

# Upside Down

Snoop Dogg

YEAH! Aight Bigg Dogg  
It's 'bout that time  
You got a cup or bottle or blunt in your hand  
Follow directions please  
Let's, GO!

Put 'em on up - and turn them thangs upside down  
Said put 'em on up - and turn them thangs upside down  
Put 'em on up - and turn them thangs upside down  
(What?) Upside down (what?) Upside down

Mm... the Boss in the buildin  
Try to turn it on you get offed in this buildin  
Higher than a muh, gettin lost in the feelin  
Motherfuck the law, I got a ball for the chil'ren  
Nigga - drunk than a bitch though  
'Fore I hit the spot I had a bottle full of Cisco  
Ate the kush and a model in a trenchcoat  
A Crip with a lot of cash, check on how the wrist roll  
Baby saw it in my eyes and she knew that I was lookin at her  
Ain't a chance to get her, I can M-I crooked letter  
If she with a nigga I'ma steal her, yeah a crook'll have her  
throwin up the E once the D get to cookin in her (Eastside!)  
Yeah - so what's it gon' be?  
Golden black Joe Clark, H.N.I.C.  
Regulatin on any hatin I see  
Some'n good in your hands then repeat after me

Put 'em on up - and turn them thangs upside down  
Said put 'em on up - and turn them thangs upside down  
Put 'em on up - and turn them thangs upside down  
(What?) Upside down (what?) Upside down  
Put 'em on up - and turn them thangs upside down  
FUCK IT UP! And turn them thangs upside down  
FUCK IT UP! And turn them thangs upside down  
FUCK IT UP! Upside down - FUCK IT UP! Upside down  
FUCK IT UP!

Yea, yea  
Damn fool, you could see it in my face though  
I'm shittin, I'm shittin what I ate hoe  
Fuck that, I'm drinkin 'til I throw up  
Turn like a mug, c'mon whole hood showed up

Bang to the boogie, keep a thang in my Dungarees  
Bailin through the Eastside, feelin like a younger G  
Eatin like a muh, but I'm so so hun-g-ry  
I dare one of these young dumb fucks to try and fuck with me  
Fucka - I'm back to the party  
Marley, Bacardi, shawty, gnarly  
Becky, and Vicky, beggin me to give me hickies  
Through my Dickies

Lil' mama tryin to show the Dogg her G-string  
while she sang ain't "Nuthin' But a 'G' Thang"  
A nigga throwin signs tryin to let me know that he bang

Like I give a motherfuck what he claim  
Ay - your nigga better chill doggy  
'Fore I treat him like a old bitch and menopause him  
I'll stop your ass right there  
I swear had homies on your head like hair  
Homie I ain't thinkin, I'm too busy drinkin  
Plumber of the month, mami show me where your sink is  
So I can get to uncloggin  
I hope that lil' cat ready for this Bigg Dogg and WOOF!

Pause... pause... pause...

Look, I'm just a young nigga in the biz with mo' enemies than friends  
Get no money goin out, but I got it comin in  
And nah, I ain't a G but every day that's what I spend  
I get paid to drop a verse, for 16 I need ten  
End.. all the speculation  
Them pre-conceived notions got me over-compensatin  
And for you slow niggaz that mean not been concentratin  
I'm shittin on these records while you rappers constipated  
Uhh, it's get money, fuck haters  
Me and hip-hop is like Chucks and blue laces  
Me and Snoop Dogg is Sir Charles and King David  
With Problem we all ballin like the '09 Lakers  
Yeah, it's Terrance Martin on the track  
And I'm that young nigga droppin crack back-to-back  
My album on the way and I ain't worried 'bout the stats  
But I could tell you how the streets gon' react  
They gon' say