

# 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)

Ohhhhhhhh, 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