

Fetty In the Bag

Snoop Dogg

Amplified

From The Isley Brothers to the Jackson 5
A nigga give it to you on the Black hand side
Collide and glide 'til we amplified
And do it all together, Electric Slide
It got good to you (Good to you), now you feelin' the vibe
In a Chevy, rollin', ready to ride
Hand out the moon, heavy on the gas
Steady on the mash, now put the fetty in the bag

It's a stick-up, I get to the money with no hiccups
Give two fucks, no goof-ups
No back-ups, no swoop-ups (Nope)
Get stomped out in some motherfuckin' blue Chucks
Yeah, nigga, I'm back
In a 9-4 Cadillac, playin' Zapp with 15s in the back
Stash the strap strap then adjust my snapback
Salt and pepper, beans and rice
Ebony and ivory, domino, dice
Twice as nice, never payin' the price
Bakin' a cake, have a slice
Mustard and mayonnaise, leather and wood (Ooh wee)
Take it from the rich, givin' back to the hood
You know how we do's it
Robbed his ass and rode off to some gangsta music

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Give it to 'em, Loc, you know I gotta serve 'em all the time (All the time)
And I ain't gon' quit bangin' until I get mine (Real talk)
Saggin' in my all blue deuce with the rag down
Ayo, Amplified, turn that shit up loud
Stayin' true to the game, that's in my bloodline
Long Beach Eastside, born and raised in 1-5 (1-5)
Gangsta Crip music, C raggin' to the left of me
Only a few real niggas got the recipe
And I ain't gotta say they names
You know it's real deal when you hear a little pain from the home of the braves (braves)
And we still make it crack-a-lack
Goldie Loc and Snoop Dogg, bring that G shit back
They say they tired of that watered down (watered down)
They wanna bang some real shit when they ridin' 'round (ridin' 'round)
That's why I'm spittin' now, so I can never fall off
It's been 20-plus years I've been Crippin' with the Boss, nigga

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Don't cough, break it off or the heat gon' spark
Hair trigger for them figures when I ride and stomp (Get 'em)
No mask, don't ask, just flash the steel
Get cash quick fast or it's caps to peel (ah)
It's the mangler, fidangler, always keep it gangster
Savage, livin' lavish, go hard to see the paper (Get it)
Straight grind, take mine, whatever to make mine
Die before I beg, instead I'd face state time (uh-uh)
All the way live, yeah, just like Lakeside
Doin' dirt, puttin' in work, no play time
Takin' flight for the finer things in life
Still loccin', been a mogul, never changed my stripes
Check the résumé, I dare to say you better lay low
When them G's called Tha Eastsidaz step in the door
All go, y'all know, we stay ready to mash
Weapons to blast, now put that fetty in a bag (yeah)

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