

[Snoop Dogg]

Yo, Fiend, Magic, check this out.
This Snoop Dogg.
I got a problem with this nigga down south, ya know what I'm sayin?
Round yall way.
So uh, get my back and handle that for me ya know what I'm sayin?
TRU drama.

[Fiend]

It's Mr. Womp Womp
Grenades and pistols in the trunk trunk
Watch whatcha, whatcha want, cause I can bring the funk funk
Back with a hump, from pools of this skunk blunt
Two things I smoke away, that's why many murders in one
When I left em like clothes, retaliation was mine
Cause Fiend was keepin his strap on him at all times
I was designed to carry higher caliburs then nines
Tossin brain cells away, that cut is all in the mind
Now I'm a bad motherfucker, been through the baddest of tragic
Behind Snoop and Magic, it could happen right in traffic
I'm a No Limit battler, the one that's here to hurt ya
And when you know when I came, and drama came, his name was murder

[Snoop Dogg]

Chorus
Never caught slippin, keep my heat on the dash
(When drama came then came murder)
Never caught slippin, keep my heat on the dash
(When drama came, drama came, then came murder) x2

[Snoop Dogg]

Ridin through the backwoods, late night creepin
Lookin for a gimp, stuntin like a pimp
I stopped by the Waffle House to get some grits and toast
Man a nigga sure do miss the west coast
Folks I never had drama that my mama didn't prepare me for
But this one time couldn't nobody save me loc
Shit got thick, I'm with this bitch, say she down with the clicque
And all I want to do was get my dick licked
Rule number one, keep the heater close by
I can't believe that bitch would set me up, she was so fly
Why do bitches set niggas up, huh bro
Why niggas don't give a fuck
I wear the mud among Fiend and Magic, it's tragic how it went down
TRU tank dogs on a mission with the Dogg Pound
Layin niggas down, fool how that sound
Down south, hustlin for cash
Never slippin, keep my heater on the dash

[Snoop Dogg]

Chorus x2

[Magic]

When drama came I'm movin so fast that you niggas never saw me comin
I wear a fortyfive glock up around my waist and all the pussy motherfuckers
start runnin
I'm from the lower nine nigga, see me blast, so don't let me see a
motherfucker blink
I don't want your bank, I don't want your ride, everybody in this bitch goin
stank
I'm on a mission for my niggas who told me that all you niggas had somethin
to say
So I'm goin blast at you bastards and I'll be on my way
See I'm a rapper but I'm still a thug, it's in my blood, ain't nothin change
If you niggas test my patience and I will release pain

When drama came, then came murder
When drama came, when drama came, then came murder
When drama came, then came murder
When drama came, when drama came, then came murder
When Magic came, Magic came, then came murder
When Fiend came, Fiend came, then came murder
When Snoop came, Snoop came, then came murder
When they all came, Tank Dogs, then cause murder
When drama came, then came murder
When drama came, when drama came, then came murder