

Talent Show

Snoop Dogg

Everytime I go out
I'm blowing that smoke out
I buy it, don't even know the price
I talk cause I live it, come pay me a visit
And I'll be somewhere up in the sky
My nigga it's about to go down
We fly, it's no lie, that we high, 'til we die
All we need up in heres hoes now
Roll one up, clean the ride, case them hoes wanna jump inside

Got a joint filled with quality shit
My bottom bitch smoking with me, niggas talk shit
All of 'em shrimp
I'm a big fish
Roll a joint, lick it once, tell you hit this
Groupies on my dick
Several kushes on my hit-list
In and out these niggas bitches
Smoking tree and not to mention hustling, trying to mind my business
You probably went to class while I was in the hallway skipping
Yeah I hear what they saying, just be to high to listen
'Bout my money, tripping if I even fold it wrong
You ain't smoking this good
If it's fire, tell you I sold it all
Or wait 'til one of my hoes come 'round to roll it all
Or say fuck it and cuff it 'til I go smoke with Dogg
I show off, I show off, I show off
Car push to start, hit the button once it go off
Keep the money coming in and the papers rolled up
And ain't worried about a hating nigga, they get no love

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I go green like I was Arch Bishop Don Juan
And blow circles around you suckas like a marathon
My gym teacher told me but I didn't listen
My bitch did my homework and now I'm in detention
It should be suspension
This is my audition
So play your position, get the picture I envision
Did she mention: Snoop Dogg was made for kissing
A barracuda fishing, she on a mission for me
Pleasure, pain, and glory in my inventory
My SATs my little bitch she did 'em for me
And now we prancing on stage at the talent show
We flossing, my clothes, my chain, and my knapsack
Full of that, hand me that, can you see my telescope
Principal say she want to see me cause she smell my smoke
'Bout my money, tripping even if I fold it wrong

Blowing zones with Wiz because this is the protocol

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