

## Snoop Doggy Dogg "20 Dollars To My Name"

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featuring Nate Dogg Dat Nigga Daz Tray Deee Bad A\$\$

Intro: [Bad A\$\$]

I got the black senator (Ho ho ho)  
I want a Super Nintendo (Merry Christmas)  
Yeah (?) yeah Street Fighter 2 all these games

Verse 1: [Daz]

It's 12.30 AM Christmas Eve  
I'm out with the gangstas and thieves  
Celebratin' postin' up with egnog it'll forfill my cup  
(?) all the most little gangbangin' and causin'  
Not about but be careful for the heart,  
because it's posin'  
Some stay to day that Christmas ain't nothing but  
another day  
But, out of respect for God,  
give the Lord his day  
Tell me, tell me,  
where do the homies and bumps have to sleep  
(Nowhere)  
Where do hungry and needy-greedy's got to eat  
(But who cares?)  
Life is so, usually cold  
That's fourth for the children  
In this world their hopes and dreams can't afford  
(?), these little things  
Heard throughout the ghetto which has gangstas and  
dope-fiends, huh  
Cause those who ain't able get it and I could finally get  
it  
Just the ghetto Santa Claus sprinkled hood  
and now we ballin', livin' to a new year  
A better thang, celebrate with some Champagne, ha ha  
Check it

Chorus: [Nate Dogg]

Santa Claus, is coming straight to the ghetto

Bridge: [Snoop]

Now on the first day of Christmas my homeboy gave to

me

A sack of the crazy blue-a-tone and smoke it up, floss it  
up

Now on the second day of Christmas my homeboy  
gave to me

A bit of hendog to probably take my mind off that weed

Now by the third day of Christmas my big homeboy  
gave to me

A whole lot off everything, but it was not a gang to me

Verse 2: [Bad A\$\$]

Bad, can you walk up to the sound

I saw mama kissin' Santa

Made you remanis on the old fashion Christmas

They did miss a fat man jolly with joy

Down ya chimney with toys,

for little girls and boys

Pumped up, I jumped up (?)

And hope to get Santa Claus creepin' down my hall

Got to the window, put my eyes to the sky to see 'em  
bye,

to see the sleigh that parley and push a fat guy

I see no sign with everything under this three

And my house is mine, my bike that in (?)

And do right, to let year come

I try to see the same thing

They got us brain washed up

And when you find, it ain't no Santa,

Christmas still mean allot

Cause it's the time they get together and give all you  
got

You got fooled, gun loose and what's better then  
together

Which has people, when wishin' give a toast by the  
three

It's merry Christmas

Chorus: [Nate Dogg]

Verse 3:[Snoop]

Santa Clause on the senator

Jack Frost chillin'

Pitch the grich, from being a holiday villain

Season's greetings, all the proceedings

Are brought to your body, churcize we wont be eatin'

Chestnuts most sent on the open fire

Singin' my jingle, where is Chris Sprinkle

I didn't pop, nah me, Michelle

I even stayed in the house,

when the homies tried to sneak me out

And all I want for Christmas is my six-fo' Chevrolet

And the granddaughter for her grandmother Beverly  
Ain't that somethin' (Nah, nah)  
Ain't that nothing  
How it's Christmas time and my rhyme's steady  
bumpin'  
Everybody happy, hair's still nappy  
Gonna steal a gift for my old granddaddy  
Catch me giving up turkeys at the church-house  
Don't try to work me,  
just stay in the line and everything gon be fine  
Holla at ya folks, boy's goin', stay in  
Ain't no helps from no L,  
just Tha Dogg Pound gang  
And we, passin' out gifts, blazin' off clips  
Christmas on the Row, can you dig it (can you dig it)

Chorus: [Nate Dogg]

Verse 4: [Tray Deee]

Quick to see, by release  
Clearin' six with the heat  
Girls and boys full off joy  
With the season cheeks  
Smell the sky, hell a pie  
With cakes gettin' baked  
To be ate after everything gone off your plate  
But wait, not tonight it's straight beans and rice  
On the table, are we able to proceed the nice  
I wonder what the morning's bringin'  
So it's hard to doze off  
Three 'o clock in my socks I crack the dope song  
Hopin' when I open the do', I'll see Santa,  
Now who the hell is this in this blue bandana  
Messin' with the boxes, hand them under the three  
Look like Santa Clause bein' crossin' to a woman to me  
Now I'm commin' to see, the whole picture gettin'  
clearer  
How we have met a (?)  
Mirror, mirror, please, it's seemed I've be deceased  
And thank the same trick, but the gifts I receive  
So I creep back, and act like I ain't even peep it  
Just to be me and moms proudest secret

Chorus till fade: [Nate Dogg]

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