

# Snoop Dogg, Snoop Bounce

(feat. Charlie Wilson)

[Intro/Chorus: Charlie Wilson]

Ain't no funk, it's funky, it's Doggystyle (Ain't it funky nuff?)  
(Death Row-ow, Death Rowwwwwww)  
(Everybody knows I got more bounce than an ounce)  
[repeat]

[Verse 1: Snoop Doggy Dogg]

Shucks, stompin in my big blue chucks  
More bounce to the ounce while I'm ditchin you clutz  
Bump-bump-bump-bump while you're bumpin your sounds  
It's the zoo and the Pound we don't fuck around  
Relax your mind and let your conscience be free  
and get down, stompin grounds is the LBC  
I slid up out the game and MC's get wacked  
but now I'm back (Oh shit!), so go get your strap  
Watch your head, I break wit  
wit G's, Muslims, hardheads and dreds  
Bounce, rock while rollerskatin  
on them 20 inch tyres wit the platinum Daytons  
I'm not that BG poppin all that junk  
about "I'll fuck you up", he sound like a punk  
I been there and done that, no inspiration  
All day illustration beat conversation

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Snoop Dogg]

I keep niggas in the studio, word is bond  
Been workin on ya new album for two years strong  
and still can't come up with the right song  
You know what they say: 'Study long, study long'  
All aboard the train so come along  
cos we keep the glue stuff against the bone  
It's alright ain't no room for wrong  
Doggyland is the motherland, make yourself at home  
I got money loads by the barrels  
I even got a few fans that's crazy like DeNiro  
I'm international money maker, player hater  
shhok up off the sake of spendin dollars and I always holler  
at a player though cos players know the real from the fake  
You can put that on your toast, your coast and your state  
I give you people what you like  
What I look like in jail and can't get on the mic

[Chorus x1 1/2]

[Verse 3: Snoop Dogg]

Killin up crews, give em the real street blues  
Have em slidin in their eelskins, groovin in their tennis shoes  
Of course it don't stop bein a Westside ridah  
Wit no tattoo that's how they got the clue  
I lay conversation on wax and CD's  
BG's and o-riginals, here come the mission  
Makin biters ride the Pound for the rest of the season  
Doggy DPG ya lil homey, uhh  
I represent the LBC-ment  
Windows tint, nigga that's the president  
I hit you with a tune every blue moon

Collard on your plate so you can stuff it in your face  
Nigga say your Grace before you touch your plate  
It taste like it's laced but it ain't  
This one puff uncut, no doubt  
Everybody know I gotta ounce and a half

[Chorus x1 1/2]

[Outro:]

Shucks

(Ooh ooh ooohhh ooohhhh ooh, ooh ooh ooohhhh ooh)

(Death Rowwww, Death Rowwww)

[repeat]