Eminem, From The D 2 The LBC (Snoop Dogg)

Yeah, it's been a minute
This prolly shoulda happened a while ago
Fuck it, we're here now though, let's go
Yeah, man, what the fuck? Yo
Yo, Snoop, oh, man
Yo, let me see–, let me see them buds, I can't even–
Man, that shit the size of my hand, Dogg (That shit's gon' make me relapse)
The fuck?

That's how I know that I'm in the studio with the Doggy (Where?)
In Californi' 'cause my homie from Long Beach
Always got that bomb weed (That's why)
I feel a calm breeze (Yeah)
Every time I palm trees (Get it?), just like that blonde bleach
I went platinum then so did my album (Yeah)
Calvin's turning me into a zombie
'Cause these buds are like the Hulk
They're twice the size that his arm be (Grr)
And that is some strong green (Strong green)
Gotta contact, my contact lenses are foggy
I might end up in Walgreens (Yeah) pharmacy
With my arm asleep, gone off lean mixed with Dramamine
I will treat Paula Deen like a fuckin' human pin-ball machine
Bouncing balls off her tonsils
If y'all are seekin' the smoke, I got all the weed
I am a walking motherfuckin' marijuana leaf, and I'm here to stay
My ring's so definite, my longevity needs a hearing aid (What?)
Still wearing Hanes T-shirts, I done bodied some features with legendary names (Yeah)
Was there when Dre turned The Chronic to monetary gain (Woo)
'Cause dope is addictive, just like they call it mari-ju-ana
'Cause like marriage, you wanna marry Jane
It's like you and Spider-Man feel the very same (Yeah)
My adversaries came, but these little degenerates are my lineage
And when it come to pockets, weren't many
If any as, skinny as mine, bitch, I was penniless
Now I'm plenty rich, and this shit don't make any sense (Yeah)
I was in the motherfuckin' pinch like a titty twist
Now I'm sitting as pretty as each penny is
While I'm penning this in the lab on you guinea pigs
I ain't finna fool 'em, and in fact, give me the semi
And when I pull the big guns out that trigger
Pull it, until the motherfuckin' shit runs out of bullets
Somebody better call a ambulance (Woo)
If you live, it'll be miraculous
I got more hits than a contract killer
Like the caterpillars that don't got antennaes (What?)
Other words, I don't got no goddamn fillers (Woo)
Mount Westmore, you did not plan for this (Nah)
From Detroit all the way to Los Angeles (Haha, yeah)

So put your doobies high if you reside in 213, let's see them blunts raised (Brr)
Whether you Eastside or Westside of the 313, let's see them guns blaze (Brr, brr, brr)

Make money moves like The Matrix
Make More Mount, motivation
Roll up one, meditation
I'm watchin' the moves you make, you might wanna stick to the basics
Military mindset, locked in, cocked in, make sure the mission is profitable
Ain't no mission impossib-ble
One phone call and my monsters'll go
Dump phones, hop in a Mazda and go
Fuck they, y'all stay, nigga, I'm finna go
You think you slick, boy, this crip (Crip)
You ain't ready take it where I'm finna go

Mafia roots, you makin' a mockery of me (What?)
A monopoly, stick on my flow
My nigga, I'm moppin', don't step on my floor
Now niggas is copyin'
Niggas be opping through all of this opulence
Gave me a task, I conquer it
This ain't the time for ponderin'
You niggas is slanderin', this real shit, niggas be honorin' (Hol' up)
You lookin' for followers, and not watchin' my niggas that's followin'
Nigga, fuck them likes, I'm yelling like, "What? My niggas young problem"
Eastside, East up, nigga, Eminem, woke the beast up
Let y'all ride, now a nigga want it back like the lease up
Think it's a game? You gon' see some'
Ain't no peace you'll be missin' a piece of
Nigga popped off, now sheets on 'em
Mom all mad, kids all sad, damn, my bad
Send a few coins to the coroner
Please make a sweet for 'em
Nigga, I don't hop on tracks, I leap on 'em
In the field with the cleats on 'em
Steve Jobs of the cannabis mob
It do time, nigga knew it be mine
Suge knew I'd go platinum the minute I signed
If you're lookin' for the facts, I'm a nigga to find
Young nigga sold crack in the middle of Pine
In the face of this crippin', Long Beach, these seas is different
Four man with the put on
Still gettin' bread with the niggas I put on
Yeah, yeah, I put my hood on
Shit got cold, I put my hood on, yeah, yeah
Marshall and Calvin, both from the gutters like public housin'
Now we're performin' for hundreds of thousands
Wearin' no makeup, but we still be clownin', motherfuckers

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My Detroit niggas verse everybody
My Long Beach niggas verse everybody
My Detroit niggas leave with a body
My Long Beach niggas shoot up the party