

Two or More

Snoop Dogg

You niggas don't hear me though
Turn it up, nigga, this shit's in stereo
I walked in with a Philly ho
Let me give it to you, young locc, on the really though
Hands, the keys, the Benz, the trees
The birds, the bees, the C's, the G's
I get it like I'm 'posed to, you should be close to me
Right up under my wing
Words I sing, verbs I bring
Bread to the park, head in the dark
Ready with art, I said it with heart
Merely distorted, dearly departed
Look what you started
I'm cool as a mother and you acting retarded
Just what the motherfuckin' doctor ordered
It's the d-o-g with the p-o-p
Not one, not two, but three
I gotta have two or more
Two or more, baby
Maybe even three or four
Like three, like four
Listen to me, baby
I need two or more
Yeah
Maybe even three or four
She likes love, drugs, and sex
Love, drugs, and sex
She likes love, drugs, and sex
Have a seat and don't say one word
Cause you will never catch Snoop Dogg with just one bird
And if I do, I'll probably kick it to the curb
And come anew
Runnin' back, I'm-a keep runnin' through
Hut one, hut two
Down set, hike two, three, four
We go overtime
I'm-a give you something that's gonna blow your mind
And take your time, relax a bit
I came here to mack a bitch

This P is so immaculate
I rap a bit just to taste
Puttin' hair to the snare to the bass
Snap that, Snapchat, flick it up
One of me, three of ya'll, so lick it up
I'm back to the hangin' again, bangin' again
Nigga, could you sing it again? I gotta have two or more
Two or more, baby
Maybe even three or four
Like three, like four
Listen to me, baby
I need two or more
Yeah
Maybe even three or four
She likes love, drugs, and sex
Love, drugs, and sex
She likes love, drugs, and sex Freak-a-leek, I speak the truth
I got girls lined up trying to get in the booth
Original, more like a miracle
High definition visual, digital, minimal
But it can be maxed out
Track meet, more meat blow your back out
I had to pull the 'lac out
Cause there was too many of ya'll to be left out
I stepped out mackish with the whole package
Bread with the cabbage, me and a bad bitch
Or two, make it three
31 flavors, nigga
It gets no better than this
Now, who in the world can get you more wetter than this?
I'm back to the hangin' again, bangin' again
Nigga, could you sing it again? I gotta have two or more
Two or more, baby
Maybe even three or four
Like three, like four
Listen to me, baby
I need two or more
Yeah
Maybe even three or four
She likes love, drugs, and sex
Love, drugs, and sex
She likes love, drugs, and sex Two or more

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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