

Stoplight

Sam Hart

How else could you capture the world?
If you don't attack from the back
To the million march
Yo, Snoopa Donna, what? When I pull up to the stoplight, I gotta have a paper right
If you come back right then we can boog it
When I pull up to the stoplight, I gotta have a paper right
If you come back right then we can boog it Boggy, boggy, boogy, I'm goin' 65, 75, 80
Mashin' down the boulevard downtown movin' like crazy
In the fastlane, I've been shinin' tryna keep the timin' on the track
With the diamond in the back Move roof wide open, scopin', lockin'
The bitches relieve, the hoes keep hopin'
They can get it, fit in, back seat, just sit in
Four hoes on a black tryna put their bid in Girl, put it to work, you gon do the damn thing
Happen, the rest of y'all, eat dirt
I'm rollin' in the 'Mackmobile', I'm back for real
One hundred percent, pimp-motion, that's the deal Back wheel-spinnin', number one, I'm winnin'
Hoes lookin' inside and they just to grinnin'
Waitin' to choose, while the rest wait to pay y'all dues
Don't trip I keep my hoes in two When I pull up to the stoplight, I gotta have a paper right
If you come back right then we can boog it
When I pull up to the stoplight, I gotta have a paper right
If you come back right then we can boog it Yeah, this is radio station 187.4 FM on your dial
In your car up inside the four o'clock traffic jam
We gon be takin' request right now at 87752-Snoop
Call station namin' ya game
Aw, yeah, hello, aw yeah, this Soopa fly here
Man I wanna get a piece of that Stoplight shit
Man that motherfuckin' baggin church You see them pretty buttons on my stereo?
Don't touch 'em, don't touch 'em hoe
You see Snoop Dogg on the floor mac
Pimpin' ain't, yeah, now sit the fuck back! I'm the man in charge, Boss, my backhand is horse
Simple slim, man I'm large, mashin' so big like a fo' by fo'
Show my do' and if not it's hoe by go
Ain't a hoe after I can slow my flow My wheels cause a fortune, bitch I'm scorchin'
Seen some niggaz who love to talk shit
Reach for my thang and my tough compartment
Dipnap the use it, flashed in my music Kids in the streets askin', Doggy how I dooze it?
First place in the race and don't wanna lose it
Niggas better watch out and bitches better move it Yeah baby, you gots ta move your groove

To prove that you supposed to groove in the moon
As I recite naughty nothings in yo' eardrums
If you cruisin' up the boulevard in your car
Put it in park and let the Dogg spark, yeah baby
When I pull up to the stoplight, I gotta have a paper right
If you come back right then we can boog it
When I pull up to the stoplight, I gotta have a paper right
If you come back right then we can boog it
When I pull up to the stoplight, I gotta have a paper right
If you come back right then we can boog it
Ooh, no, tot that track you phone
I am Sam Dussel, DPG Buck and I hate Stoplight
I always make to the next McMany
I told you right I wouldn't C-Walk, light me out
Half past late and I'm still rollin'
Real hoein', make a nigga pocket still swollen'
Still goin', black and white tip-toein'
Flash in my playa's car, why you play so hard? 'Cuz I'ma Don
Sippin' Moet, smokin' Chron'
Doggy wanna see that dress my locks are on
Pimpin' black-red, who let bag to blunt
Can't tell the sunset from the crack of dawn
Half tank of gas
Rollin' down the window, reach out to extinct that ass
Get hot, turn down the heat, burn down the street
My hoes love to earn my keep
It's only five miles left so I whipped it
Skipped it, lifted it and overdrive
Straight onto five, pimp nigga on the rise
85, 95, 100 and good night and fuck that stoplight

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