

Nuthin' But a G Thang

Dr. Dre

One, two, three and to the fo'
Snoop Doggy Dogg and Dr. Dre are at the do'
Ready to make an entrance, so back on up
(Cause you know we 'bout had to rip shit up)
Gimme the microphone first, so I can bust like a bubble
Compton and Long Beach together, now you know you in trouble
Ain't nothin' but a G thang, baaaaabay!
Two loc'ed out G's so we're craaaaazay!
Death Row is the label that paaaaays me!
Unfadable, so please don't try to fade this (Hell yeah)
But, uh, back to the lecture at hand
Perfection is perfected, so I'm 'a let 'em understand
From a young G's perspective
And before me dig out a bitch I have ta' find a contraceptive
You never know she could be earnin' her man,
And learnin' her man, and at the same time burnin' her man
Now you know I ain't wit that shit, Lieutenant
Ain't no pussy good enough to get burnt while I'm up in it
(yeah) Now that's realer than real-deal Holyfield
And now all you hookas and ho's know how I feel
Well if it's good enough to get broke off a proper chunk
I'll take a small piece of some of that funky stuff

It's like this and like that and like this and uh
It's like that and like this and like that and uh
It's like this and like that and like this and uh
Dre, creep to the mic like a phantom

Well I'm peepin', and I'm creepin', and I'm creep-in'
But I damn near got caught, 'cause my beeper kept beepin'
Now it's time for me to make my impression felt
So sit back, relax, and strap on your seatbelt
You never been on a ride like this befo'
With a producer who can rap and control the maestro
At the same time with the dope rhyme that I kick
You know, and I know, I flow some ol funky shit
To add to my collection, the selection
Symbolizes dope, take a toke, but don't choke
If ya' do, ya' have no clue
O' what me and my homey Snoop Dogg came to do

It's like this and like that and like this and uh
It's like that and like this and like that and uh
It's like this, and we ain't got no love for those
So jus' chill, 'til the next episode

Fallin' back on that ass with a hellified gangsta' lean
Gettin' funky on the mic like a' old batch o' collard greens
It's the capital S, oh yes, the fresh N-double O-P
D-O-double G-Y D-O-double G ya' see
Showin' much flex when it's time to wreck a mic
pimpin' ho's and clockin' a grip like my name was Dolomite
Yeah, and it don't quit
I think they in a mood for some mothafuckin' G shit
So Dre. (What up Dogg?)
We gotta give 'em what dey want (What's that, G?)
We gotta break 'em off somethin' (Hell yeah)

And it's gotta be bumpin' (City of Compton!)

It's where it takes place so I'm a ask your attention
Mobbin like a mothafucka but I ain't lynchin
Droppin' the funky shit that's makin the sucka niggaz mumble
When I'm on the mic, it's like a cookie, they all crumble
Try to get close, and your ass'll get smacked
My mothafuckin homie Doggy Dogg has my back
Never let me slip, 'cause if I slip, then I'm slippin'
But if I got my Nina, then you know I'm straight trippin'
And I'm a continue to put the rap down, put the mack down
And if your bitches talk shit, I have ta' put the smack down
Yeah, and ya' don't stop
I told you I'm just like a clock when I tick and I tock
But I'm never off, always on, 'til the break dawn
C-O-M-P-T-O-N, and the city they call Long Beach
Puttin' the shit together
Like my nigga D.O.C., no one can do it better

Like this, that and this and uh
It's like that and like this and like that and uh
It's like this, and we ain't got no love for those
So jus' chill, 'til the next episode