

Leave Her Alone

Nate Dogg

One to the other, other two to the three
On the mic is N-A-T-E D-O-double-G
Still chasin paper, still runnin them streets
I never trust a hoe because I know what they be
One to the two to the three to the fo'
Baby when you need let me come in the back do'
She's still a bad bitch but I don't love her though
Once I hit it once I'd rather leave her alone

Uhh! Aiiyyo I'm worldwide respected
You know the G4 flies international, niggaz flyin domestic
I been around the world, seent many faces
But better yet I got head from difference races
And I don't trust 'em as far as I can throw 'em
I murder with no motive, I hit 'em and don't know 'em
I just, sneak, and send 'em right back home
That's Bleek, not your hubby ma, I'm not like home
But dig it, the truth hurt, they be addicted to the didick
I dig in it, they one shot and live with it
But mami vacate premises
The head straight chiller man invite all my niggaz in
Nate and Free, I might make you my lil'
drug hoe if you can take a D
mami, and run with it cause I had my fun with it
It's S-P, D-G-L and Nate we done with it

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Yeah, me and Nate Dogg just skate off
with two chicks and they both freaks eager to bone, yeah
I'm tryin to scrape one and split, she tryin to get to my home
She got a thing for rap stars and athletes
She tryin to chill with the clique, wantin to hop on the phone
All in her men's truck, callin her friends up
But Free don't go for that, or go for chicks
that hang at clubs, ball games and track meets
Free don't like no groupie-ass bitches
So if you got your eyes on my digits better keep goin
Keep mo'n, and if you tryin to with Freeway
Keep paper, and when you give met, keep goin
We smokin, backwoods keep rollin
That's why a nigga higher than the skyscraper
One to the two and three to the four
If you fuck with the raw I'll tie your neighbors up

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Yeah, you rockin with with the R-O-C
What you coppin ma it's all on C
You can call on me when you havin hard times
I hustle at all times, you welcome to all mine
That's only wifey though, the rest of y'all triflin hoes
don't get a dime, get your mind right your mic and go
One to the two to the three to the four
Mami it's one to the two to the three in my Porsche
And me, we tryin to see if you can take on us all at once
and stay P ma, you breakin us off for free
I holla back ma, it's Free, Weezy, easy
Young gunna, Nate Dogg a wild on track
My niggaz is skeetin, we hittin we leavin
Y'all, love 'em and hug we forget 'em and flee 'em (that's right)
We don't need 'em if they ain't breakin with the team
Cause they ain't nothin fuck 'em relationship a misdemeanor

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