

Nuthin' but a G thang (feat. Snoop Dogg)

Dr. Dre

One, two, three and to the fo'
Snoop Doggy Dogg and Dr. Dre is at the do'
Ready to make an entrance, so back on up
'Cause you know we're 'bout to rip, shit up Gimme the microphone first, so I can bust like a
bubble
Compton and Long Beach together, now you know you in trouble
Ain't nuttin' but a G thang, baby, two loc'ed out niggaz so we're crazy
'Death Row', is the label that pays me
Unfadeable, so please don't try to fade this
(Hell, yeah) But uhh, back to the lecture at hand
Perfection is perfected, so I'ma let 'em understand
From a young G's perspective and before me dig out
A bitch I have to find a contraceptive
You never know she could be earnin' her man
And learnin' her man and at the same time burnin' her man
Now, you know I ain't with that shit, Lieutenant
Ain't no pussy good enough to get burnt while I'm up in it And that's realer than real deal
Holyfield
And now you hookers and hoes know how I feel
Well, if it's good enough to get broke off a proper chunk
I'll take a small piece of some of that funky stuff It's like this, and like that, and like this, and uh
It's like that, and like this, and like that, and uh
It's like this, and like that, and like this, and uh
Dre, creep to the mic like a phantom Well, I'm peepin', and I'm creepin', and I'm creepin'
But I damn near got caught, 'cause my beeper kept beepin'
Now, it's time for me to make my impression felt
So, sit back, relax, and strap on your seatbelt
You never been on a ride like this befoe
With a producer who can rap and control the maestro
At the same time with the dope rhyme that I kick
You know, and I know, I flow some old funky shit To add to my collection, the selection
Symbolizes dope, take a toke, but don't choke
If you do, you'll have no clue
On what me and my homey Snoop Dogg came to do It's like this, and like that, and like this, and
uh
It's like that, and like this, and like that, and uh
It's like this, and who gives a fuck about those?
So just chill, 'til the next episode Fallin' back on that ass with a hellafied gangsta lean
Gettin' funky on the mic like a old batch of collard greens
It's the capital S, oh yes, I'm fresh, N double O P
D O double G Y, D O double G, ya see Showin' much flex when it's time to wreck a mic
Pimpin' hoes and clockin' a grip like my name was Dolomite

Yeah, and it don't quit, I think they in the mood
For some motherfuckin' G shit
(Hell, yeah)So, Dre
(Whattup, Dogg?)
Gotta give em what they want
(What's that, G?)
We gotta break em off somethin'
(Hell, yeah)
And it's gotta be bumpin'
(City of Compton)It's where it takes place so when asked, yo' attention
Mobbin' like a muh'fucker but I ain't lynchin'
Droppin' the funky shit that's makin' the sucka niggaz mumble
When I'm on the mic, it's like a cookie they all crumbleTry to get close and your ass'll get
smacked
My motherfuckin' homie Doggy Dogg has got my back
Never let me slip, 'cause if I slip, then I'm slippin'
But if I got my nina, then you know I'm straight trippin'
And I'ma continue to put the rap down, put the mack down
And if you bitches talk shit, I'll have to put the smack down
Yeah, and you don't stop, I told you I'm just like a clock
When I tick and I tock, but I'm never off
Always on to the break of dawn, C O M P T O N
And the city they call Long Beach, puttin' the shit together
Like my nigga D O C, no one can do it better
Like this, that, and this, and uh
It's like that, and like this, and like that, and uh
It's like this, and who gives a fuck about those?
So just chill, 'til the next episode

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>