

# Usual Suspects

Snoop Dogg

Ha, what ya got? (4x)

It get hectic livin' life as a suspect  
Ferocious out there, wild as a grizzly bear  
Yo girl on a mission tryna jack ol boy for the cash  
Two ski masks, strapped, where the yay at?  
Ain't nothin' nice about the criminal life  
Knives and guns and the chains and the teens in gangs  
That done dropped outta school, he too cool  
To read a book, see nook, crooks wind up on the news  
The earth rattle, the over contaminated cattle  
The enemies sail across seas to do battle  
I know, I used to do those, now I'm retired  
I desire not to have my soul burn fire  
Everybody got a nickname and they clique bang  
Rumble you can hear it through the concrete jungle  
I spit it so well cause I see it all day  
Homemade, pushin' sledge, spittin' gettin' that  
Ladies say hey come close, I don't bite  
I go to class durin' the day and I work at night  
I go where I want and I do what I like  
I'm pursuin' doin' plumbin', layin' down pipes (that's right)

A million things run through my mind  
And you ain't gotta be in jail to be doin' time

Time brings change and change brings time  
Just sit back and listen let me hit you wit a line  
That I wrote and I quote that it's dope from the top  
Please don't you quit, oh Snoop can't stop  
I rock non stop when I have that mic  
I give you motherfuckers just what ya like  
You can bounce, you can pop, but just don't stop  
Cause when I take the mic I plan to make your body rock  
And don't you quit and don't you spit nothing to me  
Cause you can't do me, why you talkin' madness you handed  
Your microphone to your mouth now  
You couldn't spit nothin' couldn't even turn it out, dumb ass  
You got jealous and the fellas got mad at you  
You couldn't do what the L.B.C. Crew do  
You couldn't do what the D.P.G. niggas do  
And you damn sure can't do what the L.A. zoo do  
Try to stay true and try to get wit this  
Niggas since Dogg was on the mic I'm too sick wit this  
And when I come with some, boy I'm so ridiculous  
Now shut the fuck up and listen while I'm kickin' this

A million things run through my mind  
And you ain't gotta be in jail to be doin' time

Killin' up crews give 'em the real street blues  
Have 'em slidin' in they eel skins, groovin' in they tennis shoes  
Of course I don't stop, being a west side rider  
Wit no tattoos, that's how they got you  
I make conversations on rappers CD's  
And B.G.s and originals listen for the mission  
Behind the wall, raise the shot call

Aimin' at the liberty blastin' artillery  
My mental mind state is to build and create  
And to weed out suckers, cremate motherfuckers  
Mail through, put it down on your whole military  
Pen ink scary like death at 13ths

So all you alley cats get your eyes off the trash  
And beware the bow wow cause I'm bitin' at your ass  
And got you barkin' at the wrong tree, nigga  
Can't you see we got the whole game locked like the penitentiary, nigga

What you watchin' the clock for?  
Time keeps on slippin', slippin', slippin', slippin', slippin'...  
Me and my niggas just keep on dippin'...  
But I ain't set trippin'  
Yeah... Throwin' down y'all  
They fucked around and let some dogs in the zoo  
I've never seen a dog at a zoo  
True...  
Oh yeah, west coast  
(We are party people, Dogg Pound Gangstas are party people)