

From tha Chuuuch to da Palace (feat. Pharrell)

Snoop Dogg

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Fa shizzle dizzle, it's the big neptizzle
With the Snoopy DO double jizzle
(Snoop Dogg!)
C-walk to this
(Snoop Dogg!)
He, he, yeah, C-walk to this
(Snoop Dogg!)
Ah, ah, C-walk to this
(Snoop Dogg!)Bam, boom, watchoo gone do 'cuz?
Guess I'm rollin' in with them baby blue chucks
And I still got my khakis creased
I'm still rockin' on these beats
And got a bad rep on the streetsIt's the SN, double OP and biggest Dogg of 'em all
And you'se a flea
And since I got time to drop it for you, I guess I must
And give it to you mother fuckas like Bust-a-Bust
I keep the heat on deck but in God we trust
And can't none of yall, fuck wit usBut you can run up on the G but that's not thinkin' wisely
These pullas are contagious, just like Ron Isley
(What the hell is goin' on? Someone's sleepin' in my home)
Snoop to the DO, double G
Get in where you fit in, follow meWho's the man with that dance?
(Snoop Dogg!)
Who kick the khakis from his pants?
(Snoop Dogg!)
Get the dro' low, anything will stand
(Snoop Dogg!)
Still rock the gin 'n juice in hand
(Snoop Dogg!)I do it for the G's, and I do it for the Hustlaz
Here to annihilate you mark-ass bustas
Fuck the police 'cuz all they wanna do is cuff us
The one nigga is chilly as if his name was UsherBut I'm still ridin' in Macks, makin' 'em G stacks

And got them Corn Rows to the back
 I ain't really tryin' to be picky
 But if you give me somethin', it's got to be the stickyDoin' by the ounces, lo' lo's bouncin'
 Ninety doin' fakin' with kissin' on the couchin'
 Boo to the ouchin', more a fountain'
 But that's how we get anotha Doggy Dogg housin'This year we ain't fuck wit thousands
 We clean with millions and we fly as a Falcon
 Pull up to the Doggy Dogg pound, with a car fulla bitches
 Fuckin' grits like AliceWho's the man with that dance?
 (Snoop Dogg!)
 Who kick the khakis from his pants?
 (Snoop Dogg!)
 Get the dro' low, anything will stand
 (Snoop Dogg!)
 Still rock the gin 'n juice in hand
 (Snoop Dogg!)Three 14 inch rims is runnin' on the side
 (They riding on the side?)
 Yeah, they runnin' on the side
 Three 14 inch rims is running on the side
 (They riding on the side?)
 Yeah, they runnin' on the sideThree 14 inch rims is runnin' on the side
 (They riding on the side?)
 Yeah, they runnin' on the side
 Three 14 inch rims is runnin' on the side
 (They riding on the side?)
 Yeah, they runnin' on the sideTake two and pass it, it will not burn you
 From the Long Beach Chronicles to the Wall Street Journal
 They all know the G with the cut in his coupe
 Ask Bill Gates
 (Yeah, I know the homie Snoop)Yeah, I'm still loaded, hangin' wit my folk and
 Follow Rakim 'cuz I ain't no jokin'
 'Cuz I done seen so much
 Enuff to have your felons touchedWhen the gunshots ratta, all ya boys scatta'
 Check up on ya homies but they gave ya bad data
 Nigga fuckin stop breathin'
 That is so reliev'in', and now ya bitches are leavin'What I say 'cuz what I say is so real
 Homie you don' wanna see da, steel
 You don't wanna catch a body, you can't hear the party
 Now that's what you should do, now where's my Baby-Boo?Who's the man with that dance?
 (Snoop Dogg!)
 Who kick the khakis from his pants?
 (Snoop Dogg!)
 Get the dro' low, anything will stand
 (Snoop Dogg!)
 Still rock the gin 'n juice in hand

(Snoop Dogg!)Yeah, no introduction, is needed
But for those who still, refuse to accept
the reading on the wall, for the new Mack-allenium
This is the Archbishop Don Magic Juan
Chairman of the Board, of famous players everywhere
And Im puttin' it down with Big Snoop Dogg, the legend
The King Player, my friend, yo friend
The L.B.C. Savior
Also known, in this new Mack-allenium, as Da Boss

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