Lil' Kim, Do U Wanna Roll

(Snoop Dogg)
It's somethin about the West Coast
that makes these paper ends
Eastside! Eastside!
its somethin about the West Coast
that makes these paper ends
HELP ME SING IT!

(Chorus: R.L.)
Do You Wanna Ride? get high six-four
lets have some fun baby
lets have some fun
oh we'll get blowed and thats fa sho!
and hop on dubs baby and have some fun
now check this out!

(Verse One: R.L.)
Come on I'll hit you with the rolie ring
cotton candy with a shiesty drink
blazed with caress doin the right thing
and you kissed me once one on the cheek
I remember it like yesterday we'd hop on a bus
and just ride away I knew we would
run away someday and I'ma say if we do...

(Chorus: R.L.)

(Verse Two: Snoop Dogg)
bottles of moe'do models fa sho
we havin a good time avoidin one time
layin in the sunshine its all gravy!
pull up hit a switch whats crackin baby
Ride with me slide with a double O'
sip on this moe'moe
get your mother-in-law get your girlfriend's
All y'all can come along
We'll be doin this all summer long
In the Cadillac beatin' up some Battlecat
Dogg youse a fool baby lemme handle that
Oh you don't drink so you don't think
You ain't gon' win you don't speak, you ain't no freak
cause I can turn you, learn you and burn you up
Gimme the cup sit down and shut up!
I be damned we done run outta Mo' again
Here we, here we go again!

(Chorus: R.L.)

(Verse Three: R.L.)
I gotta chevelot white walls and them
twenty inch blades in the coupe with Snoop
gettin juiced orange juice top down
and feel the sun rays feelin kinda good right know
right around my hood right now
lookin for somethin to do like a barbecue
jump high to the beat in the house
a little bit of music and a couple of babe's
a little bit of drank and a game of spade's
take some rib's to your mama's house
I'll so ya what I'm talkin bout its about to go down!

(Chorus: R.L.)

(Verse Four: Lil' Kim)

Aight God I admit I'm part tricky
Take tricks to cali and strip and get sticky
I'ma get get it crunk anywhere I go
why you smooth haters actin' like y'all don't know
From barbecue's to barmitzvah's
O.G's crack the O.E when they listen to me
Cris on the table push it in the air
Come on pass that shit like that's that shit
We doin Battlecat homies in the Sony
The Bee showin love to the westside homies
Give you somethin you can feel, recognize the real...
Cause it's, cause it's somethin bout the East Coast
that makes us wanna squeeze mo'
but I'ma tell you how we ride
Show you how we do the damn thing...
We gon' show you how we do it

(Chorus)