

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