

# Doggy Dogg World

## Snoop Dogg

Can we get a motherfuckin moment of silence  
For the small chronic break?  
A-hah, niggas be brown-nosing these hoes and shit  
Taking bitches out to eat, and spending money on these hoes  
Know what I'm saying?  
I treat a bitch like 7-Up, I never have I never will  
I tell a bitch like this: "Bitch, you without me is like Harold Melvin without Blue  
notes You'll never go platinum!"  
Hey Daz, give me a light nigga  
We'd like to welcome y'all to the fabulous Carolina West  
I own this motherfucker and my name is Taa-Dow  
Y'all niggas know who I am, y'all niggas tearin' up shit  
But we got somethin' old, and somethin' new for y'all tonight  
Put your hands together for Snoop Doggy Dogg  
The Dogg Pound, and the fabulous Dramatics  
It's like everywhere I lizzook  
And everywhere I go  
I'm hearing motherfuckers trying to steal my flow  
But it ain't no thang, cause, see, my homie Coolio  
Put me up on the game when I stepped through the door  
Some of these niggas is so deceptive  
Using my styles like a contraceptive  
I hope you get burnt  
Seems you haven't learnt  
It's the knick-knack, patty-whack  
I still got the biggest sack!  
So put your gun away, run away, cause I'm back  
Hit em up, get 'em up, spit 'em up  
Now, tell me, what's going on?  
It make me wanna holler, cause my dollars come in O-zones  
Known for break off, shake off, now take off your  
Clothes, and quit trying to spit at my motherfuckin' hoes!  
Speaking of hoes, I'll get to the point  
You think you got the bomb cause I rolled you a joint?  
You'se a flea, and I'm the Big Dogg  
I'll scratch you off my balls with my motherfuckin' paws  
Y'all niggas better recognize  
And see where I'm coming from: it's still Eastside  
Til I die. Why ask why?  
As the world keeps spinning to the D-O-double G, Y  
It's a crazy, mixed-up world  
It's a Doggy Dogg World  
Well if you give me 10 bitches then I'll fuck all 10  
Seen the homie Snoop Doggy sipping juice and gin  
Don't slip, I'm for the set-trip, to get papers  
Styles vary, packing flavor like Lifesavers  
Ain't that something?  
Talk shit and I'm dumping  
I had the fuckin' whole block bumpin'  
Don't sweat, but check the technique. I'm unique like China

You'll never find a bomber rhymer than this nigga behind ya  
So peek-a-boo, clear the way, I'm coming through  
1, 2, 3: you can't see me  
I'm a G like that, strapped with hit-hard tactics  
A fuckin' menace, using hoes like tennis rackets  
It's on again, It's on and popping  
All I see is green, so there ain't no stopping  
I wanna see some panties dropping  
I'm coming from L.A  
She used to chill with Dre up in Compton  
(All I ever did was just use that ho  
Show her my dickies, get with these, and kick flows)  
I'm dishin out blues, I'm upsetting like bad news  
Cut off khakis, french braids, and house shoes  
Kurupt, the name's often marked for catchin slugs  
And I smoke weed for the fuck of it  
Ruff and rugged shit, it's unexplanatory how I gets wicked  
But it's mandatory that I kick it  
Check it, I'm runnin hoes in 94, now must I prove it  
Hoes call me Sugar Ray for the way I be stickin and movin  
Prepare for a war, it's on, I'm head huntin  
Hit the button, and light shit up like Red Dawn  
Peep, the massacre from a verbal assassin  
Murderin with rhymes packin Tec-9's for some action  
You really don't know, do you, you fuckin wit a hog  
You can't do me, I'm goin out looney like O-Dog  
Tha Dogg Pound rocks the party (all night long)  
Til when? (Til the early morn')  
And it don't stop, and it don't quit  
For tha Dogg Pound clique to drop the cavi dough  
Diggity-Daz out of the motherfuckin' cut once more  
So grab a seat and grab your gin and juice and check out the flow  
I flip-flop and serve hows with a fat dick  
Til I die, I'm still screaming out: "bitches ain't shit!"  
Now I'm the mack daddy, had he not known about  
The city where I'm from: Dum diddy dum  
As you groove to the gangster shit  
The D-O-double G, the P-O-U-N-D  
The gangster clique  
Now as the Pound break it down with the gangster funk  
I can see and I can tell that's what the fuck you want  
Then I blaze up the chronic so I can get high  
I promise I smoke chronic til the day that I die

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>