

# I Can't Swim

Snoop Dogg

I am Sir Dogg, DPG fuck... and I hate water.  
I never learned to swim....  
AAAAH! PUT ME DOWN!!!! Let go of my leg!!!  
I HATE WATER!!!! I CAN'T SWIM!!!! AAAAH!!!!

Now matter where I go, you got'cha eyes on me,  
And everybody sittin' around waitin' on me,  
Show us how you do it Uncle Snoopy,  
So fluid wit' your technique, y'all niggaz gon' respect me,  
Man, I been doin' dis' shit before I even learned how to crawl though,  
Gettin' interviewed by mothafuckaz like Geraldo,  
And niggaz wanna know if I smoke Newports or Marlboros?  
Man, I'm fuckin' wit' dat real shit, nigga can you feel dis'?  
I make dat shit for the realest of millions,  
While I'm wheelin' and dealin' and feelin the feelin',  
Hmm... and oh what a relief it is,  
That Snoop is back in dis mothafucka handlin' his biz,  
Takin' care of his kids and makin' hits, oh shit,  
There it is again, you never know if your career might flop, fizz  
So, stay on your toes and keep a pair wit'cha foes,  
And keep a set of new hoes and floatin' and tie da bow,  
Fuck these niggaz and peep out Whitey Ro (?),  
Somebody told? Well then, somebody gettin' rolled on,  
And that's usually how the scenario rolls on,  
Baby girl said she wanna keep her clothes on,  
She either fuckin' gettin' stole on or gotta stroll home,  
Well number one, keep your hand on your gun,  
And don't (don't) trust (trust) anyone (anyone, one, one.....)

Ohh... you can't trust nobody baby.... you can't even trust your own Mama!!!  
This is Snoopy Collins.... trust no one.... especially a bitch....  
Or even a bitch-ass nigga.... Yo Ha!!!!

T-R-U-S-T in me, I'm sexy but I'm pussy,  
The homies in the hood call me Lil' Bo Peep,  
And you da type a nigga I been dyin' ta meet,  
So Snoopy, what'chu tryin' to do?  
Now hold on lil' mama, ain't no reason for me to lie to you,  
Now what I'm tryin' to do, and what I'm gon' do,  
Is hit this bud, I got a wife at home,  
Bitch I ain't lookin' for none, you might got kids for cuz, or down wit' bud  
Pushin' them dubs, look here cuz,  
Lemme tell you how it's gon' be  
If I was broke loc, these bitches wouldn't want me  
I'm tellin' you the good-god truth, you want proof?  
Ask them hoes over there, "Y'all wanna fuck Snoop?" (yeah!)  
We'll take the money and the game away,  
I bet they won't say the same that day,  
But it's okay, cuz I don't trip,  
Cuz "Bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks",  
I thought I told you, bitch I'm a soulja,  
East side, long beach, gang-bang roller,  
From the solar, cuz this, is it,  
Can ya dig it? (I can dig it!!!)  
Jelly Roll pulled a rabbit out his hat,  
I pull a strap out my mothafuckin' back (Aaah!), cuz I know it's like dat,  
I'm in a meetin' wit' these white folks talkin' bread,

They want a contract on a nigga till' I'm dead,  
If I don't sign they gon' turn me over to the feds,  
They struck me out, now I'm pinch-hittin' for the Reds,  
But I'm a Dodger blue, so I gotta keep it true,  
I gotta home-run, nigga we long gone,  
I'm realizin', justizin', visualizin',  
Rip-ridin', put mines in,  
Takin' this game to the next level,  
Trustin' no one, especially them Red Devils,  
Keep ya head level, hand on my get-up,  
Stay on the red-up, pimpin' ain't easy, but there's a whole lot of fed-up,  
And like I told you from the get-go, don't trust no one (no one, no one),  
And like I told you from the getti, don't trust no one...

OH NO!!! YOU DID IT AGAIN!!!! PUT ME DOWN!!!!  
I HATE WATER, I CAN'T SWIM!!!! I NEVER LEARNED TO SWIM!!!!  
I SHOULDN'T HAVE TRUSTED YOU!!!! I PUT ALL OF MY TRUST IN YOU!!!!  
AND YOU TOOK ME TO THE WATER..... OH NO!!!!