

What If

Snoop Dogg

Yeah, man
Do you ever sit and wonder sometimes
What if?
I mean, like, forreal though
I mean, sometimes I just sit and think to myself, like
What if?
I mean, that's a big question, right?
If "if" was a fifth, we'd all be fucked up
But what I really wanna know is:
What if?

(What if?)
We had a reckless motherfucker
That was king of west coast instead of big Snoop Dogg
(What if?)
We never had a nigga like Big P
From the Southside, nigga goin' "woof"
(What if?)
We never had a real woman
That could raise us and teach us, show us what the real was
(What if?)
We had to take it
If you didn't have Suga Free, motherfucker, you had to make it

Social media only ask the he-say, she-say shit
And where would I be without Tone, Pimp and DJ Quik?
Act like you knew that
I'm glad I had somebody tell me
"Don't think with your dick, boy. Don't do that!"
Come on, you know me, man
I pimp on, I entertain, man
That's why I stay inside my lane
I gotta be careful when I show you stuff
Cause these haters don't like you if you know too much
Yo, ow give it up if you like this
And you prefer the peace
And won't get mad if you don't have no one to fight with
We pull the cards around a phony
My sister told me, "Niggas act hard around they homies"
Because the West don't need no beef
We need our and our roaches
And our Reres and our Monique
So stay prayed up, armor on, I got it
What if you talked to that man
And understood before you shot him?

(What if?)
The Bloods and the Crips was the same
And all niggas joined one gang
(What if?)
My granny wouldn't have died
Man, I probably wouldn't have been from the East side
(What if?)
You could do what you don't
And live how you motherfuckin' want, say that
(What if?)
A phony is a phony, a homie is a homie

And you know the big homie don't play that

Catch him, stick him

Rip it, ride it

La di da di, we shout out the party

The old me, the new you, you niggas tryna do me

You better off tryna do you

Boo hoo, voodoo, taboo

DP, GC, what it really do?

I educate when I illustrate

And those the words I be teachin', preachin'

To each and everyone

Never been a scary one

Always been a down ass nigga, clown ass nigga

Reppin' my city, Extra extraordinaire exceptionally

Never late, predicate, elevate, levitate

My nigga, I'm way too high to ever hate

Papa Snoop in my momma Beverly, heavenly

Thank God for ya'll havin' me, for real

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