Tha Dogg Pound "Smoke"

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Man, I gotta stop smoking this shit 'Cause that shit gon' straight I can't stop and I won't stop, ha, ha, ha Damn, yeah, straight blueberries

This microphones is mines, I seen you scopin'
I'm hopin' that you step so I can bust your chest open
This is how I am, this is my mentally
Don't try to battle me, I cause fatalities

And this is how it is when the microphone put to torture MC's done tried to step but I caught ya I'm like a sorcerer, magical with rhymes I'm one of a kind, my lines too inclined for your mind

And that's the way it is, you cant see me so don't even try

I wonder why MC's done tried to step in and they died Now I be that MC, you cant see that Lyricist that breaks MC's backs

Matter of a fact that ain't the way you should do it This is how it is in showbiz I know this MC cant even get close Cause I rock shit from the west to the east coast

Why they wanna fuck with my smoke? Why they wanna fuck with my smoke? Kurupt tell me, why they wanna fuck?

Now I'm rollin' in the fast lane tryin' to find the right lane

I'm spittin' game like big pimpin' is my name I need a flame, so I can get this shit lit Its snoop dogg, I'm bout to drop me a hit

I got my nigga named kingpin to the right
And we plan on smoking all night
And when we through my nigga named priest gon'
increase the peace
Blaze up another sack, get your kakies creased

'Cause it's on and poppin', ain't no stopping Snoop is on the mic I'm lyrically hoppin' Poppin' just like a motherfuckin' strap Don't talk shit cause your best to watch your back

Because umm, why you sleepin' we creepin'
And um, we got a fat sack of blueberries, it's scary
My brother jerry told me one day
He said snoop when you reach the top will you please
blaze a J

For me and my homie J D O G, who's in the penitentiary but see
Its still cool to me cause I'ma swing it on bring it on
Got another fat sack so blaze up the ozone

So motherfuckin' back off or jack off for my smoke, smoke, smoke

It on like that we aint no joke

Why they wanna fuck with my smoke? Somebody tell me why they wanna fuck with my smoke?

They say no to dope and ugh to drugs
But motherfuck that I'm a motherfuckin' thug nigga

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Spots stay open, under water hydro Orange fire and chronic out the side door Dogg soprano, sugar Buddha the pimp Been had hoe's, been havin' chips

Spit out gangsta shit like haa chooo In a ride, ahh with teezy with red haa shoes Tha relatives, how gangsta is that Half my life blowin' do do wit a strap in my lap

Just goin' out the ills and its hurtin' niggaz Kickin' niggaz door down and searchin' niggaz In the fence for a week and its perkin' niggaz You niggaz ain't some gangstaz you some working niggaz

Ain't no mo silent niggaz My prediction, 2004 theres gon' be hoes and snitchin' niggaz Or peepin' niggaz out the barrel of a 40 Hood on hood crime, homies killing homies

[Unverified] to Harlem, chips flippin' we ballin' Ain't nuttin' better than being young gangsta and ballin'

Blowed outta mind, probably be the high some more Master money marna for the law

I'm from the salty 619, home of the corca Mystica holders with pistolas and purple morta Americas finest find me north of tha border Please, no seeds, break bread cost an awful lot

Chay flag on a borca, slide in croca's Splitters or the swishers, twisters, hundred sport cars This for big tony, homey in the yinta Inglewood to tango, relativez the bleeka

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