Doe Doe

Webbie

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[Verse 1 - Webbie]It ain't no joke up in here, got so much smoke up in here
That you'll prolly choke up in here, if you ain't on that dope up in here
Mayne I should slow up in here, cause I can't get roped up in here
Got this lil'hoe up in here and I ain't had insurance in years
But I'll turn the wheels, the music fuck up your ears
Snatch some mo twenty-sixes, give you mo shit to go whisper
I have 'em big, by the line-you clip 'em one at a time
You do this shit by the month, I switch 'em up by the blunt
So don't be stuntin, respect that chickens and boppas be on me
And Yeah I'm prolly in the projects with some lil'niggas that's wanted
In the whip with some tint, bad bitch with some sense
I get tired of ridin this, I hit the castle and switch
Yeah my lil'homie done came up on some extravagant shit

So I roll it up and took me an extravagant hit
Got to laughin and grinnin, mayne it must be Bleezy
Started trippin and cheesin, I rolled another one, immediate-you know I'm...
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[Verse 2 - Lil' Phat]I be creepin slowly in the Monte Carlo
I ain't goin inside till tomorrow
I gotta get it, give a fuck if it's your car note
Black Jeep behind me that's my nigga Marlo
I pull up at the studio, I'm gettin blunted
With a stripper, Boosie call her Young Dummy
My girl hit me, Phat bring yo ass home
Not right now cause I'm gettin my thug on

Eyes low, Yeah I'm smokin off the pound
Hat back, seats low-me and my round
4-4 in my pack it's kind of heavy
Take it off, put it on my lap-I stay ready
This shit garbage mayne I'm tired of smokin this
Hit my nigga B to get some different shit
Mothafucka and don't never think I'm scary
I put hollow tips through yo fuckin belly
They gon burn ya like a deli, I stay ready
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[Verse 3 - Bun B]Mayne I'm always in the ghetto, in the ghetto you can find me
Cadillac swangin-car killas right behind me
Rollin down the interstate doin bout ninety
The car so smoked out this shit is about to blind me
Gotta crack the window and let loose the smog
While I'm bendin corners in my candy painted hog
This sweet is so impact, this mothafuckas like a log
I take another hit and then I pass it to my dogg
A doe, doe smokin gangsta, I stay twistin that green
A twenty eight gram a day habit, know what I mean
If I don't get medicine nigga on the cool
I'm bout to start trippin out-actin a mothafuckin fool
That's when Dr.Jekyll turn into Hyde on these boys
And pull out the hecklar and start to ride on these boys
Where I'm from we ain't lettin shit slide on these boys
But we gon'keep our pistols and our eyes on these boys, That's Wassup
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