

# Pimp Slapp'd

Snoop Dogg

W-Balls, it's your main man DJ E-Z Dick  
About to unleash another one of those platinum plus hits  
And the word is on the streets, and the word is the streets  
We gon go to a live remote, licking wit my main man Mr Doggy Dogg

A day in the life, of a Rollin 20 Crip  
I'm just a stubborn type of fella with a head like a brick  
And just because I sip Moet, they say that I'm hopeless  
But I don't give a fuck, so blame it on the loc'ness  
Now this is how we do it when we checking the grip  
Snoop Dogg is in this bitch, so don't even trip  
I bust a funky composition that's smooth as a prism  
Now check it as I kick off in this funky ass rhythm  
It's six dub, the phone is ringing off the deck  
And it's some homies talking about I disrespected they set  
Aww nah, Dogg aint this y'all  
I got couple relatives up off of Crenshaw  
This is about me and Simon, not me and y'all  
I got love for a bunch of real B-Dogs  
Like K-Dub, Top Cat, B-Reel, E-Rock, Boo-Lay Face  
And the homie Har'ron rest in peace  
Big Jay from Cappinella Park  
He used to blaze with his nephew after dark  
On and on, rocking big neck bone  
Mausberg I had to put you on my song  
It's so real, I had to show some love  
Now back to this scrub, it ain't about Crip or Blood  
It's about you bein jealous of what I does  
Cause I does it the most, the king of the coast  
in the paint playin post - I back you down  
like Shaq-Daddy, and bust on ya out the new Caddy  
And skirt up, bust ya boulevard  
I'm not Xzibit, you can't +Pull My Hoe Card+  
.. I fucked all your groupies  
When you was doin time in Camp Snoopy  
With the fags and snitches, no killers just bitches  
And you was payin niggaz off with all my riches  
You so hardco', why you ain't go to level fo'?  
Oh I know (bitch!)  
But I walk the mainline everytime I go down  
You can check my G files I do it L.B.C. style  
.. I got the word on your Simon  
You need to just start rhymin  
Cause you the biggest star on your label  
And them other niggaz just crumbs off my table  
You're not able, to compete with the heat that I drop  
And I still ain't been paid, for "1-8-7 on a cop"  
I started yo' shit and I will end yo' shit  
if you keep talkin shit on Crip!

It all boils down to the fact  
that you're jealous of my paper stack (jealous ass nigga)  
It all boils down to the fact  
that you're jealous of my paper stack (gon get pimp slapped)  
(2x)

Money, I get it, paper I got it

Heaters, I keep em, bitches I got em  
(2x)

If I shoot you, I'll be brainless, and you'll be famous  
And I'll be spending money out the anus  
Your only gain is to try to get me to fall down to your level  
Man you worser than devils  
Alotta niggas should've said it, fuck em  
But Ima say it for em, stop it, pop it, rewind and play it for em  
This nigga's a bitch like his wife  
Suge Knight's a bitch, and that's on my life  
And I'ma let the whole world see  
Cos you fucked up the industry, and that's on me  
We can go head up, nigga, set it up  
Or we can do the other thing, I love to wet it up  
Your rappers and artists, tell em, shut it up  
Cos I'll fuck every last one of em up, especially Kurupt  
See that's my lil homeboy, so he knows what's up  
He better keep it Crippin, and slip his clip in  
Cos these niggas trippin, this is official business  
Do the same way, leave no witnesses  
This is that unexpected diss directed, sprayed, covered and protected  
Strip you butt naked, chicky-check-check-it  
It's all to the good again  
You can catch Snoopy Dibby Double in the hood again  
Spinning that real times, spitting that real shit  
To make the whole world feel it  
So put the bacon in the skillet, and try to peel it  
Cause Doggystyle Records is the realest, nigga

Money, I get it, paper I got it  
Heaters, I keep em, bitches I got em  
Money, I get it, paper I got it

Jealous ass nigga