

## Got Beef

Tha Eastsidaz

Yeah, yeah,  
It's another one of those,  
Snoop D-O-Double G, L.T. Hutton thangs  
Yeah, we all off up in the hills right about now  
It's about two in the morning!  
I got big C-Style on the grill  
Eastside! Keepin' it way real  
Dogg Dogg, LBC

If you got beef, with DPG,  
Then holla at me, the D-O-G  
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Any problems any problems you can holla at my dog  
Holla, holla  
Holla at my dogg, you could holla at my dogg, oh  
Any problems any problems you could holla at my dog,  
Holla at my dogg, holla at my dog, hey hey

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The life I lead  
The average nigga would have broke down a long time ago  
Try to bang in a show and get slumped like The Crow  
Anyday now, we gonna run at my nigga them killers is Nathal  
We see it all like night owls and we stay on the prowl  
They don't wanna see me shine again  
They fucking with my mind again  
But as soon as I finish this Heineken  
I gotta go get my nine again  
(It got a body on it from a party don't it?)  
Yeah I been tryin' to slang it, but don't nobody want it  
They can't help you with band-aids, we comin' with grenades,  
You ain't seen this many niggas in your life with diamonds and braids  
I'm from the home where they get sprayed and gang related raids  
Fuck y'all, that start bangin' after "Colors" was made  
Let's C-walk to that, and never give me no hassle  
cause I come from one of the worst cottage in Paso

It ain't no mystery you dissin' me you dissin' my clique  
And ain't no question we come steppin' straight to get in your shit  
So why you actin' like a bitch? Puttin' your business on wax  
When we could scrap or slap a clip, if you wanted to crack  
See in the pen we got a name for niggas runnin' they yap  
Sale soldiers, roll 'em up with somethin' up in they back  
Handles ours, battle scars, Shackles, guards and all  
And we the last niggas standin' once they start to fall  
Make the call, or fuck it, just kick off the brawl  
Cuz I'm ridin' with my doggs, win, lose, or draw

Dogg pound insane, neighborhood twenty gangin' it  
And every gangsta that I hang with down to bang  
Full time pull mines and I gots to bust  
Fuck a pass, when I mash, anybody get touched  
So make my name taste just like a dick in your mouth  
And watch the way you on my nuts when you spittin' it out  
Dogghouse

Any problems any problems you can holla at my dog  
Holla, holla  
Holla at my dogg, you could holla at my dogg, oh  
Any problems any problems you could holla at my dog,  
Holla at my dogg, holla at my dog, hey hey

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Then holla at me, the D-O-G

You got a muthafuckin' problem with my niggas then you got one with me  
It's the S to the Y, the L, just drop three keys  
As I flee, to the homie L.T.'s, to make the magic  
It's those that talk, and those that make shit happen  
So what'cha say? You wanna spit? You got beef?  
D.P serve the heat, straight to the street  
Honey west, I make the mission complete  
Therefore them bitches who talk that shit  
Be them bitches that's gettin' they ass beat

Now don't come round here fuckin' with us  
Cause on the real homeboy, we'll be fuckin' you up  
And to you bitches who be thinking y'all could slide by  
With that punk shit, bitch, biddity bye bye  
I fuck a bitch up faster than I do a nigga  
See to me, most bitches is women but bitch you'se a nigga  
We got rules and codes, G's and hoes  
Friends and foes, ride or get rode on

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Then holla at me, the D-O-G

Nigga, nigga, bitch