

## Jerseys In The Rafters

Snoop Dogg

Ayo, Dogg, what's happenin' with motherfuckin' hip-hop, man?  
Give us some lyrics, cuh  
Some of that real hip-hop, you know what I'm talkin' 'bout?  
Boy, you lost it, nigga

It was him (Who?) then me (Who?) and no one after  
So I blazed my trail and wrote my own chapters  
Stomped down pterodactyl raptors  
Game's sustained, my new jersey's in the rafters

Statisticians, they keep up with it  
No sleep 'til they get it  
And once they got it, they count it  
So I learned how to dismount it  
My landing was perfect  
A man with a purpose  
I learned to resurface  
A boss but no workers  
While you're sleepin', I'm lurkin'  
I'm shifty at fifty, I keep the work and I'm workin'  
Big Snoop D-O-double-G  
Yellow like bumblebee  
Mellow like R&B  
Your bitches keep followin' me  
I'm right where I oughta be  
Plottin' my pottery  
I'm watchin' my calories  
Rechargin' my batteries  
A ticket up front? That's my usual salary  
They imitatin' my style, shit, I call it flattery  
I'm here forever, nigga, and that's just what that'll be  
Look it up, hook it up  
Charge it to the game until you book it up  
Take a picture, nigga, look at us  
Hit-Boy and Snoop Dogg in the kitchen, nigga, cookin' up

Ayy, Dogg, get on the phone with Dre, tell Dre call Interscope, tell them niggas run me my shit or else, nigga

The Game's to be sold, Blood, not to be told, Blood  
The chronic get broke down, Backwoods get rolled up  
Yup, fifty Bloods when I showed up  
What's beef? Chopper turnin' niggas into cold cuts  
Snoop told me, "Show love," but niggas ain't deserve it  
I'ma talk my shit like I'm the next rapper murdered  
Red sedan swervin' with the Peter Pan workin'  
Hand-to-hand serve 'em right outside of Tam Burgers  
Bullets ain't got no names, my fully quick to aim  
I bully niggas for change, I pulled in to rip the strings  
Puppet master, F&N's got 'em duckin' faster  
Aftermath, you niggas know it ain't nothin' after  
I can't chill 'til I see a hundred mil'  
Hop off a PJ in Aruba with a blunt and chill

My old apartment still in action, water runnin' still  
And if I can't kill you, these L.A. summers will

It was him then me and no one after  
So I blazed my trail and wrote my own chapters  
Stomped down pterodactyl raptors  
Game's sustained, my new jersey's in the rafters (Nigga)

Yeah  
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'Nough said