

Dodgeball

WC

I keep it true to the streets
Gangsta walkin' on beats
Rollin' out in my Fleetwood with my heat
Out here it's a jungle sometimes
But I'll be damned if I let 'em take mine
(No they won't get mine)

More figgas, more niggaz, more triggas
It's a celebration bitches, pour some more liquor
Niggaz sizin' my chain like I'm a hip-hop award nigga
But I'm a go to war nigga, knock on your door nigga
Tint windows, new music thumpin', bumpin'
Maneuverin' through in a new somethin'
Caught in the middle playin' dodgeball, dodgin' the law
And these jealous niggaz can't wait to watch me fall
L.A. gang related and full of hatred
The game of success is fucked up and loc I'ma play it
And if a nigga get in the way of my dividends I ain't givin' in
I'm dippin' and puttin' a dot on his head like a Indian
And I ain't hold nathin' back, but the clip to make your wig leak
Wrong move and I'll spit it like pig feet
And I ain't movin' for you lames
Way too many dudes in this game - Butch Cassidy, sing

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Killa Cali, where niggaz will grill ya
Full of them killers, got me loadin' the lead with my steel up
And fuckin' with mine will get ya blasted on site
In a game of dominos with 2Pac and Biggie in the afterlife
Live and die for the paper, in this West Coast line
I'll push it like a vagina ilaba
And I ain't ready to leave, ain't lettin' it be
Ain't no better than me, nigga this gangsta shit is embedded in me
I don't rap to rap, I rap for niggaz throwin' middle fingers
to District Attorneys, leave you twitchin' on that gurney
Dub bust like a baretta nine, for weather or shine
And I ain't goin' nowhere cuz, I'm gettin' better with time
I'ma stay West Coast and with my feet planted
I won't fuck y'all, just like Jermaine Dupri did Janet
I'm a bogard 'til they put my W handprint
next to the tall Rent-A-Star on the boulevard nigga

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I stay true to the game, G shit remains
Out here on the West ain't nothin' changed
Daily they be peelin' them caps
And that's a fact so I gotta stay strapped
(No they won't get mine)...\n(No they won't get mine)...

Yes I'm blown, the Teflon Don
Get cracked and I'm right back home
Hmm, they wanna take my snaps
Take my game, my name and my contracts
Fuck that, I'm too smooth, too cool to bounce
I'm a bad mutha (Snoop Dogg shut yo' mouth!)\nI've been wanted, convicted, simplistic, mystic and tricky
Drank and dank with this West Coast gangsta shit I'm kickin'
(Snoop Dogg!) I keep a bag of the purple
W.C. on me, I'm in the Maad Circle
Payin' dues, liftin' weights to get strong
Ain't nothin' goin' on but the funky song
walkin' through the warzone
Get ya gone, out of town nigga got robbed
At the BET Awards and he think I know the source
But again it's gon' cost, livin' in the land of the lost
Bigg Snoop Dogg, get your cross 'cause I'm the Bo\$\$

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