

## We Rest N Cali

Snoop Dogg

My goodness my gracious shell toe Adidas with the fat blue laces  
Hand full of aces trumped up dump trunk white wall paces  
Drink til you drop motherfucker cop  
Old English 800 on the block  
Way before St. Ide's came to the spot  
Niggas used to hang out and do the pop lock  
And if we got into some shit we never pop shots  
We'd squab scrap whatever it was  
And live to talk about it and we get old cause  
And keep a pack of zig zags for that good old bud  
We do a house party what the fuck is a club  
And the ese's they sold most of the drugs  
La familia hell and We get money yeah and we do low ride  
Represent it and talk nope no not I  
That's the code in every hood that you roam  
Fastest way to catch a hot slug in your dome  
O.G. the place that I call home  
Black Lac like that and it's sitting on chrome  
Plaque in back strap in Lac  
Antennas wake you up for a rat trying to set a new trap  
Swinging the track dripping curl juice on your back  
Breaking hearts like Roger and Zapp motherfucker

Back in the day it was cheaper to keep her  
Hang out with your friends and smoking the reefer  
Pound for pound we were the baddest in town  
You just had to get up for the get down  
Some say we the next generation  
But we lack education

Drinking mad dog 20/20  
Silver satin blue Kool Aid sagging in my Dickies  
I got my loccs on sailing through my neighborhood  
Catch you slipping on them bricks it ain't all good  
Front door kicker Glock spitter  
Black and gold flag across my face when I get you  
3 wheeler tipping turning up the Alpine  
while I listen to the grapevine  
blue Crips all by the front door  
East side rip riding gang banging all I know  
Heart break hotel hush puppy neck kicker  
I grew up on that crazy one five nigga  
If you locc from my block then hop something  
And I ain't talking bout no peel nigga block hunting  
Blue corduroys while I'm talking on my brick phone  
14 years old had to bring the shit home  
My uncle Sugar Bear showed me how to bag it up  
Look at the block now nigga it's sewed up  
I ain't playing with you old grand pubas  
Peace out Rolando ran things with no Now take a picture of this 8 ball sippe  
r  
Look down at my shoes blue strings nigga  
Goldie Loc will keep this motherfucker crack-a-lackin  
The only thing I wanna hear is gang bang rapping

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But we lack education

Hanging with the crew of devastation  
Yeah but we one nation mama  
Tally-ho and away we go  
See you next week with a brand new show  
When you funk around here ain't nothing consensual  
You know I funk so hard you gonna need your parent's credential  
Now I'm in the street cause I lost my sheep  
But now I know where to find that  
Now how cool is cold when you're trying to compete  
Standing next to me son you better take a seat  
Can't none of you cut throats funk like me  
You better check with Snoop Dogg and get your pedigree  
Why oh why do I think like that  
If I am with the dog you must be a cat  
Now tally-ho and away we go  
See you next week with a brand new show  
I want the bomb I want that O.G. back  
There's a party going on in my head  
While I think about the blood that we shed  
Then party uh when the player play  
There's a party going on up in here

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Hanging with the Snoopatronics bobba