

Aiyyo Queen Bee, it's Big Snoop Dogg
Why don'tcha blaze up some of that
Sticky icky icky icky icky icky icky ICKY!

(Yeah Snoop, I feel you man)
(That package of Lil' Kim just be CALLIN me)
(Somebody help me, please!)
(somebody, somebody please)

Tell you why I'm so damn fly
One hit of me and you'll be so damn HIGH
Plus I got that hydro flow (so sexy)
Come and get yo' head right (nigga)
He's an addict of my pillow talk
Hourglass body and my runway walk
I got a sweet tooth for the chocolate guy
See him lickin on his lips with his chocolate thai
He'll have my wrists lookin like rainbow bright
Once he stick his pipe in this atomic light
Lil' Kim have you fiendin fo' mo'
Get you higher than a jar of that

Girl yo' shit's the chronic (chronic chronic)
(shit's the chronic baby)
Like a strawberry bag of weed
(like a strawberry, bag of weed I)
One hit of the chronic - woo, OWW!
Brother, she'll put yo' ass to sleep
(she'll put yo' ass to sleep)
(ahh, na na)

My sugar daddy from Brooklyn just sent me a page
He tryin to come blaze some of this watermelon haze
Pretty girl keep him home for days
Bustin nuts and seein circles from this bag of sweet purple
Homies out in L.A., call me Lil' Sticky
Got G's walkin with my name on they dickies
Get'cha higher than Amsterdam, God is my witness
I put the red light district out of business
They want me off the streets, they say I'm illegal
I'm more potent than a pound of sour diesel
Lot of copycats, don't make that mistake
That homegrown shit'll give yo' ass a headache
Who's that peepin in my window
Tryin to get a toke and a sniff of this indo
This bag of Kim have you ready to spark shit
I'm the hottest product out on the market

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I'm addicted to the chronic
(said I'm addicted to it, baby)
Baby girl what'cha doin to me
(what'cha doin me, what'cha doin me)
Ain't nothin like the chronic
(ain't nothin like it nah nah nah)
She'll put yo' ass to sleep
(she'll put you right to sleep, 1-2-3)

I got the fiends lined up coppin my shit twice
Nookie get you so nice I got to raise the price
Got dudes puttin up they cars, cribs and ice
Centurions, for a hit of this Lil' Kim
Toppa topa my Jamaican bredderns
Rude bwoy dem come holla at a legend
Throw your dutchies in the sky if you're fresh from yard
Honey girl leave ya 'round the morgue (honey girl)
Sayin damn ma, I love you like de lah
De ganja, sensi-milla
Can I feel ya, just wanna touch ya
I told y'all before I'm the ultimate rush
The chronic nigga