

# Moet

Snoop Dogg

Bitches, bitches, bitches, you love moet  
Bring some of that shit, bring it to me  
Skeet, skeet, skeet, skeet, skeet, skeet, I love moet  
Everybody in this place love moet

Flossy bitches in leathers  
Smellin' like Prada, shakin' their tailfeathers  
I hit the event with the hydro glow  
Never party pooper, super rhyme pro  
I can feel hatred when I step through the door  
Why you talkin' bout me? You best watch your ho'  
'Cause she is watchin' me, I'm watchin' her watch me  
She clockin' the Versace, eyes locked to the crotch  
I move to her, pimpin', step it up a notchy  
The 'Zine play vivid, like a fifty-inch Hitachi  
With a body like a bottle, is your name Jeannie?  
You need to be with me, why you chillin' with that weenie?  
Fool get mad, like he gon' throw a fit  
Nigga, don't you know the Glock ready to spit?  
Lord have his mercy, get this, nitwit  
It's nasty in the gutter, don't make the Glock spit

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To get the hoes more wet, you hoes better know it  
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Let's get it poppin', homie, pour some more in my cup  
Man, the way this bass bangin', I'm buzzed, ready to fuck  
I'm tryna get my duck sucked, let her massage these nuts  
Like the Bishop say (Step your game up)  
We them niggas that they wanna hang with and do they thing with  
Don't mind me, just vibe off this gangster shit  
Hootie-hoo in the house gon' get some  
Feelin' good 'cause she wet, but we tryin' to get her more wet

Pour it 'til it's all gone, you might get the suds  
When you sip it, make sure you finish, then you get a buzz  
We don't love not one of you's, hope you soak it up  
Understand how we do it, cashin' in and gettin' sucked up  
For real, we don't play, takin' breaks when we can  
Hit the glow like the strobe, puttin' bitches in a jam  
Then scram, we on to the next destination  
Pimpin's how we do it, puttin bitches in their places!

It's up to you, player  
To make sure them bottles multiply, but not out your pocket  
Dig, it's the new Mack-illennium now  
And chicks not gonna get away with that game no more

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Drunk as fuck, but still sippin', I'm stuck in this position  
Where the rest of all my niggas I came up in here with?  
Talk to the bitches like I won't, I'm tryin' to roll a blunt  
Ain't got no time to sit and holler, come swallow me or somethin'  
Since tomorrow wasn't promised, I'ma party 'til I die  
Big glass of Moet, share with my niggas in the sky  
Tipsy on a fifth, I'm gettin' frisky with a bitch  
Oh, yeah, I used to hit her sister, but that was in '96  
Leave a tip with the bartender  
You little slender, fine ho', I'm comin' home with you  
Get more explicit, baby, touchin' on my dick, I'm rushin' to get a fix  
Another shot'll set us off, it cost to get with this  
I'm just a hop and a skip around the way from where I say  
I put my dick back in my pants and I'm finished for the day  
I ain't sayin' it no more, the glass'll get it poppin'  
Ass is what I'm lookin' for, she got it, got it

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Yeah, we got forty hoes in here, so we gon' need about  
You know, let me see how many bottles we gon' need  
Let me add this shit up real quick  
Give me one second, hold on, let me see  
Okay, all right, here we go, look

Ten times five, plus four, minus three  
Bitches'll bring bottles, and they all for free  
I go hard on 'em, guard on 'em, pourin' my glass  
I want the little yellow bitch with the big old ass  
My young homeboy shot some drag, then he put out a bag  
Now she drinkin' and she thinkin' that she gon' get some cash  
Look, fill it up one more 'gain, get that shit crack-a-lackin'  
Tell her to back it up, suck a nigga, like Dracula  
And now she feelin' good, I'm feelin' good, it's so spectacular  
This ain't no actin' here, but you'll be actin' up  
Laughin' and crackin' up, talkin' to your peoples 'bout  
How it rolls, you call it Mimosa, let's toast to  
The hood life, the good life  
You could, might be livin' the good life if you do it right, do it right

When you see a player chargin' a chick  
Dig, player, pat him on the back  
Don't player-hate, congratulate

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Can you, can you, can you, can you, can you dig it?

Moesha crept up on her ass, now she can feel it  
Laid up naked with six bitches and twelve titties  
Alright, ladies, I want asses wigglin' and titties jigglin'  
Oh, you did it

I got a whole glass full, I'm feelin' cool, no bullshit  
Moet up in my cup, Jack, I'm chillin' with a rugrat  
Sexy legs and hips, I'm you bitch (Uh-huh)  
I got game, like Suga Free, up in Cologna, bitch

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