

High School

Snoop Dogg

Big Mac, Big Sack, Like This, Like That
Big Man on Campus, I'll be Right Back
Like Mike, Like Max, My Life, My Fight
Menace
Mo' business in the beginning
But hoes stupid
But ended up bein a chemist
24/7, Dev, my nigga committed
Classmates
Ended up as my roll dog
I showed him how to live
How to ball till we fall
Harder it is, make you much smarter dog
Follow instructions, changed up the dialogue
Manifest, no stress
Life is a big test
Will you fail? Or will you pass?
Smoke grass, trim trees
Tryin to find some air to breath
Messed up, please baby, baby please
Diplomas, Gowns, Caps and Degrees
These are necessities
In life ya need
Some gone and did it
Focus, Committed
15 years later, the year a nigga finally did it
Now who's to say in life is up, slow down?
And when you get up, you gotta get down.
And when you get up, look around
And don't frown on the ones that down
Just give 'em a hand
It's like mix and fixin up pots and pans
Listen up, I'm poppin up like rockin the band
No playin, all from the heart to the hand
We gon roll it, smoke it, and do it again.
I'm the apprentice
Back on my pimp shit
Roll it, puff it, now give it to him
Physical fitness
Smokin' relentless
Nouns and pronouns, they make up my sentence
High School days. Blowin on the purple haze
High School days. Blowin on the purple haze

And you know everywhere that we go if it's there for its Mac then we blow it
by the O
Niggas know me for rollin' the OGs on someone low key, twistin a whole bush
And if I got it, then you can get it; it's on us
Smoke so much product that they prolly give me my own kush
We blow it by the zone
Break down, blow it at a bone
Take you to my crib and show you how to roll, bro
And my pockets lookin kinda swole
Me and Mac smoking Grade A on a roll
Now all of the teachers on us
They can have contact cuz I keep diplomas
Car automatic don't need the key to start it

Know it's us juzt cuz of the weed aroma
Lookin for me, nigga, I'm in the tree department
With a doobie rolled up in a secret compartment
Tryin to finish up this speech and get my diploma
So I can a career where my OG can harvest
And my niggas can ball
I'm talkin so much weed that there's shit in the walls
It start growing the spring and get picked in the fall
I'm used to goin to every class, but I'm missin them all
Fuckin with Mac, smoking spliffs in the hall
Singing this song like
Niggas know me, blowin on the OG
Niggas know me, blowin on the OG
Niggas know me

High School Niggas
Dev and Mac, Mac and Dev
Put it in a Zag
Put it in a Blunt
Do what you want