

Snoop Dogg, Snoop Doggy Dogg: Don't Let Go - S

Snoop Dogg

[Intro]

S-N-double-O-P D-O-double-giz-ee

D-O-double-giz-ee

D-O-double-giz-eeeeee

(repeat x2)

[Snoop talks over Intro]

lizzle kizzle, fo' schizzle

My nizzle, what you sizzle?

Fo' schizzle bizzle, ha ha

(Snoop Dogg)

Me and my partner, in my Impala

Poppin our collars, tossin up dollars

A truck on the side of with hoes that wanna follow

Bet a hundred dollars that they all wanna swallow

Doggy Doggfather

I do it to you real hard then it gets harder

It's nada - thang on mine, bang on mine

I smoke an ounce and bounce at the same time

It's off the limbo with Timbo, you motherfuckin bimbo

So quit knockin at my window, you nympho

Maniac, bring it back, now shake it up

Put it on the table, now break it up

Give it to me, now put a lighter on the end of it

It really don't matter what you spent on it

As long as you're gettin what you paid for

That's what it's made for, ain't that what you stayed for?

(chorus)

Who's that dippin' in the Cadillac?

Snoop Dogg

Smoke till your eyes get cataracts

Snoop Dogg

You've got a girl lay her on her back

Snoop Dogg

Millionaire, makin that paper stack

Snoop Dogg

(Snoop)

You play me and I'll play you

You pay me and I'll pay you

Hold on boo, you got the game all wrong

This aint your thang, this my song

Move on, we in the club, at the Shark Bar

Valet my keys, and park my car

No snap shots, cuz I might get popped

As I slide by security, givin 'em props

First thing I do, when I get in

Let me take you back to when I first slid in

Grab my gin and, get my woman, put my bib in, no bullshittin

We be sippin, in the corner

With smoke comin' from up under us like we sittin in the sauna

Burnin' up the charts, break a bitch off hard

Little mama don't you start

(chorus)

S-N-double-O-P D-O-double-giz-ee

D-O-double-giz-ee

D-O-double-giz-ee

(x2)

(Snoop)

Tick tock, the ice on my watch
Slap me 'cross the face around 2 o'clock
But the party don't stop till we blow up
Now every little bitch wanna show up
Manuev'in to this, groovin to this
Dippin to this, flippin to this, trippin to this
Ain't no skippin to this, trust this
Bust this, it's too hot to touch this
He say, she say, I say no way
Don't need foreplay, ok, obey
Everything that I say
And every day'll be like a holiday
I put you in the front seat of my car
And roll you round town like a superstar
Recline your seat and turn up the beat
Number one with a bullet, rollin down the mothafuckin backstreets

(chorus x2)