

Countdown

Snoop Dogg

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1

Snoop Dogg

Here we go

Nigga, understand, West Coast son of Sam

Drumming wit' a hunnid bands

Cause that ain't shit to a real crip, cuz

You'll swallow every clip before a nigga slip, cuz

LBC, yeah, we gets love

213, rest in peace Nate

It's real in the field, keep your cleats laced

Crack a bitch, hit the switch and make the back scrape down

Smoke a pound when I move around, yeah

The world is my lounge chair

Real sharks turn guppies, y'all drowned here

When everyday to me is New Year's Eve, Swizzy the countdown (Snoop)

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Snoop Dogg

Now I'm back getting another bag

Clocking the grip, never gon' slip, I put the "R" in crip

C's up, G's up, B's up, augh

He's up, we's up, easter

Get a real woman, don't trust these slu-

And when you're around the cops don't say three much

It gets cold for a winner in the winter

For a rich crip shit can get, Bigg Dogg, pick of the litter

Stopped drinking cause my liver act up

But now I bring back the savage like I'm Gold and black flannel, grip

gripping on a handle

Selling weed, selling songs, got shows on four channels like

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Snoop Dogg

Go crazy in this muthafucka right now

Go crazy in this bitch, muthafuckin' now

Go crazy in this bitch, right, right now

Go crazy in this bitch, right, right (Snoop Dogg)

C-R-I-P, y'all ain't gon ever see a G like me again

So get a glimpse of a winner

A rich crip, shit can get-a

Swizzy the countdown

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Snoop Dogg