Hey Y'all

Eve

Yeah, yeah, Evie Eve
And you know, you better know
I keep some chuck's on my feet khakis on my legs
Trunk full of funk, nigga, while I'm breaking bread
Sliding through your system, banging, bobbing heads
Doing mines and I don't care what other niggaz saying
They can pop it but they can't stop it, boy, I'm getting mine
Selling clothes up in this bitch like Calvin Klein
Getting cuties to shake they booty at the same time
I'd be damned if I go back to jail for the same crime
I'm too slick to get caught up in this dirty game
I'm a scholar that make dollaz off the birdy game
Crip hoping I got it popping on the boulevard
Man, I ain't fucking with Chevy's, I got my own car
D O double, you don't wanna rumble, why you testing me?
Oh, I know, you must be gone off them ecstasy
Bad habits, you better kick it before it get you loc
And try to get yourself hooked on this chronic smoke
Fo' sho'
Hey y'all, doggs from East to West Coast
All my doggs, we could smoke
We 'bout to take some bank roll
Everywhere that I go
Man, I see the same hoes
I know they already know
Yeah, we like it real raw
Snoop, Evie Eve and Nate Dogg
Uh, huh, these niggas got you head nodding
And this chick got the drums from your ears throbbing
Known to do it, baby bubblin', do 'chu dare stop it
Love when bitches hate you, hear the song pimps, ain't nothing to me
Got my nigga, Snoop, he been down
As for my nigga, Nate, shit, he was in town
Created heat so you can bang it, crank it nice and loud
Can't block me out, I'm popping up Evie Eve, I'm upon your TV
Ain't never stuck up off the freezyness
Same bitch, same pitch, nothing ridiculous
Want this brown girl, I see you thug lick your lips
Gotta have that bombshell, damn girl, I need you for me

Keep love on the both sides, we in the church
On these niggas getting smoke ties, domino playing up here
Praying that they legalize but fuck it still choke top down
Baby blowing smoke in the sky, come on
Hey y'all, doggs from East to West Coast
All my doggs, we could smoke
We 'bout to take some bank roll
Everywhere that I go
Man, I see the same hoes
I know they already know
Yeah, we like it real raw
Snoop, Evie Eve and Nate Dogg
Now, when you see me acting up in the club
(It ain't nothin')
Uh, six fall up on dub's
(It ain't nothin')
Huh, breaking up blueberry buds
(It ain't nothing)
And every hood showing nothing but love
(It ain't nothing)
Taste buds ain't the same, for the simple brain
Should'a never let me learn what millions really mean
Yeah, I'm a simple girl but really don't want simple things
Keep real doggs close, hate cats with simple brains
Not ready for the collision, stay up in your lane
East Coast, West Coast, you still don't fuckin' think
Dedicated to you, baby, keep your gangsta lean
You gots to be my queen 'cause I'm the Bigg King
The one with the Bigg house with the Bigg things
Sista Eve, you blessed the whole scene
You're the queen of the team, with cream, you're so supreme
A blessin' in the skies, open up your eyes
Me and you together, shit, we gon' collect the vibes
Exercise and go where we wanna go, stay fly
Sho' and original, turn up your stereo
'Cause here we go, here we go
Hey y'all, doggs from East to West Coast
All my doggs, we could smoke
We 'bout to take some bank roll
Everywhere that I go
Man, I see the same hoes
I know they already know
Yeah, we like it real raw
Snoop, Evie Eve and Nate Dogg
It ain't nothing

It ain't nothing
It ain't nothing
It ain't nothing

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