

## Snoop Doggy Dogg "Stoplight"

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How else could you capture the world  
if you don't attack from the back  
To the million march... hehehehe  
(Yo, Snoopa Donna, what??)

[Chorus]

When I pull up to the stoplight  
I gotta have a paper right  
If you come back right then we can boogie (echoes)  
When I pull up to the stoplight  
I gotta have a paper right  
If you come back right then we can boogie (echoes)

[Snoop Dogg]

Boggy, boggy, boogy...  
I'm goin 65, 75, 80  
Mashin down the boulevard downtown movin' like crazy  
In the fastlane, high beam shinin  
Tryna keep the timin on the track  
With the diamond in the back  
Move roof wide open, scopin, lockin  
The bitches relieve, the hoes keep hopin  
They can get it, fit in, back seat, just sit in  
Four hoes on the block tryna put their bid in  
Girl, put it to work, you gon' do the damn thing  
Hop in, the rest of y'all, eat dirt  
I'm rollin' in the "Mackmobile", I'm back for real  
One hundred percent, pimp-motion, that's the deal  
Back wheel-spinnin, number one, I'm winnin  
Hoes lookin' inside, and they just to grinnin  
Waitin' to choose, while the rest wait to pay y'all dues  
Don't trip I keep my hoes in two

[Chorus]

[Interlude]

Yeah, this is radio station 187.4 FM on your dial  
In your car up inside the four o'clock traffic jam  
We gon be takin request right now at 87752-Snoop  
Call station namin ya game...  
Aw, yeah, hello, aw yeah, this Soopafly here  
Man I wanna get a piece of that Stoplight shit

Man that motherfuckin baggin church

[Snoop Dogg]

You see them pretty buttons on my stereo? (don't touch 'em)

Don't touch 'em hoe!

You see Snoop Dogg on the floor mac

Pimpin ain't (yeahhh) now sit the fuck back

I'm the man in charge, +Boss+, my backhand is hard

Silky slim, man I'm large

Mashin so big like a fo' by fo'

Show my do', and if not it's hoe by go

Ain't a hoe after I can slow my flow

My wheels cause a fortune, bitch I'm scorchin

Seen some niggaz who love to talk shit

Reach for my thang and my glove compartment

Didn't have to use it, blastin' in my music

Kids in the streets askin' Doggy how I dooze it

First place in the race and don't wanna lose it

Niggas better watch out and bitches better move it

[Interlude 2]

Yeah baby, you gots ta move your groove

To prove that you supposed to groove in the moon

as I recite naughty nothings in yo' eardrums

If you cruisin' up the boulevard in your car

Put it in park and let the dogg spark, yeah baby

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[Interlude 3]

Ohhhhhhh, nooooooooooooo

Tot that track you phone

I am Sam Dussel, DPG Buck

And I hate Stoplight

I always mack to the next Mackallenium

I told you I wouldn't C-Walk

Let me out, hahahaha!

[Snoop Dogg]

Half past late and I'm still rollin

Real hoein, make a nigga pocket still swollin

Still goin, black and white tip-toein'

Flashin my playa's car (why you play so hard?) cuz I'ma

Don

Sippin Moet, smokin Chron'

Doggy wanna see that dress my locks are on

Pimpin black-red, who let bag to blunt

Can't tell the sunset from the crack of dawn

Half tank of gas

Rollin' down the window, reach out to spank that ass

Get hot, turn down the heat, burn down the street  
My hoes love to earn my keep  
It's only five miles left, so I whipped it  
Skipped it, lifted it in overdrive  
Straight onto five, pimp nigga on the rise  
85, 95, 100 and good night and fuck that stoplight

{\*car crashes\*}

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