

# Oh No

Snoop Dogg

It's 50 Cent & S-N-double O-P  
You don't want no snoop & you don't want it wit me

Everytime I come around they like "Oh No"  
I get to trippin; slap the clip up in my 44  
Shit I been thru in my hood made my heart cold  
I get to poppin off that thang like I'm loco  
No sense in coppin pleas when you see my knife out (knife out)  
Motherfuckers light out (lights out)

Here comes Snoop, uh (oh shit) (Oh No)  
Sup Nigga, sup now, huh? (Oh No)

Ricky Ticky Timble, C's is the symbol  
Courdoroy khakis, stacies & brimmed up  
Straight razors just to keep you trimmed up  
1-8-7, oh yeah, now you remember  
He's electrifyin & original  
So gangster, Snoop Dogg the criminal  
The one you hate to love, in the club, in the cut  
Hugged up wit yo bitch, nigga I don't give a shit  
You betta check dat ho, that's what wreckin G  
Now step your game down, cause ain't no checkin me  
You'll be respectin me until you leave this room  
Or my gat'll go boom, bullets go zoom  
Now your names on a tomb  
They pourin out liqour wit no room to consume, you silly bafoon  
I pop niggas like balloons, I ain't feelin em  
Walkin in my big blue chucks cause I'm killin em

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Hey whaddup cuz, it's 50 cent;  
What's happnin nigga?

Ever since the moment I was born I been dyin (Yea)  
Hundred miles an hour pulse flyin wit my eye... an  
He who fears fate lives like a coward  
You go against me, you'll be devoured  
Then you get to poppin you'll have a change of heart  
I hit your chest a couple times you'll have to change your heart  
Have doc usin donors, dead niggas with spare parts  
You come back wit lungs of a snitch, an the heart of a dead nark  
Niggas never see the light till it spark  
Then they bleed, it get cold, then shit get dark  
You can call me the beast from the east, I run these streets  
You can eat hollow tip shells or you can work for me  
These rap niggas crazy, my mercy has limits  
Push Me - a hundred revolvers'll get to spinnin  
Your services are no longer needed; Rock-a-bye baby  
My bitch'll do it to you with a lil 380 (Yea)

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I'm bailin thru the door again  
Let the Momo pour again  
Me & my ho again  
Yea she got the four up in this motherfucker  
And Imma bust it if you try to rush us or touch us or sucka duck us  
It'll crack off, Now back off - real slow  
An if you don't know, I never hesitate to shoot a ho  
Yea that's my reputation - you test my patience &  
You & your fam - bam - gon hear the blam, blam  
Goddammit I'm at it again  
They done let that bitch nigga up outta the pen  
And now he lookin for me - what the heck - my game is built on respect  
Now I'm breathin down your morthertfuckin neck  
I dumps till my clips is empty  
I'm headin down Willshire to San Vicente  
And when I get there don't ask who sent me  
Just take dem shots an drop it like it's hot  
Bitch Nigga

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Ha-ha-ha  
Yea Nigga  
Just when you thought I was gone  
Slide back up on you like the wind nigga  
Hurricane D-O-Double G  
With the G,G,G,G,G, G-unit