

Critical Mass

"From Tha Chuuch to Da Palace"

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[Intro]

Fa shizzle dizzle, it's the big Neptizzle
with the Snoopy D-O-Double Gizzle!

... (Snoop Dogg!)
C-walk to this (Snoop Dogg!)
Hehe, yeah, C-walk to this (Snoop Dogg!)
A-ha-ha! C-walk to this (Snoop Dogg!)

[Verse One: Snoop Dogg]

Bam! Boom! Whatchu gon' do cuz?
Guess who rollin in, with them baby blue Chucks?
And I've still got my khakis creased
I'm still loc'n on these beats and keep a bad bitch on
the streets
It's the S-N-double-O-P'n
Biggest dogg of 'em all, and youse a flea'n
And since I got time to drop it for you I guess I must
And give it to you motherfuckers like Busta-Bust
I keep the heat on deck, but in God we trust
And can't none of y'all fuck with us
But you can run up on the G but that's not thinkin wisely
These thrillers are +Contagious+, just like Ron Isley
{"What the hell is goin on? Someone's sleepin in my
home"}
Snoop to the D-O-Double G (uh-huh)
Get in where you fit in, follow me (ooh!)

[Chorus: Neptunes]

Who's the man with that dance? (Snoop Dogg!)
Who keep the khakis for all his pants? (Snoop Dogg!)
Keep the low-low in a three-wheel stance (Snoop Dogg!)
Still got the +Gin and Juice+ in hand (Snoop Dogg!)

[Verse Two: Snoop Dogg]

I do it for the G's and I do it for the hustlers
Here to annihilate you mark-ass busters
Eff the police cause all they wanna do is cuff us
The world is fuckin chilly as if his name was Usher
But I'm still ridin them 'llacs, makin them G stacks
And got them cornrows to the back

I ain't really tryin to be picky
But if you give me somethin, it's got to be the sticky
green by the ounces, low-lows bouncin
Sandy Fay and Annie Mae kissin on my couch and
Ooh to the ouch and, Moet fountain
That's how we get down at the Doggy Dogg House'n
This year we ain't fuck wih thousands
We clean with millions that get fly as a falcon
Pull up to the Doggy Dogg palace
With a car fulla bitches cookin grits like Alice (ooh!)

[Chorus]

[Interlude: Snoop Dogg]

Three 14 inch rims is running on the side
(They're ridin on the side?) Yeah they running on the
side!

Three 14 inch rims is running on the side
(They're ridin on the side?) Yeah they runnin on the
side!

Three 14 inch rims is running on the side
(They're ridin on the side?) Yeah they runnin on the
side!

Three 14 inch rims is running on the side
(They're ridin on the side?) Yeah they running on the
side!

[Verse Three: Snoop Dogg]

Take two and pass it, it will not burn you
From the Long Beach Chronicles to the Wall Street
Journal

They all know the G with the Cutlass Coupe
Ask Bill Gates, "Yeah I know the homie Snoop"
Yeah, I'm straight loc'n, hangin wit my folk and
Follow Rakim cause "I Ain't No Joke" and
Cuz, I done seen so much (like what?)
Enough to have your feelings touched
When the gunshots ratta, all your boys scatter
Check up on your homies but they gave ya bad data
Make a niggaz stop BREATHIN, have his soul reliev'in
And now you niggaz believe in
what I say cause what I say is so real
Homie you don't wanna see the steel!
You dont wanna catch a body, you came here to party
Now that's what you should do, now where's my baby
boo? (ooh!)

[Chorus]

[Outro: Bishop Don Magic Juan]

Yeah, no introduction, is needed

But for those who STILL, refuse to accept
the reading on the wall, for the new Mack-allenium
This is the Archbishop Don Magic Juan
Chairman of the Board, of famous players
EVERYWHERE
And I'm puttin it down with Big Snoop Dogg, the legend
The King Player, my friend, yo' friend
The L.B.C. SAVIOR!
Also known, in this new Mack-allenium, as DA BOSS

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