

Freestyle Conversation

Snoop Dogg

Ai Dogg, let me holla at'cha man
Wuz up home?
Word is on the streets
Your beats gone be delicate since Dre did shake the spea's out,
man.
Delicate? Beats?
So that's what makes me now?
Man, I don't give a fuck about no beat

(Now let me shake that shit man)
(I hear ya Dogg)
(It's a cold, cold thing!)
(It's a cold thing!)
(For real, hmm!)

I got more niggas tryin to get at me than the President do sometimes
Niggas be tryin to get at me cos I be droppin funky rhymes
What the fuck is goin on? This rap game is made to make money
You niggas is taking the shit outta hand, actin' way too funny
Doin too much, y'know I see it from the get-go
What the fuck's goin on wit you niggas, y'all tryin to play a low pro
And tryin ta be hard and tryin ta be big willies or whatever they call it
I guess it's time for me to act just like an alcoholic
And step to the game, I'm a stumble in like I don't know
And if a nigga say somethin wrong, I'm takin off from the get-go
I ain't givin no room to try to get me first
Cos I done been bombed on before and I'ma tell you, man, that's the worst
Fifth in the world, but I'ma keep my thang together
Cos I'ma keep makin money and hope everything is still together
Havin papers, man, now what y'all niggas doin?
All y'all broke on the corner, drinkin your drink, wanna be doin what I'm
doin
But don't get mad and don't be tryin to play-hate
Cos, uhh, takin trips around state to state
Representin, uhh, what y'all wanna represent
But y'all can't represent it cos y'all got no dollars, no cents
I'm movin on, groovin on and I'm movin
Makin more moves than the average Cuban
Tryin ta get G's across the town, tryin ta make more hits
And tryin ta get my game tight and get at your bitch
Now if she wants to get with this, she gone come holla at a player, do'
Cos she know that Snoop Dogg is got that white Rolls Royce
And she wants to jump in, bring a friend
Cos everything is like alphabet, come on in
Come on in and bring a friend and you can come on back
Cos when you do, we gone be sippin on some Cognac
It's on me, I'm feelin good tonight
Cos I'ma do mines and I'ma keep everything tight
I ain't lettin nothin leak cos if thangs leak, then I'm get caught
And I can't get caught cos you know how they do it about that child support
Shit, bitches is cold on a nigga who ain't got his game tight
Gettin 18-point-5 percent, half your life
Shit, I love my baby boy and all
But I ain't gonna be payin no bitch, no no, no way Dogg
I'm too slick on my toes, I'm too tight
I'm guaranteed to get away from some shit like dat, ain't that right
Cos, uhh, when you play in this game you got to be the real player

You can't be no fake ass nigga talkin about you wanna be the man
Cos if you ain't with the game, the game ain't gonna be wit you
And I can put that on everything including you

One of every five black males berfore the year 2000 will be detained or
deceased

No justice, no peace

Yeah the truth hurts, we scared to go to church

Look here, but don't cut it, gettin five points

Step back for a second, I'm puttin less than five to this joint

Hmm, if this is the bomb niggas gonna blow up like Atlanta at the Olympics
Niggas be trippin but I'll be pimpin

I don't be trippin off no nigga at all, no bitches

Just tryin to get money, I don't even be trippin off no switches

I used to like low-riders but now I like Eastsiders

I put it down wit me and make a hit maker, y'knowwhatI'msayin?

I love the Lakers now cos now they got Shaq O'Neal

It's time to make a million dollars and that's for real

See we gone blow up and show up and throw up nuttin but Dogg Pound

Give it to ya ta put it down and we'll be round to your town

So just sit in your seats and wait til we come through

Until we do just keep smokin grey and blue

Or whatever you do just stay true to what you do

Cos we gone keep doin what the fuck we got to do

Now, follow me now and listen to the instructions

Cos the game's gonna get deep now, niggas is tryin ta creep

Tryin ta get up on game but they don't wanna be down with the PG

All of a sudden everybody wanna dis DP

Now, what we look like?

Makin y'all diss us, that ain't right

I should get upset but I'ma stay composed

Chill for a second, spit at some hos

Drinkin my drink, smokin my dank

Countin my bank, uhh that shit stank

Stanky bank is what I got cos I'ma keep it

And nah this ain't no motherfuckin secret

Yeah, we're in drought season

Niggas lookin for a reason

It's like thanksgiving without the feast

Yeah the truth hurts, we're scared to go to church

They got me runnin from my life, I'm jumpin gates

They got dogs on my ass, but I'm a Dogg

So I know how to alert and get wit dat shit

The dog run up on me I give him a cold

Like nigga back up off me

He turn around and bite the police, hmm

Game recognise Snoop Dogg too cold, I'm on my toes

I slide in the back of a garage, dippin with this ho

They run right past me, ask me "Have I seen the suspect?"

"Yeah, he went that way", now for the jack