

# Fetty In the Bag

Snoop Dogg

Amplified

From The Isley Brothers to the Jackson 5  
A nigga give it to you on the Black hand side  
Collide and glide 'til we amplified  
And do it all together, Electric Slide  
It got good to you (Good to you), now you feelin' the vibe  
In a Chevy, rollin', ready to ride  
Hand out the moon, heavy on the gas  
Steady on the mash, now put the fatty in the bag

It's a stick-up, I get to the money with no hiccups  
Give two fucks, no goof-ups  
No back-ups, no swoop-ups (Nope)  
Get stomped out in some motherfuckin' blue Chucks  
Yeah, nigga, I'm back  
In a 9-4 Cadillac, playin' Zapp with 15s in the back  
Stash the strap strap then adjust my snapback  
Salt and pepper, beans and rice  
Ebony and ivory, domino, dice  
Twice as nice, never payin' the price  
Bakin' a cake, have a slice  
Mustard and mayonnaise, leather and wood (Ooh wee)  
Take it from the rich, givin' back to the hood  
You know how we do's it  
Robbed his ass and rode off to some gangsta music

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Give it to 'em, Loc, you know I gotta serve 'em all the time (All the time)  
And I ain't gon' quit bangin' until I get mine (Real talk)  
Saggin' in my all blue deuce with the rag down  
Ayo, Amplified, turn that shit up loud  
Stayin' true to the game, that's in my bloodline  
Long Beach Eastside, born and raised in 1-5 (1-5)  
Gangsta Crip music, C raggin' to the left of me  
Only a few real niggas got the recipe  
And I ain't gotta say they names  
You know it's real deal when you hear a little pain from the home of the braves (braves)  
And we still make it crack-a-lack  
Goldie Loc and Snoop Dogg, bring that G shit back  
They say they tired of that watered down (watered down)  
They wanna bang some real shit when they ridin' 'round (ridin' 'round)  
That's why I'm spittin' now, so I can never fall off  
It's been 20-plus years I've been Crippin' with the Boss, nigga

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Don't cough, break it off or the heat gon' spark  
Hair trigger for them figures when I ride and stomp (Get 'em)  
No mask, don't ask, just flash the steel  
Get cash quick fast or it's caps to peel (ah)  
It's the mangler, fidangler, always keep it gangster  
Savage, livin' lavish, go hard to see the paper (Get it)  
Straight grind, take mine, whatever to make mine  
Die before I beg, instead I'd face state time (uh-uh)  
All the way live, yeah, just like Lakeside  
Doin' dirt, puttin' in work, no play time  
Takin' flight for the finer things in life  
Still loccin', been a mogul, never changed my stripes  
Check the résumé, I dare to say you better lay low  
When them G's called Tha Eastsidaz step in the door  
All go, y'all know, we stay ready to mash  
Weapons to blast, now put that fatty in a bag (yeah)

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