

Snoop Dogg

"Tha Mac Ten Commandments"

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I got seven mack 11s, about eight 38s
Nine 9s, ten mack tens, the shits never ends
You cant touch my riches
Even if you had mc hammer and them 357 bitches
Biggie smalls; the millionaire, the mansion, the yacht
The two weed spots, the two hot glocks
Thats how I got the weed spot
I shot dread in the head, took the bread and the lamb
spread
Little gotti got the shotty to your body
So dont resist, or you might miss christmas
I tote guns, I make number runs
I give mcs the runs drippin
When I throw my clip in the ak, I slay from far away
Everybody hit the d-e-c-k
My slow flows remarkable, peace to matteo
Now we smoke weed like tony montana sniffed the
lhello
Thats crazy blunts, mad ls
My voice excels from the avenue to jail cells
Oh my god, Im droppin shit like a pigeon
I hope youre listenin, smackin babies at they
christening

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