Snoop Dogg "From Tha Chuuurch To Da Palace"

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Snoop Dogg, C-walk to this Snoop Dogg, yeah, C-walk to this Snoop Dogg, C-walk to this Snoop Dogg

Bam, boom, whatchu gon' do, 'cuz?
Guess who rollin' in with them baby blue Chucks?
An' I've still got my khakis creased
I'm still loc'n on these beats an' keep a bad bitch on the streets

It's the S N double O P'n
Biggest dog of 'em all an' you'se a flea'n
An' since I got time to drop it for you, I guess I must
An' give it to you motherfuckers like Busta-Bust

I keep the heat on deck but in God we trust
An' 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 Get in where you fit in, follow me

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

I do it for the G's an' 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 'Lacs, makin' them G stacks An' 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 an' Annie Mae kissin' on my couch
An' ooh to the ouch an' Moet fountain
That's how we get down at the Doggy Dogg House'n

This year we ain't fuckin' with thousands We clean with millions that get fly as a falcon Pull up to the Doggy Dogg Palace With a car full of bitches cookin' grits like Alice

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

Three 14 inch rims is runnin' on the side They're ridin' on the side? Yeah, they runnin' on the side

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Take two an' 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 An' follow Rakim 'cause 'I Ain't No Jokin'' An' cuz, I done seen so much, like what? Enough to have your feelings touched

When the gunshots rattle, all your boys scatter Check up on your homies but they gave ya bad data Make a nigga stop breathin', have his soul relievin' An' now you niggaz believin'

In what I say 'cause what I say is so real Homie, you don't wanna see the steel You don't wanna catch a body, you came here to party Now that's what you should do, now where's my baby boo? 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

Yeah, no introduction is needed But for those who still refuse to accept The readin' on the wall for the new Mack-Allenium This is the Archbishop Don Magic Juan Chairman of the Board of famous players everywhere

An' 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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