

G Bedtime Stories

Snoop Dogg

(Uncle Snoop Dogg.)

Yo' whassup, whassup.

(Could you read us a bedtime story?)

Alright, alright.

Ya'll get my ash tray, get my lighter.

I'm a read ya'll a gangsta bedtime story.

Come here, sit on my lap.

(Okay.)

Check it out.

Great scotts, it's hot today

He ran up out of bullets so I shot him in his chest

He fell to the floor with his hands in the air

His vision gettin blurry but you know I didn't care

Peck, peck, he tried to stay on deck

So I ran up on this nigga and I shot him in his neck

Shooting like a muthafuckin vietnam vet

Riding on this nigga disrespectin my set

No stranger to danger ain't no warning shots

On the hood gettin hot, anybody can drop

You better have a spot up in town my nigga

Cause please believe it, it can go down my nigga

Caught up in some traffic behind some hood rat

Grease strikes you out with no get back

Wishing for a steak eatin on a Kit Kat

And your bitch ain't shit the little homie hit that

Sit back and go see, take a trip up with me

Let's go get a stick nigga dip with me

We can ride on some niggas for nuthin at all

Even if we cool with 'em, fuck 'em let's go get 'em

LBC in this muthafucka cuz

I had to show these niggas what time it was

We got thugs, cons, drugs and guns

We claiming everything nigga, even dimes and doves

Have you ever slapped a bitch to mack your grip

Or better yet, strapped a clip

To a muthafuckin' nine millimeter for heater

And put the ride down out of G two seater

You need a nigga like me to get your game like that

Young nigga, you could get a smack for that

I'm that nigga who brought the afro back

And pat your back and then I turn around and snatch your sack

Before I came out niggas was wearing slack

I brought the curl back and the golf hat
The black poker sack and this skandelous raps
The one eight seven kidnaps and jacks
I brought snaps to the game nigga
Raps to the game nigga, I'm that big rap name nigga
S-N double O-P fa sho
I do my thang way cut throat on the downlow
Oh once upon a time in the LBC
There lived a OG from the DPG
And all the little kids looked up to him
All the women stayed true to him, police tried to do him
But couldn't do nothing to him cause he's like stainless steel
And all they hated on him because he was way to real
I don't know why but he's just so fly
But I gotta end this story by saying goodnight
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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