

Oh No

Snoop Dogg

It's 50 Cent & S-N-double O-P
You don't want no snoop & you don't want it wit me

Everytime I come around they like "Oh No"
I get to trippin; slap the clip up in my 44
Shit I been thru in my hood made my heart cold
I get to poppin off that thang like I'm loco
No sense in coppin pleas when you see my knife out (knife out)
Motherfuckers light out (lights out)

Here comes Snoop, uh (oh shit) (Oh No)
Sup Nigga, sup now, huh? (Oh No)

Ricky Ticky Timble, C's is the symbol
Courdoroy khakis, stacies & brimmed up
Straight razors just to keep you trimmed up
1-8-7, oh yeah, now you remember
He's electrifyin & original
So gangster, Snoop Dogg the criminal
The one you hate to love, in the club, in the cut
Hugged up wit yo bitch, nigga I don't give a shit
You betta check dat ho, that's what wreckin G
Now step your game down, cause ain't no checkin me
You'll be respectin me until you leave this room
Or my gat'll go boom, bullets go zoom
Now your names on a tomb
They pourin out liqour wit no room to consume, you silly bafoon
I pop niggas like balloons, I ain't feelin em
Walkin in my big blue chucks cause I'm killin em

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Hey whaddup cuz, it's 50 cent;
What's happnin nigga?

Ever since the moment I was born I been dyin (Yea)
Hundred miles an hour pulse flyin wit my eye... an
He who fears fate lives like a coward
You go against me, you'll be devoured
Then you get to poppin you'll have a change of heart
I hit your chest a couple times you'll have to change your heart
Have doc usin donors, dead niggas with spare parts
You come back wit lungs of a snitch, an the heart of a dead nark
Niggas never see the light till it spark
Then they bleed, it get cold, then shit get dark
You can call me the beast from the east, I run these streets
You can eat hollow tip shells or you can work for me
These rap niggas crazy, my mercy has limits
Push Me - a hundred revolvers'll get to spinnin
Your services are no longer needed; Rock-a-bye baby
My bitch'll do it to you with a lil 380 (Yea)

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I'm bailin thru the door again
Let the Momo pour again
Me & my ho again
Yea she got the four up in this motherfucker
And Imma bust it if you try to rush us or touch us or sucka duck us
It'll crack off, Now back off - real slow
An if you don't know, I never hesitate to shoot a ho
Yea that's my reputation - you test my patience &
You & your fam - bam - gon hear the blam, blam
Goddammit I'm at it again
They done let that bitch nigga up outta the pen
And now he lookin for me - what the heck - my game is built on respect
Now I'm breathin down your morthertfuckin neck
I dumps till my clips is empty
I'm headin down Willshire to San Vicente
And when I get there don't ask who sent me
Just take dem shots an drop it like it's hot
Bitch Nigga

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Ha-ha-ha
Yea Nigga
Just when you thought I was gone
Slide back up on you like the wind nigga
Hurricane D-O-Double G
With the G,G,G,G,G, G-unit