

Usual Suspects

Snoop Dogg

Ha, what ya got? (4x)

It get hectic livin' life as a suspect
Ferocious out there, wild as a grizzly bear
Yo girl on a mission tryna jack ol boy for the cash
Two ski masks, strapped, where the yag at?
Ain't nothin' nice about the criminal life
Knives and guns and the chains and the teens in gangs
That done dropped outta school, he too cool
To read a book, see nook, crooks wind up on the news
The earth rattle, the over contaminated cattle
The enemies sail across seas to do battle
I know, I used to do those, now I'm retired
I desire not to have my soul burn fire
Everybody got a nickname and they clique bang
Rumble you can hear it through the concrete jungle
I spit it so well cause I see it all day
Homemade, pushin' sledge, spittin' gettin' that
Ladies say hey come close, I don't bite
I go to class durin' the day and I work at night
I go where I want and I do what I like
I'm pursuin' doin' plumbin', layin' down pipes (that's right)

A million things run through my mind
And you ain't gotta be in jail to be doin' time

Time brings change and change brings time
Just sit back and listen let me hit you wit a line
That I wrote and I quote that it's dope from the top
Please don't you quit, oh Snoop can't stop
I rock non stop when I have that mic
I give you motherfuckers just what ya like
You can bounce, you can pop, but just don't stop
Cause when I take the mic I plan to make your body rock
And don't you quit and don't you spit nothing to me
Cause you can't do me, why you talkin' madness you handed
Your microphone to your mouth now
You couldn't spit nothin' couldn't even turn it out, dumb ass
You got jealous and the fellas got mad at you
You couldn't do what the L.B.C. Crew do
You couldn't do what the D.P.G. niggas do
And you damn sure can't do what the L.A. zoo do
Try to stay true and try to get wit this
Niggas since Dogg was on the mic I'm too sick wit this
And when I come with some, boy I'm so ridiculous
Now shut the fuck up and listen while I'm kickin' this

A million things run through my mind
And you ain't gotta be in jail to be doin' time

Killin' up crews give 'em the real street blues
Have 'em slidin' in they eel skins, groovin' in they tennis shoes
Of course I don't stop, being a west side rider
Wit no tattoos, that's how they got you
I make conversations on rappers CD's
And B.G.s and originals listen for the mission
Behind the wall, raise the shot call

Aimin' at the liberty blastin' artillery
My mental mind state is to build and create
And to weed out suckers, cremate motherfuckers
Mail through, put it down on your whole military
Pen ink scary like death at 13ths

So all you alley cats get your eyes off the trash
And beware the bow wow cause I'm bitin' at your ass
And got you barkin' at the wrong tree, nigga
Can't you see we got the whole game locked like the penitentiary, nigga

What you watchin' the clock for?
Time keeps on slippin', slippin', slippin', slippin', slippin'...
Me and my niggas just keep on dippin'...
But I ain't set trippin'
Yeah... Throwin' down y'all
They fucked around and let some dogs in the zoo
I've never seen a dog at a zoo
True...
Oh yeah, west coast
(We are party people, Dogg Pound Gangstas are party people)