

# Roaches In My Ashtray

Snoop Dogg

Everytime I twist one up, you always need to come right on by (Come right on by, yeah)  
You ain't never got no money with you, always wanna get a free high (Get a free high, yeah)  
So don't be fuckin' (Don't be fuckin', who takin' roaches out my ashtray?) with the roaches in my ashtray  
Don't be touching (Don't be touching, you takin' roaches out my ashtray?), not my roaches in my ashtray  
I be loving (I be loving, who takin' roaches out my ashtray?) all my roaches in my ashtray  
So don't be fuckin' (Don't be fuckin', you takin' roaches out my ashtray?) with the roaches in my ashtray

Nigga slid up in my car in my passenger seat  
Talking my ears off, adjusting my beat  
Stashed my heat up under my seat  
Stepped out my ride holla'd at a few freaks  
Take a couple flicks, mac a bitch  
Baby what's your name? Passionate  
Fashion Nova, fashion fit  
Dogg where the weed at? Ain't that a bitch  
I'm gibbing right now, it's Thanksgiving right now  
Showing baby how I'm living right now  
Clear the crowd, back to my car no squares in my circle  
Bodyguard hard, could've swore I left a blunt in my ashtray  
Little homie slid up on me, pulled a fast play, but this the last play  
Don't be fucking with my roaches in my ashtray  
Hate to see ya coming, love it when you walk away

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Seat on recliner, suede headliner  
Just pulled in Mel's Diner, line of  
Chevy's, Lacs, name it, it's there  
Fresh wet paint, leather interior  
Players are everywhere  
Nothing but love and good bud in the air (Yeah)  
Guap took his camera out  
Taking pictures of the homies in their cars  
While they hittin' switches, some knocking bitches  
Me, I'm on a mission  
Fuel-injected, front end suspension  
Wishing the whole world roll like we ride  
There's always one homie trying to get that free high  
Shit never fails, yeah, this shit for sale  
Skip the bail, put the shit on scale



This the last day, for your last play  
Quit fucking with the roaches in my ashtray

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Say man, you niggas think yall crafty, huh?  
Sitting in my car, adjusting my music  
Telling me how sweet my car is  
And all of a sudden my roaches is missing  
Say man, don't be fuckin' with the roaches in my ashtray  
You hear me?