

Snoop Dogg

"We Rest N Cali"

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(feat. Goldie Loc & Bootsy Collins)

[Snoop Dogg:]

My goodness my gracious shell toe Adidas with the fat
blue laces
Hand full of aces trumped up dump trunk white wall
paces
Drink til you drop motherfucker cop
Old English 800 on the block
Way before St. Ide's came to the spot
Niggas used to hang out and do the pop lock
And if we got into some shit we never pop shots
We'd squab scrap whatever it was
And live to talk about it and we get old cause
And keep a pack of zig zags for that good old bud
We do a house party what the fuck is a club
And the ese's they sold most of the drugs
La familia hell and [?]
We get money yeah and we do low ride
Represent it and talk nope no not I
That's the code in every hood that you roam
Fastest way to catch a hot slug in your dome
O.G. the place that I call home
Black Lac like that and it's sitting on chrome
Plaque in back strap in Lac
Antennas wake you up for a rat trying to set a new trap
Swinging the track dripping curl juice on your back
Breaking hearts like Roger and Zapp motherfucker

[Bootsy Collins:]

Back in the day it was cheaper to keep her
Hang out with your friends and smoking the reefer
Pound for pound we were the baddest in town
You just had to get up for the get down
Some say we the next generation
But we lack education

[Goldie Loc:]

[?] drinking mad dog 20/20
Silver satin blue Kool Aid sagging in my Dickies
I got my loccs on sailing through my neighborhood

Catch you slipping on them bricks it ain't all good
Front door kicker Glock spitter
Black and gold flag across my face when I get you
3 wheeler tipping turning up the Alpine
[?] while I listen to the grapevine
[?] blue Crips all by the front door
East side rip riding gang banging all I know
Heart break hotel hush puppy neck kicker
I grew up on that crazy one five nigga
If you locc from my block then hop something
And I ain't talking bout no peel nigga block hunting
Blue corduroys while I'm talking on my brick phone
14 years old had to bring the shit home
My uncle Sugar Bear showed me how to bag it up
Look at the block now nigga it's sewed up
I ain't playing with you old grand pubas
Peace out Rolando ran things with no [?]
Now take a picture of this 8 ball sipper
Look down at my shoes blue strings nigga
Goldie Loc will keep this motherfucker crack-a-lackin
The only thing I wanna hear is gang bang rapping

[Bootsy Collins:]

Some say we the next generation
But we lack education
Hanging with the crew of devastation
Yeah but we one nation mama
Tally-ho and away we go
See you next week with a brand new show
When you funk around here ain't nothing consensual
You know I funk so hard you gonna need your parent's
credential
Now I'm in the street cause I lost my sheep
But now I know where to find that
Now how cool is cold when you're trying to compete
Standing next to me son you better take a seat
Can't none of you cut throats funk like me
You better check with Snoop Dogg and get your
pedigree
Why oh why do I think like that
If I am with the dog you must be a cat
Now tally-ho and away we go
See you next week with a brand new show
I want the bomb I want that O.G. back
There's a party going on in my head
While I think about the blood that we shed
Then party uh when the player play
There's a party going on up in here

Back in the day it was cheaper to keep her
Hang out with your friends and smoking the reefer

Pound for pound we were the baddest in town
You just had to get up for the get down
Some say we the next generation
But we lack education
Hanging with the crew of devastation
Yeah but we one nation mama
Hanging with the Snoopatronics bobba

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