

# Smoke

Tha Dogg Pound

Man, I gotta stop smoking this shit  
Cause that shit gon straight

I cant stop, and I wont stop, ha ha ha ha  
Damn, yeah, staright blueberries

This microphones is mines, I seen you scopin  
I'm hopin that you step so I can bust your chest open  
This is how I am, this is my mentally  
Don't try to battle me, I cause fatalities  
And this is how it is when the microphone put to torture  
MC's done tried to step but I caught ya  
I'm like a sorcerer, magical with rhymes  
I'm one of a kind, my lines too inclined for your mind  
And that's the way it is, you cant see me so don't even try  
I wonder why MC's done tried to step in and they died  
Now I be that MC, you cant see that  
Lyricist that breaks MC's backs  
Matter of a fact that aint the way you should do it  
This is how it is in showbiz  
I know this MC cant even get close  
Cause I rock shit from the west to the east coast

Why they wanna fuck with my smoke  
Why they wanna fuck with my smoke  
Kurupt tell me, why they wanna fuck  
Now I'm rollin in the fast lane tryin to find the right lane  
I'm spittin game like big pimpin is my name  
I need a flame, so I can get this shit lit  
Its snoop dogg, I'm bout to drop me a hit  
I got my nigga named kingpin to the right  
And we plan on smoking all night  
and when we through my nigga named priest gon increase the peace  
Blaze up another sack, get your kakies creased  
Cause its on and poppin, aint no stopping  
Snoop is on the mic I'm lyrically hoppin  
Poppin just like a motherfuckin strap  
Don't talk shit cause your best to watch your back  
Because umm, why you sleepin we creepin  
And um, we got a fat sack of blueberries, its scary  
My brother jerry told me one day  
He said snoop when you reach the top will you please blaze a J  
For me and my homie J d-o-g, who's in the penitentiary but see  
Its still cool to me cause Ima swing it on bring it on  
Got another fat sack so blaze up the ozone  
It on like that we aint no joke  
So motherfuckin back off or jack off for my smoke, smoke, smoke

Why they wanna fuck with my smoke  
Somebody tell me Why they wanna fuck with my smoke  
They say no to dope, and ugh to drugs  
But motherfuck that I'm a motherfuckin thug nigga

Spots stay open, under water hydro  
orange fire and chronic out the side door  
Dogg soprano, sugar buddha the pimp  
Been had hoe's, been havin chips

Spit out gangsta shit like haa chooo  
In a ride, ahh with teezy with red haa shoes  
Tha relatives, how gangsta is that  
Half my life blowin do do wit a strap in my lap  
Just goin out the illls and its hurtin niggaz  
Kickin niggaz door down and searchin niggaz  
In the fence for a week and its perkin niggaz  
You niggaz aint some gangstaz you some working niggaz  
Aint no mo silent niggaz  
My prediction, 2004 theres gon be hoes and snitchin niggaz  
Or peepin niggaz out the barrel of a 40  
Hood on hood crime, homies killing homies

to harlem, chips flippin we ballin  
aint nuttin better than being young gangsta and ballin  
blowed outta mind, probably be the high some more  
master money marna for the law  
I'm from the salty 619, home of the corca  
Mystica holders with pistolas and purple morta  
Americas finest find me north of tha border  
Please, no seeds, break bread cost an awful lot  
Chay flag on a borca, slide in croca's  
Splitters or the swishers, twisters, hundred sport cars  
This for big tony, homey in the yinta  
Inglewood to tango, relativez the bleeka

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