

# The Bidness

Snoop Dogg

Ay whassup my nig?  
Shit, just chillin, what's happenin?  
Shit nuttin, whatchu up to?  
Shit, not too much - ay you ain't seen that nigga Snoop?  
Man hell naw, I been callin that nigga since Starsky & Hutch  
I ain't fin' to call that nigga no more man  
Tchk, oh like that?  
Man f'real man, I ain't buyin that new album either  
I'ma download that motherfucker for free  
Let that nigga know when I see him man  
Shit, there he go right there  
Huh?

I don't say much  
I don't say Alize, no I don't say Dutch  
Keep yo' hands off until I say, okay touch  
I never come off tacky, I'm a boss exactly  
I'm like the slick suit Snooperfly Versace  
Conversation flashy, y'all niggaz can't match me  
I talk to you slow, so your game can roll  
Take advice from a player, don't love her just play her  
Boy I never could dare, to pay double the fare  
Man I swear to God it's gon' be some trouble in here  
Before I pay that bitch, I'm like a bossy hog  
Half dog, half gorilla, bitch Donkey Kong  
Niggaz thirst for hoes, I got a thirst to ball  
Tryin to knock a pimp's hustle, be the first to fall  
Fuckin with a-hundred-fifty, whole can of vodka  
Mixed with gangbang, got a program like Poppa (hey hold up man)  
I'ma do you a favor, let this pimpin save ya  
Leave that bitch alone, the homies call her Ms. Behavior  
Boy you move too fast, done too much talkin  
I'm too much walkin to one who keep hoes hawkin  
Don't fuck with Snoop too much cause he goes off when  
niggaz mouth too much, so please no flossin  
I step up quicker, cause the game don't pause  
I gotta stay sucka free, cause it ain't no laws  
Dig this y'all

That's the bidness mayne, step my game up up in this mayne  
Long hours hard minutes mayne, with this hustle on splendid mayne  
P.A. perfect attendance mayne

Cause I'm a boss..  
Yeah, real bossy like, and sometimes flossy  
And if you fuckin with that  
{"I-I know, I, I-I-know, I know you gonna dig this"}

I had to tell you the truth homey, but you got mad  
Yeah I hurt yo' feelings, FUCK IT, it's too damn bad  
I'm a major player, I got major game  
I might floss a different bitch, but the pimpin the same  
I ain't got time for no haters, I lay 'em flat on they back  
I'm from the Dogg Pound homey, I don't fuck with them cats  
I fuck with, niggaz, who be bustin them shots  
I'm talkin Long Beach, Inglewood, Compton, Watts  
Close your chops, I knows your spots

Keep talkin nigga I'll expose your knots  
You ain't ready for daddy, boy I do this for fun  
It's like you versus Kobe ballin one on one  
You ain't got no chance, you ain't got no fans  
I kick the shit out you punk, look momma no hands  
I'm not a, holy roller but I pray so hard  
Help me, I'm sendin these bitch niggaz straight to God  
Shit I'm too damn grown, conversation is sho't  
While your talk is funny, Jack I talk with money  
Keep the chain on bling, the rock is sunny  
For you smart mouthted bitches I ain't that dummy  
{ "HELL NO," he replied }

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{ "GOD DAMN!" } { "Let me tell you somethin" }

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That's the bidness, that's the bidness  
Aww, that's the bidness, can I get a witness?  
Aww, yeah, that's the bidness, aww yeah, say what, yeah  
That's the bidness, but can I get a witness?