

# My Fuckin' House

Snoop Dogg

This is my muh fucking house, hey I'm by the front door  
Here about a blond haired bitch named Sisco  
She'll do anything for daddy man the bitch go  
Tell 'em what the doormat read baby {Big blow}  
Uh, Pyrex and a digi scale  
Fuck gloves I got gay all in my fingernails  
And I can leave a set of white fingerprints  
Chris Tucker, Larenz Tate, Dead Presidents  
Dead white boys spread across the coffee table  
I don't know maybe I'll start me up a record label  
Fuck it get high and call what's her name  
She like to play this little game called fuck a brain  
Lord when you talk them numbers sound sophisticated  
It ain't nothing even the pit-bull's affiliated  
Yeah, the trespasser's gettin' bust on  
G shit even the coupe's got Chucks on

Yeah,  
This is my mother fuckin' house nigga  
This is where I do it at  
You got a problem with that  
Yeah big dog nigga  
If you ain't a big dog stay on the porch nigga  
Dog house or nothing  
Dog house everything nigga

I gotta whole house trap house and a flat  
I'm on parole bitch so I need my pistol back  
These rap niggas is too soft  
I built this from the ground, the pound up  
Until I knock your roof off  
New boss Snoop off and on and  
Heed him in the morning catch him while he yawning  
My bitch is on the phone and my homies 'bout to zone in  
Cracky smacky dippy whippy habitual potential  
Strip for your credentials  
Mental unessential, shit's official like a referee with a whistle  
Nah my nigga shit's official, like a Jihad, Muslim with a missile  
Catch me in the air we close to the nickel block  
Nigga went platinum but I still serve that nickel rock  
Hard times bad times fuck doing jail time  
Cook it up rock it up bag it up and sell mines

This my mother fuckin' house  
Take your mother fuckin' shoes off when you step in my house partner  
Matter of fact take your hat off too  
Nigga this the round table nigga  
If you can't stand the heat get your punk ass up out the kitchen  
I'm in the mother fuckin' room

This is my house in the middle of the trap  
Open this door I'm sweating like I ran a fucking lap  
Customers on hold stressing they keep coming back  
3 6 5 2 4 7 I got Jumbo Jacks  
Would you like your cheese with that  
Yeah I like my cheese with that  
Crack in the pot, round the clock

Open all night hitchin' blocks  
Serving that doop stuck in my loop  
Pitching that tragic all in the traffic  
Me and my group, me and my cabinet  
Fillin' the coop, pick it and bag it  
I got the key to this spot break in, you gonna get popped  
Fuck around and get molly whopped in here,  
Better not attract no cops  
I got another round chopped up in here,  
Who want what I got in stock?  
Not from Atlanta but I got heart  
Chickens birdies quails, baking soda scales  
Heavy weights exhale, 5 star hotels  
I'm a grinder about my grit  
Trying to increase my profit quick  
50 thou under the couch  
This is my mother fucking house

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