What If (feat. Suga Free)

Snoop Dogg

Yeah, man
Do you ever sit and wonder sometimes
What if?
I mean, like, forreal though
I mean, sometimes I just sit and think to myself, like
What if?
I mean, that's a big question, right?
If "if" was a fifth, we'd all be fucked up
But what I really wanna know is:
What if?
(What if?)
We had a reckless motherfucker
That was king of west coast instead of big Snoop Dogg
(What if?)
We never had a nigga like Big P
From the Southside, nigga goin' "woof"
(What if?)
We never had a real woman
That could raise us and teach us, show us what the real was
(What if?)
We had to take it
If you didn't have Suga Free, motherfucker, you had to make it
Social media only ask the he-say, she-say shit
And where would I be without Tone, Pimp [?], and DJ Quik?
Act like you knew that
I'm glad I had somebody tell me
"Don't think with your dick, boy. Don't do that!"
Come on, you know me, man
I pimp on, I entertain, man
That's why I stay inside my [?] lane
I gotta be careful when I show you stuff
Cause these haters don't like you if you know too much
Yo, ow give it up if you like this
And you prefer the peace
And won't get mad if you don't have no one to fight with
We pull the cards around a phony
My sister told me, "Niggas act hard around they homies"
Because the West don't need no beef
We need our [?] and our roaches

And our Reres and our Monique
So stay prayed up, armor on, I got it
What if you talked to that man
And understood before you shot him?(What if?)
The Bloods and the Crips was the same
And all niggas joined one gang
(What if?)
My granny wouldn't have died
Man, I probably wouldn't have been from the East side
(What if?)
You could do what you don't
And live how you motherfuckin' want, say that
(What if?)
A phony is a phony, a homie is a homie
And you know the big homie don't play thatCatch him, stick him
Rip it, ride it
La di da di, we shout out the party
The old me, the new you, you niggas tryna do me
You better off tryna do you
Boo hoo, voodoo, taboo
DP, GC, what it really do?
I educate when I illustrate
And those the words I be teachin', preachin'
To each and everyone
Never been a scary one
Always been a down ass nigga, clown ass nigga
Reppin' my city, [?]
Extra extraordinaire exceptionally
Never late, predicate, elevate, levitate
My nigga, I'm way too high to ever hate
Papa Snoop in my momma Beverly, heavenly
Thank God for ya'll havin' me, for real(What if?)
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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