

Dirty

"Blows My Mind"

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[Intro]

You should smokes with me

[Chorus]

The chronic's blowing

The chronic's blowing

The chronic's blowing

The chronic's blowing (It blows my mind)

[Verse 1 - Snoop Dogg]

Blowing chronic to me, it's like a tradition to me

I got the pi-doun, so sit down and listen to me

Don't go against me fool, go wit me

We could blow it all together like Bobby Brown and
Whitney

Yeah, we got something in common

They could search a nigga, but they never finding my
bomb and

I got the stash, spot, my cash got

Lot of motherfuckas pulling, police shots

I'm not "The One" nigga you could call me "The Two"

Bob Marley reincarnated, pupils dialated

Emancipated, concentrated, debated, rated many
times

You suprised how I made it, huh?

You hate it, huh, but you know, I ain't even trippin

I'm spliting that Swisha up, plotting on the come up

I'm living my life, and never putting my gun up

Drinking my drink, and I'ma smoke that blunt

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Snoop Dogg]

The greener the tree, the better the bud

The strength of the branch, will tell you how chronic it
was

I'm - buzzing high, sliding, slippin

Gotcha listening to Snoop and now you feel like you
crippin

It's all to the good, the dash is wood

You got some hoes in ya truck and now ya ready to

fuck

But, they frontin and fakin, and time is waistin
She don't wanna give ya number now she hollin at
Jason

Now don't get mad, just roll to the pad
And keep a G on the bitch and roll another dub bag
(My nigga) light that shit, hit that bitch
Then past it to ya homie like playa, pimp (blaze that
bitch)
And when you get dizzone, crack the do'
And let me get a little snizzle
'Cause ain't no fun, if the homies can't get none
Puff, puff, pass my nigga, one lizza

[Chorus]

[Bridge x2]

Do you wanna smoke wit me (Do you wanna?)
Come and keep me company
Baby come and fuck with me
You should smokes with me

[Verse 3 - Snoop Dogg]

It's the diabolical, chronical, mythological
Psychological, make a model hoe, fuck a G
Pre-medical, steady slow those, ready can get it
Teacher taught it to those with mind apparatus
My status has been the baddest ever since I intro'd
I'm that nigga that brought y'all the info
On the Chucks, French braids, and endo
Big Snoop Dogg with the fog on the window
Spell ya name in it, put ya face in it
And hang with the nigga with the gang bang spinach
Drag it, blunt wrap it, or zig-zag it
Don't really matter even if it's in the package
Put it to the side, so when ya boy hit the Eastside
I'm look for the firefied cheefa
Aiyyo Pharrell, gimme that VA discount
I'm tryna bounce wit the whole ounce (smoke me out)

[Chorus]

[Bridge x2]

[Hook]

Do ya, do ya, do ya, do ya, do ya
Do you think that you could fuck with we (Star Trak)
(Yeah Pharrell this that shit right here)
And BBC - nigga

[Chorus x2] + {*Snoop ad-libs*}

[Outro - Snoop Dogg]
Drinking our drank
Ya dig what I'm sayin?
We ain't gon' never sing
We gon' still flow
Cause we always hit the right note
(It blows my mind)
That's real shit, Pharrell you my loc'
And that's for life my nigga
Haha, Gangsta Gumpo
Neptunes, Star Trak
(It blows my mind)
Billionaire Boys Club, DPG
Doggy Style Records, ooh wee
(It blows my mind)..

[laughs]

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