

# 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 disrepectin 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.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>