They, found the body three months later as I hit him with the potato
Ate up his midsection, recollection, murder on my mind (ay what)
Got me chin-checkin, and they said (that real?), heard it all the time
That's what these muthafuckas think about me, they ain't made it
Mad 'cause niggas be tryna' [?] some G's,
smoke weed ([?] some G's, smoke weed)
Everyday, best believe, everyday
Ay you, you nigga tryna' start [?] move out my way
Bet you never see me in black clothes, creepin out the back yard
Hard-boiled with lead toes

I got so much to do with so little time
My folks smoke dope that'll blow ya mind, hmm
I bust a bitch about a quarter 'til nine
So by 10:15 I got my dick on her spine
Relax, recline, roll somethin nigga
Hit this shit, blaze it up, now raise it up
The grip and the bitch, yeah, stays with us
Now, a lot a y'all niggas be talkin 'bout y'all livin it up, and give it up
But let me take ya back to the essence, and shit
Meditate and drop a message and shit
You crumb-snatchin, no rappin peasants
The big dog want it all, I came back to snatch all y'all presents
Dippin, slippin, slidin away
From the Sac-town to the L-B, we do this shit like everyday
Do you feel me, I'm the untouchable
Fuckin with the rectable, unquestionable, remarkable,
fabulous and all that shit

You know, I'm the original, biiitch, the original, biiitch