

# Snoop Doggy Dogg, Sixx Minutes

Intro:

Yeah yeah yeah, make some motherfuckin noise  
Yo Doggy Dogg you're on, live on stage  
Performin tonight, excuse me Doggy Dogg you're on  
YOU KNOW! The one and only  
Don Corleone, the big homey y'know me

Well if it's on I guess it's bout time  
Let me slide into this OG rhyme  
I do mine the way I do mine  
and I takes my time when I'm droppin my lines  
I look around, I spot MC's (and they)  
all in the place (and they) all wannabe's  
Tryin ta make their paper, tryin to do their thang  
but to me they all tryin to say the same thang  
How could you rap over \*?be said what?\*You ain't reachin the crowd, you ain't makin your fact  
You ain't droppin lines that hit the top  
You can't make the party go hip-hop  
abd you can't do your thing without usin mine  
We get and steal, I see you're on the grind  
but I'ma take my time to get my point across  
and if you get caught up in the rap shit then got lost  
and if you get tossed it's on your own, it's your own fault  
See I gots ta get mine, I don't try no song  
I just move on, groove on, try to prove on  
then I do mines to do mines and I'ma keep on, keep on, keep on  
to get'cha you in a...smooth type of atmosphere  
Sit back and pay attention yeah  
You ain't never heard it like that  
Uhh, is that right? That's right black  
but uhh,

Hook:

Sixx minutes (sixx minutes), sixx minutes (sixx minutes)  
Sixx minutes Doggy Dogg you're on  
Uh uh on, uh uh on  
Excuse me Doggy Dogg you're on  
\*repeat\*

I gets my hair whipped on Friday, my day, why they  
even trippin on me? Yeah the big homey  
Gamey Gamey says "Snoop Corleone  
listen to me man, stay away from them phoneys  
It's niggas like that that get you caught up quick  
You gots ta stay focussed Dogg, keep your eye on your grip  
cos if you slip they gon' get'cha and they gon' get'cha fast  
These niggas out for your money man, they tryin to get your cash&quot;  
I don't give a damn, you gots ta match  
You can be from the East Coast and get love cos I ain't trippin on your ass  
I don't smash on niggas who are smaller than me  
I smash on niggas who big like the DPGC  
Oohwee, I get'cha crazy  
You gots ta have a stomach for this shit, ba-by  
And if ya don't you won't, you fake the funk  
See Snoop is the G in the G-Funk  
Now don't do nothin that you can't get out of me  
Uh uh, you know I got big love for the real G's  
We make mo' G's, I gots ta have it

Hook

Interlude:

I got the, I got the, I got the paper  
I keep ya, I keep ya, I keep ya cryin  
I thought ya, I thought ya knew my nigga  
Ya better, ya better ask somebody (Better ask somebody)

Uh, it don't quit  
Now let me take my time and just get into the shit  
I'm just driftin, so swift and smooth  
How many niggas make the whole party move like I do?  
I can't name nobody  
so sit back relax and let the Dogg rock the party  
Ain't no party like a DP party  
cos everybody in the DP party's naughty  
They acts a fool, old school, new school  
Everything is everything, everybody playin cool  
Ain't no set trippin, everybody just dippin  
Bitches gettin with niggas and niggas gettin bitches  
It's all superb, word to my mamma  
Ain't no drama, no need for that  
You can put your gat back in your pocket  
unlock it cos Snoop Dogg is on the mic, I plan to rock it  
Don't stop, (excuse me Doggy Dogg you're on)

Hook