

# Smoke

## Tha Dogg Pound

Man, I gotta stop smoking this shit  
'Cause that shit gon' straight  
I can't stop and I won't stop, ha, 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  
It on like that we aint no joke So motherfuckin' back off or jack off for my smoke, smoke, smoke 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 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 niggaSpots 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' chipsSpit 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 lapJust 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 niggazAin'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 lawI'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 lotChay 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 bleekaWhy they wanna fuck with my smoke?  
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