

# Snoop Doggy Dogg, Doin' Too Much

[Snoop Dogg]

\*inhales\*

Aiyyo, aiyyo, aiyyo Quik check this out dog  
You know mothafuckers be doin way way too mothafuckin much  
You know? That's real  
Just like baby right here, she doin too much

Now if that nigga next to you got a rented car  
And he actin like it's his but you know it's not  
Say he doin too much, yeah nigga you doin too much  
And if that stuck-up bitch got the bar posted-up  
She actin like that hair's hers but you know what's up  
Say she doin too much, yeah baby you doin too much

I gave my kinfolk the keys to my Suburb  
I told em "Hit the side and slide and get the herb"  
But guess who's callin, Pipedream Patty  
Made that nigga park my whoride beside the alley  
Forget about that nigga though (fuck that nigga)  
Fuck that nigga yo  
But I can't forget about him cuz he taught me everything I know  
Oh no Joe, walkin down the wrong lane  
Tootin on that cocaine, fuckin wit that wrong thang  
Niggas like that (what), get things like they want it (damn)  
Then fake the funk, doggonnit  
Now loc, look at this predicament  
You smoked out and can't be trusted, I can't kick it wit  
Niggas like you, used to be in my crew  
Goddamn, they don't make niggas like they used to  
I remember Marley Marl and the Juice Crew  
That's probably why I keep a tight grip on my deuce-deuce

Now if you're doin for your family and you can't stand it  
Cuz you know these mothafuckers tryin take advantage  
Say they doin too much, yeah nigga you doin too much  
And if your kinfolk broke and he smoke dope  
And he need to catch a mothafuckin different stroke  
Say he doin too much, yeah Joey you doin too much

We parlay, parlay everyday DPG style  
We might throw a pool party every once in a while  
Now in fact we gon' do one this weekend  
Let's see how many hoes me and my nigga Rose can weed in  
I believe in, sharin the cock  
Also, I believe in comparin the cock  
Look, don't knock a nigga like me (why?)  
Cuz she love the way I just beat up the pussy  
Not just knee deep, she was totally deep  
When she went down on me  
She blew a nigga socks off, got a nigga rocks off  
Ooh wee, baby you's a freak  
Put my homey up on game like a gangsta  
But my homey fell in love and he banked her  
Ain't that a trip? Now we in a twist  
Back in the county wit the red ribbon on his wrist

Now when a nigga hit his girl and she don't hit back  
And he get his third strike wit no get back  
Say he doin too much, yeah homey you doin too much  
And when the homey in the pen, doin a sin  
And his girlfriend fuckin wit his best friend  
Say she doin too much, hell yeah she doin too much

I'm livin up in the hills, wine sippin wit mills

I'm havin major type of paper, I ain't trippin off bills (still)  
Show me some respect and accept my coolness  
And don't mistake my kindness to mean I'm foolish  
Use this as a warning, cuz I'm startin  
To figure it's some niggas think I'm soft as Charmin  
Pardon me, cuz I ain't mad when you get bent  
But I hate when fools mistake me for U.S. ?spray?  
Friends and family, gettin after me like repo  
Eat, smoke, choke then want me to throw em a c-note  
You doin too much when you clutchin on my touch-tone  
Callin strays over nigga leadin months gone  
Conversate for fo' hours, wastin mo' power  
And only get to hit a cold shower  
You fakin like you're makin more moves than Simpson  
But frontin, pushin buttons, doin nuttin but sin

And when a nigga on yo' phone, runnin up yo' bill  
Tryin to tell some hoodrat bitch how he feel  
You know he doin too much, yeah nigga you doin too much  
And when your baby momma cryin bout she need some milk  
And you heard some other nigga did been at her tilt  
You know she doin too much, yeah baby you doin too much  
That's real