

Doggy's Angels f/ Snoop Dogg, Kokane

"Hoodtraps"

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[Kokane]

Sometimes I just sit alone in the dark
and blaze a whole zone
Chronic fills my mind, whoa-whoa
I'm thinkin' bout stressful times
The world is gettin' colder
My mama always said I would possess a burden on
myself
Whoa-whoa, whoa-whoa

[Snoop Dogg]

I'm stuck on stupid but I'm movin' again
We rock from the treetop, why you worryin' bout what
we got?
Curbs, birds, and homies slangin' peacocks
He plot, we plot, he cocked, we shot
Karl Kani stomp these niggaz like Reebok
Black folks is a mess, why we not
pushin' for the same goals, boy you done sold your
soul
However do ya want it?
A penny for your thought or a nickel for your kiss
If you ain't gettin' the millions why you fuckin' with it?
Hmm, hell yeah, everybody gotta eat
But you ridin' with the Devil, in your motherfuckin'
passengers seat
From bread and butter to bread and meat
You bitch ass niggaz ain't gettin' me
So why y'all sweatin' me, darin' me
Ain't nar' one of you motherfuckers scarin' me, this LBC

[Chorus: Kokane]

It's so heavy on my mind... all the time
So heavy on my mind, all the time
It's so heavy on my mind... all the time
So heavy on my mind, all the time

[Snoop Dogg]

I used to have a homie who would lend me cash
Let me use his car and stay down for the mash
And when the game came to me I did the same for his

ass

But he just kept on bringin' up the past
Let him ride out of town first-class
Had him drinkin' champagne out a hundred dollar
glass
Talkin' bout things that a nigga never had
Bought him his first pad, now my nigga mad
Called up my dad, asked him what to do about it
He said "Son, you need to pray for your enemies"
Now look at me, I'm puttin' it in God's hands
And this nigga talkin' bout gettin' at me man
Shit, the names have been changed to protect us all
Cause on the real, y'all need to holler at me dogg
I'm tryin' to put the West Coast back on the map
And I ain't goin' for no hoodtraps by no motherfuckin'
hoodrats

[Chorus: Kokane]

It's so heavy on my mind... all the time
So heavy on my mind, all the time
It's so heavy on my mind... all the time
So heavy on my mind, all the time

[Big Chan]

Y'all ain't ready for her, the hoodrat with the good cat
I'll watch these fools like somethin' out of Hollywood
They act like they on top of the world
Y'all can't stop this girl from bringin' somethin' new to
the world
Boy, my G's is movin' ki's across borders
I push dope through your tape recorders
And everybody wanna hit but everybody ain't got this
At a show watch Big Chan rock it
Like gangs my shit bang in the streets
I hang with niggaz who creep through hoods and keep
heat
Under my pillow so I could sleep, good
Big Chan make every party bounce like my homies
Fleetwood
Uh, my mission is to move y'all, like I was a U-Haul
Everybody claim to put in work, who with Ru Paul?
They comedians, and like Tony
I'ma make sure they never breathe again

[Chorus: Kokane]

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[Kokane]

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