

Smoke

Tha Dogg Pound

Man, I gotta stop smoking this shit
Cause that shit gon straight

I cant stop, and I wont stop, ha ha ha ha
Damn, yeah, staright blueberries

This microphones is mines, I seen you scopin
I'm hopin that you step so I can bust your chest open
This is how I am, this is my mentally
Don't try to battle me, I cause fatalities
And this is how it is when the microphone put to torture
MC's done tried to step but I caught ya
I'm like a sorcerer, magical with rhymes
I'm one of a kind, my lines too inclined for your mind
And that's the way it is, you cant see me so don't even try
I wonder why MC's done tried to step in and they died
Now I be that MC, you cant see that
Lyricist that breaks MC's backs
Matter of a fact that aint the way you should do it
This is how it is in showbiz
I know this MC cant even get close
Cause I rock shit from the west to the east coast

Why they wanna fuck with my smoke
Why they wanna fuck with my smoke
Kurupt tell me, why they wanna fuck
Now I'm rollin in the fast lane tryin to find the right lane
I'm spittin game like big pimpin is my name
I need a flame, so I can get this shit lit
Its snoop dogg, I'm bout to drop me a hit
I got my nigga named kingpin to the right
And we plan on smoking all night
and when we through my nigga named priest gon increase the peace
Blaze up another sack, get your kakies creased
Cause its on and poppin, aint no stopping
Snoop is on the mic I'm lyrically hoppin
Poppin just like a motherfuckin strap
Don't talk shit cause your best to watch your back
Because umm, why you sleepin we creepin
And um, we got a fat sack of blueberries, its scary
My brother jerry told me one day
He said snoop when you reach the top will you please blaze a J
For me and my homie J d-o-g, who's in the penitentiary but see
Its still cool to me cause Ima swing it on bring it on
Got another fat sack so blaze up the ozone
It on like that we aint no joke
So motherfuckin back off or jack off for my smoke, smoke, smoke

Why they wanna fuck with my smoke
Somebody tell me Why they wanna fuck with my smoke
They say no to dope, and ugh to drugs
But motherfuck that I'm a motherfuckin thug nigga

Spots stay open, under water hydro
orange fire and chronic out the side door
Dogg soprano, sugar buddha the pimp
Been had hoe's, been havin chips

Spit out gangsta shit like haa chooo
In a ride, ahh with teezy with red haa shoes
Tha relatives, how gangsta is that
Half my life blowin do do wit a strap in my lap
Just goin out the illls and its hurtin niggaz
Kickin niggaz door down and searchin niggaz
In the fence for a week and its perkin niggaz
You niggaz aint some gangstaz you some working niggaz
Aint no mo silent niggaz
My prediction, 2004 theres gon be hoes and snitchin niggaz
Or peepin niggaz out the barrel of a 40
Hood on hood crime, homies killing homies

to harlem, chips flippin we ballin
aint nuttin better than being young gangsta and ballin
blowed outta mind, probably be the high some more
master money marna for the law
I'm from the salty 619, home of the corca
Mystica holders with pistolas and purple morta
Americas finest find me north of tha border
Please, no seeds, break bread cost an awful lot
Chay flag on a borca, slide in croca's
Splitters or the swishers, twisters, hundred sport cars
This for big tony, homey in the yinta
Inglewood to tango, relativez the bleeka

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