

# GZ and Hustlas

## Snoop Dogg

Good Morning boys and girls, I'm your Substitute teacher,  
My name is Mr. Buckwort  
the topic Fo' today is, what you would like to be when you grow up  
"you, over there in the jean shirt, what you wannabe when you grow up?" - "Id like to be a police officer"

"alright, that's a pretty good profession"

"you over there in that black shirt,  
what you wanna be when you grow up?"

- "i wanna be a fire man"

alright, that's a pretty good profession too  
you, back there in those french braids, what's yo name?

- my name is Snoop

Hi Snoop, what you wanna be when you grow up?  
- i wanna be a motherfuckin hustla', ya betta ask somebody

This is for the G'z and this is for the hustlas

This is for the hustlas, now back to the G'z

This is for the G'z and this is for the hustlas

This is for the hustlas now back to the G'z

Freeze, at ease, now let me drop some more of them keys

It's 19 9-tre so let me just play

It's Snoop Dogg, I'm on the mic

I'm back with Dr. Dre

But this time I'ma hit yo' ass with a touch

To leave motherfuckers in a daze, fucked up

So sit back relax new jacks get smacked

It's Snoop Doggy Dogg I'm at the top of the stack

I don't lack for a second and I'm still checkin'

The dopest motherfucker that ya hearin' on the record

It's me, ya see, S N double O P

D O double G Y, the D O double GI'm fly as a falcon, soarin' through the sky And I'm high till I  
dizzie, rizzide

So check it, I get busy, I make your head dizzy

I blow up your mouth like I was Dizzy Gillespie

I'm crazy, you can't phase me

I'm the S oh yes, I'm fresh, I don't fuck with the stress

I'm all about the chronic, bionic ya see

Every single day, chillin' with the D O double G's

P O U N D that's my clique, my crew

Ya fuck with us, we gots to fuck you up

I thought ya knew but yet and still

Ya wanna get real, now it's time to peel, ya say chill

And feel the motherfuckin' realism

Snoop Doggy Dogg is on the mic  
I'm hittin' hard as steel nigga  
This is for the G'z and this is for the hustlas  
This is for the hustlas, now back to the G'z  
This is for the G'z and this is for the hustlas  
This is for the hustlas now back to the G'z  
How many hoes in your motherfuckin' group  
Wanna take a ride in my 7-8 Coupe, DeVille?  
Chill, as I take you on a trip where them niggaz ride  
And slide, you know about the East Side  
Niggaz like myself, here to show you where it's at  
With my hoes on my side and my strap  
On my back, papers I stack daily  
And Death Row is still the label that pays me  
But you know how that goes, we flow toe for toe  
If you ain't on the Row, fuck you and your hoe, really doe  
So check it, it's Snoop Doggy Dogg on the solo tip  
Still clockin' grip, and really don't give a sheeit  
About nuttin' at all just my Doggs steppin' through the fog  
And I'm still gonna fade 'em all  
With the gangsta shit that keeps ya hangin'  
How many hoes in ninety-four will I be bangin'?  
Every single one to get the job done  
As I dip, skip, flip, right back to two one  
Where the sun be shinin' and I be ryhmin'  
It's me, Snoop D O double G and I'm climbin'  
This is for the G'z and this is for the hustlas  
This is for the hustlas, now back to the G'z  
This is for the G'z and this is for the hustlas  
This is for the hustlas now back to the G'z  
I come creepin' through the fog with my saggin' Dukes  
East Side, Long Beach, in a 7-8 Coupe DeVille  
I'm rollin' with the G Funk, bumpin' in my shit and it don't quit  
So drop it on the one motherfucker put together that set  
A nigga with a grip of that gangsta shit  
With the Eastside hoes on my motherfuckin' dick  
And the Compton niggaz all about to set trip  
Swing it back, bring it back, just like this  
And if you with my shit then blaze up another spliff  
And keep the motherfuckin' blunt in your pocket loc  
'Cause Doggy Dogg is all about the zig zag smoke  
See it's a West coast thing, where I'm from  
And if you want some, get some, bad enough, take some  
But watch the gun by my side  
Because it represents me and the motherfuckin' East Side  
So bow down to the bow wow 'cause bow wow  
Yippie yo, you can't see my flow  
My shit is dope, original, now you know  
And can't no hood fuck with Death Rizzow  
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This is for the hustlas, now back to the G'z

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This is for the hustlas now back to the G'z  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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