

Got Those

Snoop Dogg

All money ain't good money
But ain't no money like the show money We came from the bottom to the top floor
Plus I paid for it it cost a lot though
Money problems everybody got those
But now a days we don't got those
Birkin bag all my bitches got those
No chanel everybody got those
Shooters on the roof know we got those
Hear a couple shots, hope you got those I pull up in a full metal jacket
Pop shots, top notch with the ratchet
I leave a nigga dead on the asphalt
Slap em in the face tell em take them fuckin' pants off
T'd up, g'd up when we stance off
Two to the chest make a bitch nigga dance off
Goin' with the wizzin, juice with the gizzin'
Rides til' i'm risen, strong with the pizzen'
You don't know, oh, I fucked your hizzoe
Timbo, the designer, and finer fuck what it cizzost
See everything i'm rock and wear its handmade
If she with me then she got it all you understand me We came from the bottom to the top floor
Plus I paid for it it cost a lot though
Money problems everybody got those
But now a days we don't got those
Birkin bag all my bitches got those
No chanel everybody got those
Shooters on the roof know we got those
Hear a couple shots, hope you got those The police, motherfuckin' gang to me
And money, ain't a motherfuckin' thang to me
Let me break it down for you, keep a few shooters
And a damn good lawyer
Preparation for the worst, meditation with this verse
Education, rebirth, 'cause you know if you last you first
And everybody wanna be the best, red bottom shoes for your louie bag on your neck
Baby remember before you had shoes
When yo' life was filled with nothing but bad news
See everything I rock and wear is handmade
If she with me then she got it all you understand me We came from the bottom to the top floor
Plus I paid for it it cost a lot though
Money problems everybody got those

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No chanel everybody got those
Shooters on the roof know we got those
Hear a couple shots, hope you got those
New cars got that, good weed blow that
Bag bitch yessir, og for sure that
Used to stay with my momma on the couch
Like the jeffersons i'm moving on up and i'm out
Penthouse with the butler who waits by the door
To ensure i'm the only motherfucker on this floor
I got game, I got fame, I got cash, I got love
I got so many hoes, i'm bout to open a club
You got me, I got you, you got one, I got two
Stop by and have a good time its popping' at snoops
Got a whole lot of this and I mix it with that
Me and timberland remember we bringin' it back
We came from the bottom to the top floor
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Songwriters

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