

Snoop Dogg "Staxxx In My Jeans"

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I got, staxx in my jeans
Phantom up in my garage (2x)

My pockets look like Rerun
Your pockets look like Raj

I got, staxx in my jeans
Phantom up in my garage (3x)

My pockets look like rerun
Your pockets look like Raj

It's the same story
A nigga rich
I'm on some nigga shit
In (and?) your nigga bitch
You betta check em
Tell em i'm off the chain
I buck and bang
Homie thats only game
Oh, I ain't gotta problem
You see me gettin staxx
You see I bought the phantom
24's dont come with that
I been around the world
Check grippin every state
Your bitch dont like me
She fake
Some ppl might call it hate
But i dotn give a damn
A boss's life
If how i make that bread
Toss the mike
And i still be
Richer than rich
Gets to make my bed

My pockets fat as shit
You niggaz mad as shit
Talk to either one of them?
I'm on some gladys shit
Many u have tried

And failed
Shit I'm out on bail
I make more cheese
Than your old man
And he went to Yale
Shti i went to jail
You can go to hell
U got some shit to tell?!
I got some shit to sell

I got, staxx in my jeans
Phantom up in my garage (3x)

My pockets look like rerun
Your pockets look like Raj

Candy paint drippin
Look at all them bags
I had to show and brag
Cuz being broke's a drag
I gotta get this paper
My kids they gotta eat
We gotta alotta heat
Been out for ballin?

Shot callin i make that change
And i dont want the Range
That's how them gangstas do it
We get our green in bricks
We put our green in blunts
U spend ure green on chicks
I'm on some playa shit
Dynasty
Straight laker shit
Keep it up
On some banker shit
And chop it up
For some paper bitch
I got my mind righth
And my money right
If u ain't in the game
For the money
You the funny type
And im laugin my ass off
Phantom with the mask off
Legal so they hatin
When I gas off
U know how Snoopy does it
Phantom, go bitch touch it
100 thousand a show
I'm gettin dough like

I got, staxx in my jeans
Phantom up in my garage (3x)

My pockets look like rerun
Your pockets look like Raj

Look how the flag hanging
Gang bangin i aint no punk
Maintaining that tank of mine
Make that kid go Pah Pah Pah
I'm about my bidness boy
Makin money
Never been so smooth
Yo bitch
You about to loose
Cuz she is about to choose
And thats the way it goes
S N double O
U want that quiet type
I want that trouble hoe
There go ure paper girl
Yeah Im in for real
One time i told a bict h
Not to come back
Cuz she got 2000 dollars
In 2 dollar bills
That's cold (called) game
The whole thang
I'm high as soul plane
I smoke the whole thang
U know how daddy do it
I'm true to it
I take a cocaine buick
And put some blue to it
Thats some gangsta shit
These hoes love
This gangsta dick
Khakis
And some gangsta kits
Yeah, bitch
That my gangsta fit
I'm ballin boy
And u aint got to ask
She all about this pimpin
I'm all about the cash

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