

## Main Phone

Snoop Dogg

Hello?

On my main phone, textin' with this other phone  
Tryna keep these lights on, sleepin' with my Nikes on  
Doin' hella shit, bustin' patterns in a random  
Watch my paper get longer  
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Watch my paper get longer (Rock it)

I'm on a road to the riches, checkin' paper, mane (Paper, mane)  
I wanna play in gold like a Laker, mane (Laker, mane)  
My bitch too negative, gotta shake her, mane (Shake her, mane)  
She gotta catch me in the wind like a paper plane  
I came up in the '80s when the women were defensive  
So I came up with a counter called passive-aggressive pimpin'  
When you make 'em feel lucky for fuckin' me in the loft  
Help 'em bust nuts and they helpin' me buy trucks  
Not outright, but a nice down in the first month  
I mean, I'm not really pimpin', my nigga, fuck you on?  
Beats slappin', 9 milli' packin'-ass nigga  
Oh, soon Slew City Slew mackin'-ass nigga  
I am spit-taking llama  
'Bout my decimals, digits, commas  
Rubles, shillings, pesos, watch out  
Because punk shit lead to trauma  
That's why I'm on my

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Nike Cortez on my feet in a deep sleep with a freak  
From the meet and greet, now it's left to me  
Rick bounced the beat, gave a ounce to P  
Had to cut the bitch off for popping off to me  
I'm back to business relentlessly, I ain't done 'til I'm finished  
Variety in your society and bitch, I'm the menace  
You wish I would call back, you wish I would fall back  
See, I'm a dope boy, so I'm a need my football back  
In and out these routes like I was Julian Edelman  
I needs all mine from the shit I been peddling  
I'm settling for nothing less than the top notch  
Jumping over all you hoes like hopscotch  
Bitch, back up off me and leave me alone  
I'm walking my dog a half a mile from my home  
On my phone, tryna get rich, talking shit to a bitch  
Coming up with some shit like this

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Yeah, holla at me  
No, I'ma text you from my other number  
Yeah, it's the 818  
Oh, you want me to hit you from the 213?  
We find our hero, Blaps Bastardly, roaming the land  
With nothing but his MPC and his moral compass in hand  
Avoiding all punk shit, not needing two dollars in his hand  
Weaving through the malevolent man and malevolent plan  
You got to catch him

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