

# Snoop Dogg, Staxxx In My Jeans

I got, staxx in my jeans  
Phantom up in my garage (2x)  
My pockets look like Rerun  
Your pockets look like Raj  
I got, staxx in my jeans  
Phantom up in my garage (3x)  
My pockets look like rerun  
Your pockets look like Raj  
It's the same story  
A nigga rich  
I'm on some nigga shit  
In (and?) your nigga bitch  
You betta check em  
Tell em i'm off the chain  
I buck and bang  
Homie thats only game  
Oh, I ain't gotta problem  
You see me gettin staxx  
You see I bought the phantom  
24's dont come with that  
I been around the world  
Check grippin every state  
Your bitch dont like me  
She fake  
Some ppl might call it hate  
But i dotn give a damn  
A boss's life  
If how i make that bread  
Toss the mike  
And i still be  
Richer than rich  
Gets to make my bed  
My pockets fat as shit  
You niggaz mad as shit  
Talk to either one of them?  
I'm on some gladys shit  
Many u have tried  
And failed  
Shit I'm out on bail  
I make more cheese  
Than your old man  
And he went to Yale  
Shti i went to jail  
You can go to hell  
U got some shit to tell?!  
I got some shit to sell  
I got, staxx in my jeans  
Phantom up in my garage (3x)  
My pockets look like rerun  
Your pockets look like Raj  
Candy paint drippin  
Look at all them bags  
I had to show and brag  
Cuz being brokes a drag  
I gotta get this paper  
My kids they gotta eat  
We gotta alotta heat  
Been out for ballin?  
Shot callin i make that change  
And i dont want the Range  
That's how them gangstas do it  
We get our green in bricks  
We put our green in blunts  
U spend ure green on chicks

I'm on some playa shit  
Dynasty  
Straight laker shit  
Keep it up  
On some banker shit  
And chop it up  
For some paper bitch  
I got my mind righth  
And my money right  
If u ain't in the game  
For the money  
You the funny type  
And im laugin my ass off  
Phantom with the mask off  
Legal so they hatin  
When I gas off  
U know how Snoopy does it  
Phantom, go bitch touch it  
100 thousand a show  
I'm gettin dough like  
I got, staxx in my jeans  
Phantom up in my garage (3x)  
My pockets look like rerun  
Your pockets look like Raj  
Look how the flag hanging  
Gang bangin i aint no punk  
Maintaining that tank of mine  
Make that kid go Pah Pah Pah  
I'm about my bidness boy  
Makin money  
Never been so smooth  
Yo bitch  
You about to loose  
Cuz she is about to choose  
And thats the way it goes  
S N double O  
U want that quiet type  
I want that trouble hoe  
There go ure paper girl  
Yeah Im in for real  
One time i told a bicth  
Not to come back  
Cuz she got 2000 dollars  
In 2 dollar bills  
That's cold (called) game  
The whole thang  
I'm high as soul plane  
I smoke the whole thang  
U know how daddy do it  
I'm true to it  
I take a cocaine buick  
And put some blue to it  
Thats some gangsta shit  
These hoes love  
This gangsta dick  
Khakis  
And some gangsta kits  
Yeah, bitch  
That my gangsta fit  
I'm ballin boy  
And u aint got to ask  
She all about this pimpin  
I'm all about the cash  
I got, staxx in my jeans  
Phantom up in my garage (3x)

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Your pockets look like Raj