

## Snoop Doggy Dogg F/ Goldie Loc "Voices"

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(Kool Kieth)

Yeah....Dr. Strange love...once again I gotta tell you how  
it is....

Verse 1: (Kool Kieth)

I used to check out, use the mad route  
stare at these ugly bitches, sit at the table with frowns  
with their  
stomachs out  
cellulite for weeks, rules in these NewYork streets  
with mad Babies, big heads movin' in the stroller  
you gettin' older while that dress hangs off your  
shoulder  
you stupid bitch  
he's sick, the kids got the shits  
you walkin' wack with those problems in your ass crack  
you chose this nigga, he's a zero girl, doin' nothin'  
you was buggin' because the bum had curly hair  
you got psyched, the baby came out with some nappy  
hair  
you was a fine freak, thoroughbred dumb with no head  
I seen you screamin' with your panties up in B.B.Q's  
your friends are fat with guts, breakin' all the rules  
you choose to lose, no cheers, recievin' booes  
rent is due with some old crab nigga fuckin' you  
it's true, it's summertime, what you gonna do?  
every winter you got this gay man screwin' you  
this bitch is a problem, no money, fuckin' dummy  
she's from the slum actin' fly eatin' bread crumbs  
shoplifted programs out on the boulevard  
stretch marks leak out your tight dress, your legs are  
scarred  
yeah....

Chorus (singing)

Voices inside my head  
problems keeping you fed

Verse 2: (Godfather Don)

This bullshit needs to cease  
rappers rappin' for cheese

it's like a disease the way niggas be snatchin' your fees  
executives, even accountants playin' artists like chips  
the last time you were legit I was suckin' on nips  
up in my shit like a Dog checkin' the sex  
maybe to get in the Lex  
hey, they forget, all the doors slammin'  
they crammin', eye jammin'  
wait, "My shows slammin'"  
cash up your nose Hammond  
landin' deals ain't shit if your label ain't shit  
nitwits spit for sips while I flip scripts legit  
commit to whippin' ass on the mic, it's like a fuckin'  
runway  
these niggas is like bitches fleein' from gunplay  
one day when lyrical finesse is stressed instead of  
dress I'll compress  
compression and hate, blow out the best  
but it's cool, fools like you makin' crews that's blue stay  
true  
one-Thousand lyrical orators, pay dues  
so snooze and get dissed  
bust in the head with Cris', fake ice on your wrist  
I'm nice and you on my dick like piss  
you wish you was half the lyricist that I persist to be  
don't say shit to me  
Godfather like cicily  
the misery's consistency through similes will blemish  
these  
abnormalities in the industry.

Chorus (singing)

Voices inside my head  
problems keeping you fed  
voices inside my head  
problems keeping you fed

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