

## Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66

### "The Wash Feat. Snoop Dogg"

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[Dr. Dre/Snoop Dogg]

As the wheels turn city to city, hundreds fold, chronic  
smoke

Twist up another philly (dun dilly)

Them niggas still trippin off that old shit (really?) how  
silly

It's a whole 'nother day (yeah yeah) Snoop Dogg (and  
Doc motherfuckin Dre)

Nigga can ya feel this?

It's the D-O-double, you don't run up, you won't see no  
trouble

If you caught up in these fuckin streets

Who you gon' call when them niggas gettin ready to  
blast?

Yeah, and if that shit's gettin ugly

Who you gon' call when them niggas come to gettin ya  
ass?

(I came to get that ass!)

Big dittog, push the big hittog

Ya hoppin and poppin, how bout you hop up off my  
bittalls

Got(GOT) dirt on my pittaws

I(I) broke a few littaws

It(IT) really don't matter cause I'm only here to spit on  
And get on, shit on niggas

Do it to 'em D-O-double right on nigga

I'm saggin it, baggin it, slang them Dubs

You motherfuckers think The Wash is all soap and  
suds, whassup cuz?

If you tryin to get a dub sack, page me

The ho's say "D-Loc, you so crazy"

Poppin that shit don't phase me

I need my chips and the dip it's like gravy

Now back to the lecture at hand

Perfection is expected and I'm feelin that demand

Los Ang, broad day gunnin

That ain't no earthquake it's just Dre comin

If this shit ain't played, the party ain't bumpin

If I don't show up, the ho's ain't fuckin

Cali sunshine, come visit

Just don't stop at stop signs with bullet holes in it

All Star league, you writin Benjamins  
I handles my business, FUCK fake niggas  
I sell game a quarter million a track  
Snoop and the good Doc back with a brand new sack  
Shit's wrong, money gone, I blast  
Out of town, out of bounds, no pass  
Runnin up, talkin shit, get smashed  
Shoot first, ask questions last  
Fallin back on that ass, hit the switch and let the ass  
just drag (zzzt zzt)  
2001, 2002 Taz  
My nigga what you holdin?  
Step out with the Stacy's and the Snoop Dogg clothing  
Rollin, with the braids in my hair  
Crimped out, way pimped out, OH YEAH  
You gots to pay the cost to beat the boss  
After all that dirt I gots to get my shit washed

The Wash  
(ahhhh)  
The Wash  
(ahh, ahh)  
The Wash  
(ahhhh, ahhh)

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