## **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 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

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

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