

One, two, three and to the four
Snoop Doggy Dogg and Dr. Dre is at the door
Ready to make an entrance, so back on up
(‘Cause you know we’re about to rip shit up)

Give me the microphone first so I can bust, like a bubble
Compton and Long Beach together
Now you know you’re in trouble

Ain’t nothing but a G thang, baby
Two loc’ed out niggas, so we’re crazy
Death Row is the label that pays me
Unfadeable, so please don’t try to fade this (Hell yeah)

But um, back to the lecture at hand
Perfection is perfected, so I’m a let ‘em understand
From a young G’s perspective
And before me dig out a bitch I have to find a contraceptive
You never know, she could be earning her man

And learning her man, and at the same time burning her man
Now, you know I ain’t with that shit, Lieutenant
Ain’t no pussy good enough to get burnt while I’m up in it

And that’s realer than Real-Deal Holyfield
And now you hookers and hoes know how I feel
Well, if it’s good enough to get broke off a proper chunk
I’ll take a small piece of some of that funky stuff

[Chorus]

It’s like this and like that and like this and uh
It’s like that and like this and like that and uh



It's like this and like that and like this and uh

Dre, **creep** to the **mic**, **like** a phantom

Well, I'm **peepin'** and I'm **creepin'** and I'm **creepin'**

But I damn **near** got caught, 'cause my **bee**per kept **beepin'**

Now it's **time** for **me** to make **my** impression **felt**

So sit **back**, **relax**, and strap on your seat **belt**

You never **been** on a **ride** like this **before**

With a producer who can rap and **control** the **maestro**

At the same **time** with the **dope** rhyme that I **kick**

You **know** and I **know**, I **flow** some old funky **shit**

To add to my **collection**, the **selection** symbolizes **dope**

Take a **toke**, but don't **choke**

If **you do**, you'll have **no clue**

On what **me** and my **homie Snoop** Dogg came **to do**

[Chorus]

Like this, that and this and uh

It's like that and like this and like that and uh

It's like this, and who gives a fuck about **those**?

So just chill 'til the next **episode**

You've got the feeling

To rock the other side

You've got the feeling (Yeah, yeah)

Falling **back** on that **ass**, with a hellafied gangsta **lean**

Getting funky on the **mic**, **like** a old batch of collard **greens**

It's the capital **S**, oh **yes**, I'm **fresh**, N double-**O**, **P**

D, **O**, double-**G**, Y, **D**, **O**, double-**G**, you **see**

Showing much flex when it's time to wreck a mic
Pimping hoes and clocking a grip, like my name was Dolomite

Yeah, and it don't quit
I think they in the mood for some mothafuckin' G shit
(Hell yeah) So Dre (What's up, Dogg?)
Gotta give them what they want (What's that, G?)
We gotta break 'em off somethin' (Hell yeah)
And it's gotta be bumpin' (City of Compton)

Is where it takes place, so when asked, your attention
Mobbin' like a motherfucker, but I ain't lynchin'
Dropping the funky shit
That's making the sucker niggas mumble
When I'm on the mic, it's like a cookie; they all crumble

Try to get close, and your ass'll get smacked
My motherfuckin' homie Doggy Dogg has got my back
Never let me slip, 'cause if I slip then I'm slippin'
But if I got my Nina then you know I'm straight trippin'

And I'ma continue to put the rap down, put the mack down
And if you bitches talk shit, I'll have to put the smack down
Yeah, and you don't stop
I told you I'm just like a clock when I tick and I tock

But I'm never off, always on to the break of dawn
C-O-M-P-T-O-N and the city they call Long Beach
Putting the shit together
Like my nigga D.O.C., no one can do it better

[Chorus]



Like this, that and this and uh

It's like that and like this and like that and uh

It's like this, and who gives a fuck about **those?**

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