

Super Crip

Snoop Dogg

Turn me up, turn me up
Just Blaze

What's up, what's happening?
Big Snoop in this bitch, get it crackin'
Dickies creased up and they saggin'
Gat in the right side, left side flag
Niggas running at the lip again
Got me feelin' I'ma trip again
And you thought I wasn't listenin'
Bitches talk shit, got me walkin' like a Crip again
Gotta hit you with the re-up
I'm married to the streets, fuck a prenup
Ayy lil' nigga roll the weed up
Dre get my cup, we about to get G'd up

Long Beach on my right side
CPT on my left side
I got Watts in this bitch
It be dogs from the 'jects still screaming out West Side
Long Beach on my right side
CPT on my left side
I got Watts in this bitch
Tiny loccs from the third and they screaming out East Side

Bitch niggas still bang on 'em
50 Cal shots, let it rang on 'em
And if a square ass nigga tried to get up in my circle
We gon' have to put them thangs on 'em
Bitch niggas still bang on 'em
50 Cal shots, let it rain on 'em
And if a square ass nigga tried to get up in my circle
We gon' have to put them thangs on 'em
Still say fuck 'em cause ain't no love for 'em
Tell 'em come and see me, I got a slug for 'em
But then again I ain't brainless
I'll have my little loccs hit you with the stainless
Still say fuck 'em cause ain't no love for 'em
Tell 'em come and see me, I got a slug for 'em
But I ain't tryna make ya famous
I'll have my tiny locos hit you with the stainless

Shit you know who I be
D-O double G, super C-R-I-P
Creepin' through the fog
And steppin' through the smog
And you know I'm high as shit
And my bitches fly free
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Super Crip, what?
Super Crip, who?

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It's still 187 if you bitch niggas wanna trip, who?
Super Crip, what?
Super Crip, who?
Super Crip, what?
Super Crip, who?
Super Crip, what?
It's still 187 if you bitch niggas need that

It's enough of that to go around
Real G's make the hood go 'round
Keep the planet spinnin' on it's axis
How is he so hood? How can you ask this?
I guess you can say I put in practice
On the strip, under lights, now I'm back bitch
And even if I'm blown on my own
With the chrome to your dome
Make you stretch like elastic
I need my real G's to the left
Bitch niggas staying to the right
I need my tool front and center
Hard on these scores from the Summer to the winter
Spring to the Fall, bitches still on my balls
It's the number one nigga from the hood Doggy Dogg
Still pull up on a nigga when I need to be heard
I'm a killer and a stealer, but I ain't from Pittsburgh
Real niggas on the set, I get your whole clique served
You best observe, a B chalked out on the curb
With your momma and your people sayin' "Supercrip did it"
They won't testify, so he got away with it
Now I'm sttin' on my throne, on my bad phone
I'm talkin' to Iron man, smokin' on fireman
Look up in the sky, it's a bird, it's a plane
Walkin' through the clouds with a Crip stick cane

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