

Keep It Real

Snoop Dogg

And now, our national anthem!
It's going down, West Coast
A toast to the Coast, West Coast!
I got my nigga Mack 10 up in the house from the Westside Connection
My nigga Deadly Threat from the L.A. Zoo
L-B-C Crew, D.P.G, West Coast finest
Here's a toast to the coast!

What have we? - a house full of Cavi, no stress
Well known riders from different sides of the West
Got the hi-zoes licking up, so hard we're sticking up
How could the East Coast win; when the West Coast is clicking up?
So please, no set tripping about Cs and Bs
It's the Westside connected with the D.P.G.s
For the cheese we're jab with the gift of the gab always capping
Mack 10 and Snoop rapping, now how does that happen?
It's all good, fool, so peep game if you could
Snoop be from Long Beach, and I be from Inglewood
So now you despise, cause it came to your surprise
Two well known enemies now becoming allies
In Californ-I-A; we parley the G way
Some wear red and black, and some sport (Blue and Grey!)
But gangsters don't dance, we hang-boogie and bang
So it's the Westside connected with the Dogg Pound Gang

We are party people, West Coast gangsters are party people
(Rock the party ya'll) (Rock the party ya'll) (Rock the party ya'll)
We are party people, West Coast gangsters are party people
(Rock the party ya'll) (Rock the party ya'll) (Rock the party ya'll)
Party people, party people; do you wanna get funky?
Get down.. get down.. you know..

Up jump the boogie, so I've jumped up with it
We smoke weed by the ounce, no hit it
It's a party, Bombay and Bacardi, O.E. and Hennessy
We're all heated just in case; any of my enemies slipped in
Tripped in, you don't wanna own a casket this soon
Get at the bitches, nigga, bump to the boom
The ladies love me cause I love myself
I'm like an age, by no wine in time you'll find;
I'm at the top of the shelf
So when you ready and you're cracking a sip
Strip, trip, slide around your house in your slippers
Bump the rap tunes that's as cold as the Whispers
Fantastic, brand new in this classic
We done mellowed out but you still get your ass kicked
It's Mr. Bad Azz, I rock microphones right
West Coast, East Side, for life!

It ain't no need for the fronting black, between me and you
Reality bites, so I'ma keep it real with my crew
I'm dangerous like Michael Dew
My life cycle completes the last stages
I'm more, I'm through, definitely gauges is outrageous
Cause I was born to rock the party
Oh! now you're Mister Smarty because we got the show started!
I'm cold hearted, and won't stop what I'm revealing

Leave it up to the West to have them dancing on the ceiling
And I'm feeling, that Vibe that represents the East
I attack like a pack, to make them burn like grease
So let the nonsense cease, and hold my piece in case
Reel-to-reel come to deal, I have to give them a taste
I serve face to face, rhymes define by Tech
Versatile style done switched up to wreck your whole set

That's real, you know
It's getting kind funky here man, uhh..

Mack 10 is the lick, Dogg Pound is the clique
I can't get enough of this gangster shit
My name ain't +Jeru+ and I ain't out to +Dama-ja+
But when on the mic, emcees, to me, they're all amateurs
See the opponents; disassemble the components
Disassemble the opponents, then disappear in a moment
In a blink's time, I take time in the doorway to crime
With a criminal mind, the raw kind
Microphones used so abusively
You can't fuck with the K-U-R-U-P-T
And in the mixture, painted clearer than a picture of a psycho
I'm suicidal, split shit to cause a twister
And get you twisted, you're fucking with the unlisted
To be specific; niggas ain't being realistic
I ain't impressed, you're about to get your chest test
In the west; where it's about your money and your set

You East Coast niggas flow like the home grown grow
Zoo got the flavor, every color for the rainbow
Dream, on out far, pass the stars
Your styles ain't doper than ours
Hard to the core, hit it one time, hit it some more
Y'all spit but that West Coast shit is out doors
Wild like Ninety Days in the cage
Cold like the Everglades, and never fades
Me, C to the Z to the T
Beef? Bet' not let me catch you in the streets
Hoo-Bang, cracked in the fast lane
The melody by Deadly, the Dopeman

Yeah yeah yeah, there you have it
It's like magic, it's so tragic
The West Coast, Hoo-Banging, Westside Connection, L.A. Zoo
L-B-C Crew, and you know about the infamous D.P.G.s
We make them freeze to their knees, real Gs
Keep it real though!