

# Serial Killa

## Snoop Dogg

Six million ways to die, choose one  
It's time to escape, but I don't know where the fuck I'm headed

Up or down, right or left, life or death  
I see myself in a mist of smoke  
Death becomes any nigga that takes me for a joke  
We hit a five dollar stick, now we puttin in work  
Unaccountable amounts of dirt, death becomes all niggas  
Anybody killa, you know what the deal is  
Nigga, you know what the real is  
I see some mark brand niggas on the corner flaggin me down  
Sayin, "Yo Daz, what's up with the Pound?  
Is that nigga Snoop alright? Aiyyo what's up with the crew?  
Is them niggas in jail, or are them niggas through?"  
I said, "If you ain't up on thangs  
Snoop Dogg is the name, Dogg Pound's the game"  
It's like this they don't understand  
It's an everyday thang, to gangbang  
Make that twist, don't be a bitch, let these niggas know  
What's up witchu I represent the Pound and Death Row  
And can't no other motherfucker in L.A. or Long Beach  
And Compton and Watts see D-O-G's  
Now, you can't come and you can't run, and you can't  
See long to the G of the gang  
One gun is all that we need, to put you to rest  
{Pump pump!} Put two slugs dead in your chest  
Now you dead then a motherfucker creepin and sleepin  
6 feet deep in, fuckin with the Pound is  
Suicide, it's a suicide

(Repeat x4)The cloud becomes black, and the sky becomes blue  
Now you in the midst of the Dogg Pound crew  
Ain't no clue, on why the fuck we do what we do  
Leave you in a state of paranoia, oooh  
Don't make a move for your gat so soon cuz  
I drops bombs like Platoon (ay nigga)  
Walk with me, hold my hand and let me lead you  
I'll take you on a journey, and I promise I won't leave you  
(I won't leave you) until you get the full comprehension  
And when you do, that's when the mission  
Or survival, becomes your every thought  
Keep your eyes open, cuz you don't wanna be caught  
Half steppin with your weapon on safety  
Now break yourself motherfucker, 'fore you make me

Take this 211 to another level  
I come up with your ends, you go down with the devil  
Now roam through the depths of hell  
Where the rest your busta ass homeboys dwell  
WellSuicide, it's a suicide  
(Repeat x3)  
Now tell me, what's my motherfuckin name?  
Serial killa! Serial killa! Serial killa!  
(Wake up in the morning eat your Lucky Charms cereal)Deep, deep like the mind of Minolta,  
now picture this  
Let's picnic inside a morgue  
Not pic-a-nic baskets, pic-a-nic caskets  
And I got the machine, that cracks your fuckin chest plates  
Open and release them guts  
Then I release def cuts  
Brutal, jagged edged, totally ruffneck  
Now everybody scream nuff respect to the X  
Nuff respect given  
Disrespect and you will not be livin  
Word to momma, Emma, drama, dilemmaOutbrain  
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