

Snoop Doggy Dogg F/ Master P

"No Diggity"

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Intro: Blackstreet

NO DIGGITY!

Yeah

You know what

I like the playettes

No diggity, no doubt

Play on playette

Play on playette

Yo Dre, drop the verse

Verse One: Dr. Dre

It's going down Fade to Blackstreet

The homies got at me, collab creations, bump like acne

No doubt - I put it down, never slouch

As long as my credit can vouch

A dog couldn't catch me staying out

Tell me who could stop when Dre makin' moves

Attracting honies like a magnet

Giving em eargasms with my mellow accent

Still moving his flavor

With the homies Blackstreet and Teddy

The original rump shakers

Verse Two: Blackstreet

Shorty get down, good Lord

Baby got em up open all over town

Strictly biz, she don't play around

Cover much grounds, got game by the pound

Getting paid is her forte'

Each and every day, true player way

I can't get her out of my mind

I think about the girl all the time

East side to the west side

Pushin' phat rides, it's no surprise

She got tricks in the stash

Stacking up the cash

Fast when it comes to the gas

By no means average
She's on when she's got to have it
Baby, you're a Perfect Ten, I wanna get in
Can I get down so I can win

Chorus: repeat 4X

I like the way you work it
No diggity, I got to bag it up, bag it up

Verse Three: Blackstreet

She's got class and style
Street knowledge, by the pound
Baby never act wild
Very low key on the profile
Catching feelings is a no
Let me tell you how it goes
Herb's the word, spin's the verb
Lovers it curves so freak what you heard

Rolling with the phatness
You don't even know what the half is
You gotta pay to play
Just for shorty, bang-bang, to look your way
I like the way you work it
Trumped tight, all day, every day
You're blowing my mind, maybe in time
Baby, I can get you in my ride

Chorus

Interlude:

Hey yo, hey yo, hey yo, hey yo
Hey yo, that girl looks good
Hey yo, hey yo, hey yo, hey yo
Play on, play on playette
Hey yo, hey yo, hey yo, hey yo
You're my kind of girl, no diggity
Hey yo, hey yo, hey yo, hey yo
Hey

Verse Four: Queen Pen

Cause that's my peeps and we rolls deep
Flying first class from New York City to Blackstreet
What you know about me, not a motherfucking thing
Cartier wooded frames sported by my shorty
As for me, icy gleaming pinky diamond ring
We be's the baddest clique upon this scene

Ain't you getting bored with these fake ass broads
I shows and proves, no doubt, I be diggin you, so
Please excuse, if I come across rude
That's just me and that's how the playettes got to be
Stay kicking game with a capital G
Ask the peoples on my block, I'm as real as can be
Word is bond, faking moves never been my thing
So Teddy, pass the word to your nigga Chauncey
I'll be sending a car, let's say around 3:30
Queen Pen and Blackstreet, it's no diggity

Chorus

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