

OG

Snoop Dogg

Have a little party at my crib  
And all the weed is rolled that's how it is  
When you fucking with some OG niggas blowing OG smoke  
Don't even gotta ask, you already know, we 'bout to go

Young nigga that's more famous than these older niggas  
Young nigga got my game up from these older niggas  
Motherfuckas hear my name, I say I told you nigga  
I was taught to count my paper 'fore I fold it nigga  
Now look at my chains, all them things frozen nigga  
Rolling up my Mary Jane before I smoke it with ya  
Hit this J, I bet this be a day you don't remember  
Looking at the top and I don't see not one contender  
Cooking out the pot, I like my weed for lunch and dinner  
Got some cookies in the jar, OG in the blender  
You paying for quantity, but quality is what you spend for  
If there's a marijuana-ology, I'll be your mentor  
And all about this chronic leaf is what in for  
So give your parents my apology for me again or  
Get high like we Cheech and Chong  
We gon' eat some brownies, we gon' smoke, we gon' need some bongs  
Roll up so we can all...

Killer Cali is what we blow  
OG nigga from way down low  
Known for banging the blue C rag  
Started off smoking nothing but Zags  
Popping P's, chopping trees  
501's, all of these  
All y'all invited, ignite it, light it, now follow me  
Laid out, plush couch, flat screen television  
Table full of vegetation so you just might stun a nigga  
That's what it is, that's what it's gon' be  
East Side Long Beach where I'm from  
Bring your girls, all y'all come  
Give me some, now give her some  
It's big Mac, I love to have fun  
You are, you are the one  
If you get it or do it, then it'll be just like 2 on 1  
Break it down, lay it down  
Baby work that body like  
At the pad, acting bad  
Baby what that party like?  
Moving so schizophrenic  
Baby pull down your panties  
Let the Doggy Dog ram it  
I cram to undertsand it  
Back room that's my bedroom  
Make her right up in it  
Close the door, smoke, oh fo sho  
I'm 'bout to slide up in it  
Smoke something

Having money and blowing hella chronic  
Smoke I'm stunting

Cutlass on them chrome spokes with the engine running  
Sounding like a dinosaur empty stomach rumbling  
Your bitch at the window cause she know I'm coming  
She tell you that she 'bout to go jogging and on the corner  
She jump in, take her to the honeycomb  
Stuffing kush in Raw cones, playing Megaman 3  
Your Wonderwoman giving dome out Miami  
Said she never leave me 'lone, She wan' have a family  
She just high, tomorrow night, she'll be titties out, dancing  
Trying to leave with the next nigga in a Aston  
So why get caught up  
I'm too swift up on my toes to have my name brought up  
In sewing circles with them hoes  
I rather be a straight G rolling up a whole  
O-Z of that OG have them KO'ed