

# Snoop Doggy Dogg "Snoop Dogg"

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S-N-double-O-P D-O-double-giz-ee  
D-O-double-giz-ee  
D-O-double-giz-ee  
(repeat x2)

(Snoop Dogg)

Me and my partner, in my impala  
Poppin' on collars, tossin up dollars  
A truck on the side of us but who wanna fuck with us  
Bet a hundred dollars that they all wanna smoke with  
us  
Doggy Doggfather  
I do it to you real hard then it gets hot, it's nada  
Thang on mine, bang on mine  
I smoke an ounce and bounce at the same time  
It's off the limbo with Timbo, you motherfuckin bimbo  
So quit knockin at my window, you nympho  
Maniac, bring it back, now shake it up  
Put it on the table, now break it up  
Give it to me, now put a lighter on the end of it  
It really don't matter what you spent on it  
As long as you're gettin what you paid for  
That's what it's made for, ain't that what you stayed  
for?

(chorus)

Who's that dippin' in the Cadillac?  
Snoop Dogg  
Smoke till your eyes get cataracts  
Snoop Dogg  
You've got a girl lay her on her back  
Snoop Dogg  
Millionaire, makin that paper stack  
Snoop Dogg

(Snoop)

You play me and I'll play you  
You pay me and I'll pay you  
Hold on boo, you got the game all wrong  
This aint your thang, this my song  
Move on, we in the club, at the Shark Bar  
Valet my keys, and park my car

No snap shots, 'cause I might get popped  
As I slide by security, givin 'em props  
First thing I do, when I get in  
Let me take you back to when I first slid in  
Grab my gin and, get my woman, put my bib in, no  
bullshittin  
We be sippin, in the corner  
With smoke comin' from up under us like we sittin in  
the sauna  
Burnin' up the charts, break a bitch off hard  
Little mama don't you start

(chorus)

S-N-double-O-P D-O-double-giz-ee  
D-O-double-giz-ee  
D-O-double-giz-ee  
(x2)

(Snoop)

Tick tock, the ice on my watch  
Slap me 'cross the face around 2 o'clock  
But the party don't stop till we blow up  
Now every little nigga wanna show up  
Manuev'in to this, groovin to this  
Dippin to this, flippin to this, trippin to this  
Ain't no skippin to this, trust this  
Bust this, it's too hot to touch this  
He say, she say, I say no way  
Don't need foreplay, ok, obey  
Everything that I say  
And every day'll be like a holiday  
I put you in the front seat of my car  
And roll you round town like a superstar  
Recline your seat and turn up the beat  
Number one with a bullet, rollin down the mothafuckin  
backstreets

(chorus x2)

(Timbaland making vocal scratches to fade)

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