

Staxxx in My Jeans

Snoop Dogg

Staxxx in my jeans Phantom up in my garage (2x)
My pockets fill they rerun, your pockets fill they rawzz.

Its the same story, a nigga rich,
Im on some nigga shit, and your nigga bitach!
You better check em, tell em Im off the chain,
I buck and bang, homie thats only game,
Oh I aint got a problem, you see me get the staxxx,
You see I bought the Phantom, 24's dont come with that,
Ive been around the world, check grippin every state,
Your bitch dont like me, she fake, so people might call it hate,
But I dont give a damn, a boss's life is how I make that bread,
Toss the mic and Ill still be richer than rich and have your bitch make my bed,
My pockets fat as shit, you niggas mad as shit,
Fuck neither Warner bro's, Im on some Gladys shit,
Many have tried and failed, shit Im out on bail,
I make more cheese than your old man and he went to Yale,
Shit I went to jail, you can go to hell,
You got some shit to tell, I got some shit to sell.

I got staxxx in my jeans Phantom up in my garage,
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I got staxxx in my jeans Phantom up in my garage (yeah!)
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Candy paint drippin, look at all them bags,
I had to show and brag, coz being broke's a drag,
I gotta get this paper, my kids they gotta eat!
We got a lotta heat, just case them dollars, cease,
Been out for ballin, shot callin and I make that change,
And I dont want the Range, chop that spray on thangs,
Thats how gangstas do it, we get our green and bricks,
We put our green in blunts, you spend your green on chicks,
Im on some playa shit, dynasty straight Lakers shit,
Cook it up on some baker shit, and chop it up on some paper bitch!
I got my mind right, and my money right,
If you aint in the game for the money, you the funny type,
And Im laughing my ass off, Phantom with the mask off,
Legal, so they hatin when I gas off,
You know how Snoopy does it, Phantom, dont bitch touch it,
One hundred thousand a show, Im gettin dough like fuck!

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Look how that flag hangin, gangbangin I aint no punk,
Maintain till that thang came out the truck, make that (A)K go pop pop pop!
Im bout my bidness boy, makin money never been so smooth,
Your bitch you bout to lose, coz she about to choose!
And thats the way it goes, S N double O,
You want that quiet type, I want that trouble ho!
Now go get paper girl, yeah, I meant for real,
One time I told a bitch not to come back till she got two thousand dollars in two dollar bills! (Wow!)

Thats cold game, a ho thang,
Im high as Soul Plane, I smoked the whole thang,
You know how daddy do it, Im true to it,
I take a cocaine, bew it then put some blue to it!
Thats some gangsta shit, these hoes love this gangsta dick,
Khaki's and some gangsta kicks, yea bitch thats my gangsta fit,
Im ballin boy, and you aint got to ask,
She all about this pimpin, Im all about this cash,

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