

Stoplight

Snoop Dogg

How else could you capture the world
if you don't attack from the back
To the million march... hehehehe
(Yo, Snoopa Donna, what??)

When I pull up to the stoplight
I gotta have a paper right
If you come back right then we can boog it
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Boggy, boggy, boogy...
I'm goin 65, 75, 80
Mashin down the boulevard downtown movin' like crazy
In the fastlane, I've been shinin
Tryna keep the timin on the track
With the diamond in the back
Move roof wide open, scopin, lockin
The bitches relieve, the hoes keep hopin
They can get it, fit in, back seat, just sit in
Four hoes on a black tryna put their bid in
Girl, put it to work, you gon' do the damn thing
Happen, the rest of y'all, eat dirt
I'm rollin' in the "Mackmobile", I'm back for real
One hundred percent, pimp-motion, that's the deal
Back wheel-spinnin, number one, I'm winnin
Hoes lookin' inside, and they just to grinnin
Waitin' to choose, while the rest wait to pay y'all dues
Don't trip I keep my hoes in two

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Yeah, this is radio station 187.4 FM on your dial
In your car up inside the four o'clock traffic jam
We gon be takin request right now at 87752-Snoop
Call station namin ya game...
Aw, yeah, hello, aw yeah, this Soopafly here
Man I wanna get a piece of that Stoplight shit
Man that motherfuckin baggin church

You see them pretty buttons on my stereo? (don't touch 'em)
Don't touch 'em hoe!
You see Snoop Dogg on the floor mac
Pimpin ain't (yeahhh) now sit the fuck back
I'm the man in charge, +Boss+, my backhand is horse
Simple slim, man I'm large
Mashin so big like a fo' by fo'
Show my do', and if not it's hoe by go
Ain't a hoe after I can slow my flow
My wheels cause a fortune, bitch I'm scorchin
Seen some niggaz who love to talk shit

Reach for my thang and my tough compartment
Dipnap the use it, flashed in my music
Kids in the streets askin' Doggy how I dooze it
First place in the race and don't wanna lose it
Niggas better watch out and bitches better move it

Yeah baby, you gots ta move your groove
To prove that you supposed to groove in the moon
as I recite naughty nothings in yo' eardrums
If you cruisin' up the boulevard in your car
Put it in park and let the dogg spark, yeah baby

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(2x)

Ohhhhhh, nooooooooooooo
Tot that track you phone
I am Sam Dussel, DPG Buck
And I hate Stoplight
I always make to the next ?McMany?
I told you right I wouldn't C-Walk
Light me out, hahahaha!

Half past late and I'm still rollin
Real hoein, make a nigga pocket still swollin
Still goin, black and white tip-toein'
Flash in my playa's car (why you play so hard?) cuz I'ma Don
Sippin Moet, smokin Chron'
Doggy wanna see that dress my locks are on
Pimpin black-red, who let bag to blunt
Can't tell the sunset from the crack of dawn
Half tank of gas
Rollin' down the window, reach out to extinct that ass
Get hot, turn down the heat, burn down the street
My hoes love to earn my keep
It's only five miles left, so I whipped it
Skipped it, lifted it and ovedrive
Straight onto five, pimp nigga on the rise
85, 95, 100 and good night and fuck that stoplight