

From Long Beach 2 Brick City

Snoop Dogg

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Get on up to get down
And really go to town
I say, don't stop till you get enough
I wanna rock with you
Shake your stuffGet on up to get down
And really go to town
I say, don't stop till you get enough
I wanna rock with you
Shake your stuffYo yo, Doctor, everybody hit the floor
Wild out till the security hit the door, I'm dirty
Gorilla paws, bang sugar walls
Hoes wanna pop E, hang with a DoggI told my man Snoop, she salmonilla
Got a ho with no dough with condoms with her
I'm a ride to the death of Def Squad on my chest
Look at it crook at it, rob you and jetSurprise you and flex
Funk in the Cadillac truck with a chicken, bobbing her neck
You done woke up and ain't trying to sleep
You done called up Hugh Heffer to find the freaksI'mma stay on the street
I'mma stay saying, "Fuck you", behind police
My mamma ain't raise no fool, she love me
That's why she hide my tool inside her roomI'm a jump, bump, throw that ass
Rough sex, I gotta fuck with shoulder pads
I'm like baby powder, ain't nann 'nother
Ain't nann ho getting Redman butterAnd my man Gutter, DJ Murder Inc.
Ja know them hoes yo we can't love 'em
Underground the heat yeah, I stay buzzing
Mixtapes I'm on the street they stay dubbingBrick City riding, then 'bout it 'bout it
Shoot up you town then we Bin Ladin hidin'
Meth, show 'em where the luger kept
Open your safe, show me where the food and vestI hope when Dre hear this, he give a beat for ten more
'Cause I stay on the corner like squeegeemen
Yo Nate Dogg, what's happening y'all

Long Beach, Brick City, scream at your frogEverybody shaking
All these hoes around me
She was lost in the land of love
Glad that Nate Dogg found meGirl, you got a phatty
New York back to Cali
You know who got the bomb weed
Long Beach to Brick CityI know just want you want, I got just want you need
Turn that shit around, and back it up on me
Since I was the first, I guess I'll be the last to leave
D-O-double-G, will you keep it gangsta pleaseI got to do it, yes yes loc', we keep the best smoke
Me and my nigga, my nerve, my kinfolk
I kick a bitch in the ass and then smoke
I'm a motherfucking fool in the pool doing the breaststrokeYou want a problem, well, let's go
'Cause if not I came to disco
And freak this ho from Acopoqo
And flip her inside out, now I'm 'bout to rideLet's go we hit the hood slow
Post up, set up, shop and press four
Who got the best flow, who got the most dough
Who got the best hoes, nigga you knowShit its been ten years since I hit some cess smoke
But I still rock a mean coat on the West Coast in the summertime
And I crumble mine down to the dandelion
Nigga watch how I handle mineSpiritual, hear we go, hear this
Snoop D-O-double-G, man I'm so fearless
Square biz, you know what time it is
I'm cool on these niggas but I'm hard on a bitchNow check dis, fact is
Put your back out, now back in
Go head, wiggle it, round you feeling me now
Girlfriend, you killing them nowThe way you shake your booty
It makes me want your booty
The way you shake your booty
Sure looks good to meThe way you shake your booty
It makes me want your booty
The way you shake your booty
Sure looks good to me

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