

## Neva Left

Snoop Dogg

Dogg, what up, mane?  
Word on the streets is you ain't what you used to be

I gang bang to the fullest  
A lot of niggas talk about it but they really don't do it, do they?  
So I'm doin' it for y'all  
Marco, I bust, I'ma ruin it for y'all  
Stomp that, strap up, mash up  
And get it crackin' with the slapper, jacker  
Smacker, rapper? Nah nigga, that ain't me  
Gangsta? Yeah nigga, can't you see?  
Rider, like the tonners on my Chevrolet  
West Coast, motherfucker, that's the only way  
Yeah homie, what you say?  
Home of the Wook, Wok and Gunplay  
A lot of homies shoot to J  
But most of 'em prefer to shoot the K  
Yeah, that's the good life  
And where we come from, loc, that's the hood life  
Where you mama and daddy  
Told to set up out the room while they swingin' the caddy  
That's on the set, tats on they neck  
Streets sweet with the heat, yep, they stay on deck  
I'm dazed and blazed, no confusin', I'm choosin'  
This how I was raised  
I bring that out and bag it up, no doubt  
Swing it out and let it up and bang that out  
This Crips, nigga

That's crazy, cuz  
You know my whole life, I wanted to be a gangsta, mane  
I used to see my OG home boys at King Park  
Ridin' on bikes but they came with they flags on the end  
See Stacey Adams, fine woman  
That shit was fast and late

The Miles Davis of gangbangin' and crack slangin'  
Drivin' a fresh rock, run 'em with blocks in 'em  
Fresh out the county, I'm boxin' 'em  
Moved on up and bought a continental, nigga, I'm knockin' it  
Now I'm rockin' it, '61 blockin' it  
If y'all ridin' by, my nigga, we cockin' it  
We poppin' on imposters, fake ass mobsters  
East side niggas, ain't no stoppin' us  
My recipe is treachery  
The best in me, nigga, the West to be  
A better place for the one of Ace  
Put a 9 millimetre in your fuckin' face  
And let you say your grace before you have a taste  
Of reality, set in, yeah, this your fate  
Now your homies at your funeral  
Plottin' on some get back  
But you can't get back 'cause nigga, you dated  
Another sad gangsta story  
And usually ones with the territory  
No nuts, no glory  
No pain, no gain

Life for a nigga growin' up in the game  
This slangin' thang  
Drinkin', sell a lil' cocaine  
Get locked up for a minute now we in it to win it  
Now everybody know me  
They watchin' the makings of a real OG

Yeah, they say if you watch somethin' long enough, you'll become it  
You know, they say imitation is the best form of flattery  
That's what I was told  
A lot of niggas is imitatin' me 'cause real gangsta shit  
You ain't cut from it  
You dig?

Yeah, scarin' all the white folk  
While stayin' on the right note  
And you can quote me if you want to  
Don't say what you will do, nigga, what you gon' do?  
I'm live in the flesh  
Caught him on Imperial left five in his chest  
Survive in the west  
It's everyday cycle, you never know what might go blam  
And how you like me now?  
Crip 'til you slip, Mr. Big Bow Wow  
Yeah, it's my chance to prance  
I got ants in my pants and I needs to dance  
I go for broke, no joke  
I gotta put my drink down, I'm tryna C walk, loc  
See I'ma take off, break off  
And make off with the cash  
At the pad with, a thick lil bitch, she super bad

Gangsta, gangsta  
Futuristic  
Snoop Dogg  
48 hunnid  
C's up, yeah  
Shoot or shout out to my home boys  
Harlem 30  
Yeah, real shit  
All my niggas on the East coast  
6-0's, Eight Tray, Hoovers  
Main Street, all my niggas in Compton  
And the South side, ya dig?  
Nutty Blocc  
Santana  
Oh, can't forget them Long Beach niggas  
East side the same  
Rollin 20 Crips  
19th Street  
West side, you know what's hatnin'  
Saten Day, West Coast  
North side on the block  
All hood, yeah  
Crip shit