

## 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!