

Snoop Dogg, Still Smokin

Say, my nigga, huh
You not gon' believe this shit when I tell you this, cuh
Nigga, I had the craziest motherfucking dream
Listen when I tell you this, my nigga
I had a dream I was back on Death Row Records
We gon' take a trip right now
Like we always do about this time
No, we didn't
Haha, yes, he did
What the fuck is up, niggas and niggess? Oh, yeah
We back up in this motherfucker

You wouldn't believe me even if I told you niggas
My game is cold, I could still mold you niggas
Roll you niggas a fat stick of that chronic
A hundred sixty million dollar man (What?), bitch, I'm bionic
SN, lesson (Huh?), step in (What? Huh?), automatic weapon
Death Row, oh, no, can't let this shit go
I think about Pac, I think about Suge, I think about Nate
I think I left a small piece on my plate
I'ma rework this shit and get a few things straight
Not here to debate, just simply wanna vibe and create
Smoke a little sticky-icky, drop my vocals on tape
And call my lil' cute bitch who loves smokin' on vapes
Let that settle in, Death Row back in
Cuh gon' let 'em in
Ain't no love lost, nigga, understand me?
Those my carnales, that's my family (Haha)
We back on buzz
We ride for each other 'cause that's what it is, nigga
And that's what it was
Harry-O got freed up, unfinished business
We LLC'd up, Los Angeles G'd up

Yeah, yeah, I don't love you no more