

Snoop Dogg, Drop It Like It's Hot (Remix)

(feat. Jay-Z, Pharrell)

[Hook: Pharell]

Spin around ma
Drop, drop, like it's hot
Drop, drop, like it's hot
Spending money mang
Drop, drop, like it's hot
Drop, drop, like it's hot
Spin around mommy
Drop, drop, like it's hot
Drop, drop, like it's hot
I got the rollie on my arm
And I'm pouring Chandon
And I roll the best weed
'Cause I got it going on

[Verse: 1 - Pharrell]

No steroids can make you hit what I'm pitching
Chef boy-ar-P is back in the kitchen
You niggas is scratching, my niggas is itchen
Don't keep "Pacin" but these dudes blow they "Pistons";
Yes, nigga, P stands for polish
None of y'all is fucking with he, and this is obvious
I'm Ron Artest, laying down to your garbage
While my niggas in the street pushing shit like Ben Wallace
And any ya'll could get it, even fans in the stands
These guns is a sun, you'll catch a tan with ya man
I'm no cheeto, trust this is real/rio
Everything is grande nothing is poquito
Security's behind me, with the torpedo
'Cause the wrist stay frigid
How you say it? Frio
Or where I'm from, in Virginia, we say ch-ill
And the ends also quarter million for each whe-el

[Hook]

[Verse 2 - Jay-Z]

I got hatas on my j-iz-ock, plus the frickin c-iz-ops
All of whom want to hit me with sh-iz-ots til I dr-iz-op
Thank God for hip hop, or I be in the b-iz-ox, uh
Jail or casket, either way you r-iz-ot
But now I'm so fresh you could smell me through a ziplock
Mr. S d-iz-ot, it's not gon' st-iz-op
Too much pizzas for these piss-ass niggas to get past
Too cool for c-iz-ops to cuff his iz-ass
Snitch-ass they made, they can't get the boy
These niggas givin' out cases like a liquore store
Runnin' to the DA tryin' to get me for it
All the money it made, I'm like forget the law
I'm not 'fr-iz-aid, it J-iz-ay homie you got pl-iz-ayed
Take it like a man, the flow ran you off the st-iz-age (go sit down)
Wastin' ya time tryin' to sue S. tell ya lawyer
"Take that civil case and drop it like it's hot"

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Snoop Dogg]

(World Wide)

International, nah I'm universal
But you a gangsta, how you get to do commertials?
With them big wheels, yeah cause you do it big
I stay real, stay sharp, and tell it like it is

I never fake the funk, niggas know I ain't no punk
They want beef? Yeah cause, pop the trunk
We go all the way, we do it lifesize
Now my life right, 'cause my wife on my right side
Yeah, and she protecting my interest
Now I'm on the move they got me hoppin' these fences
Ay little homie your defence is defenceless
A pimp apprentice
Now come here princess (Come here, come here)
I know ya tired of the chit-chatter
It really don't matta it's like a seesaw platter
I check money, check niggas, check bitches
Now drop it like you ass on swit-ches (Ziip)

[Hook]