

Nirvana F/ Curt Kirkwood**"Snoop Dogg"**

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[Intro: repeat 2X]

S-N-double-O-P D-O-double-gi-zee

D-O-double-gi-zee, D-O-double-gi-zee!

[Snoop talks over Intro]

Izzle kizzle, fo' schizzle

My nizzle, what you sizzle?

Fo' schizzle bizzle, ha ha

[Snoop Dogg]

Me and my partner, in my Impala

Poppin our collars, tossin up dollars

A truck on the side of with hoes that wanna follow

Bet a hundred dollars that they all wanna swallow

Doggy Doggfather

I do it to you real hard then it gets harder

It's nada - thang on mine, I 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 made for, ain't that what you stayed for?

[Chorus]

Who's that dippin' in the Cadillac? (Snoop Dogg)

Smoke 'til your eyes get cataracts (Snoop Dogg)

Who got a girl layin on her back? (Snoop Dogg)

Who's that makin that paper stack? (Snoop Dogg)

[Snoop Dogg]

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 ain't yo' thang, this my song

Move on, we in the club at the Shark Bar

Valeted my keys and park my car

No snap shots cause I might get popped

As I slide by security, givin 'em props (whattup,
whattup)
First thing I do, when I get in
Let me take you back to when I first slid in
Grab my gi-din, get my pid-in
Put my bid in, no bullshittin (no bullshittin)
We be sittin, in the corner
With smoke comin' from up under us like we sittin in
the sauna
Burnin up the charts (burnin up the charts)
Break a bitch heart, lil' mama don't you start

[Chorus]

[Interlude: repeat 2X]
S-N-double-O-P D-O-double-gi-zee
D-O-double-gi-zee, D-O-double-gi-zee!

[Snoop Dogg]
Tick tock, the ice on my watch
Slap me 'cross the face around two o'clock
But the party don't stop till we blow up (ka-boom!)
Now every lil' bitch 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 (ahh!)
He say, she say, I say no way
Don't need foreplay, okay, 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 motherfuckin
backstreets

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

(Timbaland making vocal scratches to fade)

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