

## Ten Toes Down

Snoop Dogg

A nigga like me man, I love the game, I love the hustle man  
I be feeling like one of them ball player niggas you know  
Like Bird, Magic or something  
Yeah you know a nigga got dough a nigga can leave the league  
But if I leave... the fans still gone love me man?

Told you I was bout to do it big, huh?  
Came in this game as a kid, huh?  
Still down Ten toes in this shit, huh?  
First nigga talk that crippin' to your kids, huh?  
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Keep a shooter at the gate on my crib, huh?

I ain't do it, people said I did, huh?  
Rap music ain't what's fuckin' up they kids, huh?  
Gangster rap is fuckin' up the biz, huh?  
My influence, something that I said, huh?  
Like I'm jewish, all about the bread, huh  
From the sewage, tryin' to get ahead, huh  
I'm bout to do it, fuckin' up they head, huh?  
These opportunist, fuckin' up they bread, huh?  
Corporate America stance is irregular  
Ready Cuz, rap sheet, impeccable  
Multi plats, my past  
What we have here is unprofessional  
My metal, undetectable, my style, unselectable  
Niggas runnin' they mouth thats unacceptable  
21st street, Long Beach 'til the death of you

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Keep shootin', thats what the people tell me, huh  
Get the biggest dope sack that you can sell me, huh  
And your homegirl do it, huh  
I make the whole world do it, huh  
Ain't no limit to the dog and that's real talk  
I'm the one that showed you how a real crip walk  
Resume, document, G-File  
Recollect, reflect, and let me break it down  
Take it out the bag, lay it on the table quick  
Call my handlers, I handle and disable this  
Tickin' time bomb, made crippin' look fun  
Can't walk around without your motherfuckin' gun, that's a no no  
Real hood redemption, my tiny Lokos is really on a mission  
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Do anybody in the house remember?  
When it wasn't no Snoop Dogg? (Hell yeah!)  
It wasn't no rappers talking' bout the LBC (Hell nah)  
So its safe to say, I put it on the map, huh  
So if you see me on the block, yeah, I'm back, huh  
And if you don't think you know where I'm at, huh  
You wanna battle, little homie, get your racks up  
Boy you need to kit kat, make you niggas get back  
Split you like a kit kat, the big homie did that  
Rollin' like a rebel though, I'm on a whole 'nother level though  
My heart, my hair, My G, my seat, that part right there  
I'm more than a rapper though, pure intellectual  
Smooth as a criminal, you hear me though?

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