

# Super Crip

Snoop Dogg

Turn me up, turn me up  
Just Blaze

What's up, what's happening?  
Big Snoop in this bitch, get it crackin'  
Dickies creased up and they saggin'  
Gat in the right side, left side flag  
Niggas running at the lip again  
Got me feelin' I'ma trip again  
And you thought I wasn't listenin'  
Bitches talk shit, got me walkin' like a Crip again  
Gotta hit you with the re-up  
I'm married to the streets, fuck a prenup  
Ayy lil' nigga roll the weed up  
Dre get my cup, we about to get G'd up

Long Beach on my right side  
CPT on my left side  
I got Watts in this bitch  
It be dogs from the 'jects still screaming out West Side  
Long Beach on my right side  
CPT on my left side  
I got Watts in this bitch  
Tiny loccs from the third and they screaming out East Side

Bitch niggas still bang on 'em  
50 Cal shots, let it rang on 'em  
And if a square ass nigga tried to get up in my circle  
We gon' have to put them thangs on 'em  
Bitch niggas still bang on 'em  
50 Cal shots, let it rain on 'em  
And if a square ass nigga tried to get up in my circle  
We gon' have to put them thangs on 'em  
Still say fuck 'em cause ain't no love for 'em  
Tell 'em come and see me, I got a slug for 'em  
But then again I ain't brainless  
I'll have my little loccs hit you with the stainless  
Still say fuck 'em cause ain't no love for 'em  
Tell 'em come and see me, I got a slug for 'em  
But I ain't tryna make ya famous  
I'll have my tiny locos hit you with the stainless

Shit you know who I be  
D-O double G, super C-R-I-P  
Creepin' through the fog  
And steppin' through the smog  
And you know I'm high as shit  
And my bitches fly free  
Shit you know who I be  
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Super Crip, what?  
Super Crip, who?

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It's still 187 if you bitch niggas wanna trip, who?  
Super Crip, what?  
Super Crip, who?  
Super Crip, what?  
Super Crip, who?  
Super Crip, what?  
It's still 187 if you bitch niggas need that

It's enough of that to go around  
Real G's make the hood go 'round  
Keep the planet spinnin' on it's axis  
How is he so hood? How can you ask this?  
I guess you can say I put in practice  
On the strip, under lights, now I'm back bitch  
And even if I'm blown on my own  
With the chrome to your dome  
Make you stretch like elastic  
I need my real G's to the left  
Bitch niggas staying to the right  
I need my tool front and center  
Hard on these scores from the Summer to the winter  
Spring to the Fall, bitches still on my balls  
It's the number one nigga from the hood Doggy Dogg  
Still pull up on a nigga when I need to be heard  
I'm a killer and a stealer, but I ain't from Pittsburgh  
Real niggas on the set, I get your whole clique served  
You best observe, a B chalked out on the curb  
With your momma and your people sayin' "Supercrip did it"  
They won't testify, so he got away with it  
Now I'm sttin' on my throne, on my bad phone  
I'm talkin' to Iron man, smokin' on fireman  
Look up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane  
Walkin' through the clouds with a Crip stick cane

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