

# My Own Way (feat. Mr. Porter)

## Snoop Dogg

Bank accounts big cars  
Living good like a movie star  
My mama house ain't in the hood no more  
I moved her out to ?  
But it's a trip dog 'cause I am a twenty Crip dog  
I gotta lay low my homies wanna do low  
I got two strikes and I am gonna get my third  
These niggers snitching on me they think I am selling birds  
So when I am in the streets I am quick on my feet  
See talk is cheap so I stay put on my heat  
You niggers bad well Dogg is badder  
Ratta, tadder, make you niggers sadder  
I was once shot your boy want me now  
Went to the station that nigger straight point me out  
See I am a lay away and spray away and spray away  
'Cause at this time I think it's best I just stay away[Chorus]  
They say I am a fool  
'Cause I like to do my thing my own way  
I gotta couple strikes against me  
One more and I am on my way  
I ain't got time to hang around the hood like I used to do  
I gotta get my break, keep my head and see  
That you never get this money instead Separate elevate concentrate dominate and innovate  
Try to be, flies me and every other homie tellin' lie to me  
I need a deal I need some stones  
I need some beats, dog I need a loan  
Help me out throw me some cash  
If I got it, you got it, you ain't got to ask  
But on the real or is it lately a lot of homies  
They try to implicate me  
They say I changed is it the fame  
If I throw it to you then charge it to the game  
Money full, overload, in the hood, another episode  
Man I am getting old, the game cold  
Yeah I am from the dub, that ain't how I roll[Chorus]

Songwriters

DENAUN M PORTER, CALVIN BROADUS, HORACE JACKSON, ARMOND DAVIS  
Published by  
Lyrics Â© THE ADMINISTRATION MP, INC.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>