

# Snoop Dogg, That's That

(feat. R. Kelly)

[Chorus]

[R. Kelly]

I pull up, whip low in the Phantom  
With the wheels spinnin'  
Ladies like  
That's that shit  
I'm in the back of the club  
Blowin' trees  
Hands up, head bobbin' like  
That's that shit  
In the spot where the girls go wild  
Dancing titty bar style  
I'm like  
That's that shit  
Snoop Dizzle (Hey)  
Your boy Kells (Hey)  
Let me hear you say  
That's that shit

[Snoop Dogg]

Let's get this party jumpin'  
Me and Kel gone get it bumpin'  
They humpin'  
Like when it's over  
We gone all get into somethin'  
The Dog is fresh  
Southside without a vest  
Nothin on my chest  
But these ladies up out the Midwest  
I must confess  
That in the Chi is so blessed  
Leaving nothing on my mind  
But Doggy, you and safe sex  
This ain't a test  
You fucking with a cold mess  
Meet me in Chicago  
Let me get you to this real west  
It's real strong  
Real fat and real long  
Doggies in the building  
Holdin' something they can feel up on  
And once they get it  
Something they can build up on  
Take that skinny nigga home  
Work that filling till it's gone  
Get that home grown  
Put that shit on Daddy long  
I know how you ladies do it  
T-shirt with no panties on  
Let's get this shit crackin'  
Kell and Doggy Dogg in action  
If you in here all alone  
You might get this dog bone

[Chorus]

[R. Kelly]

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[Snoop Dogg]  
Dip low, Six-Four  
Hundred spokes and chronic smoke  
All these ladies on the floor  
Cuz they know what we in here for  
Dogg and Kelly came to ball  
Get your ass up off the wall  
Let that middle wiggle  
Now make that shit fall  
Not just one, but all y'all  
Move it like you want it all  
Let me see you bounce it for me  
Work that shit for Doggy Dogg  
You gots to do it  
Is that your crew  
Bring 'em too  
Come here let me take you through it  
Then once Kelly get into it  
We can get this after party  
Poppin' everybody  
Got themselves another body  
Knockin' out  
Without protection though  
That's my confession  
But at the spot  
If you just think  
Your gonna listen  
You can drop it like it's hot  
Hold up  
I came to cool out  
Lay back and get blown  
Maybe Henny, maybe gin  
A couple shots of Patron  
And if you didn't you missed it  
But now it's known  
That this cash shit  
Kells sing that song

[Chorus]

[R. Kelly]  
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Your boy Kells (Hey)  
Let me hear you say  
That's that shit

So if you think you got the bomb shit  
(Holla at a playa) [X3]  
And if you lookin' for some good sex  
(Holla at a playa) [X3]  
Girl if you ever in the 3-1-2  
(Holla at a playa) [X3]  
And if you're ever in the 2-1-3  
(Holla at a playa) [X3]

[Chorus X2]  
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