You niggas don't hear me though Turn it up, nigga, this shit's in stereo I walked in with a philly ho Let me give it to you, young locc, on the really though Hands, the keys, the Benz, the trees The birds, the bees, the C's, the G's I get it like I'm 'posed to, you should be close to me Right up under my wing Words I sing, verbs I bring Bread to the park, head in the dark Ready with art, I said it with heart Merely distorted, dearly departed Look what you started I'm cool as a mother and you acting retarded Just what the motherfuckin' doctor ordered It's the d-o-g with the p-o-p Not one, not two, but three

I gotta have two or more
Two or more, baby
Maybe even three or four
Like three, like four
Listen to me, baby
I need two or more
Yeah
Maybe even three or four
She likes love, drugs, and sex
Love, drugs, and sex
She likes love, drugs, and sex

Have a seat and don't say one word Cause you will never catch Snoop Dogg with just one bird And if I do, I'll probably kick it to the curb And come anew Runnin' back, I'm-a keep runnin' through Hut one, hut two Down set, hike two, three, four We go overtime I'm-a give you something that's gonna blow your mind And take your time, relax a bit I came here to mack a bitch This P is so immaculate I rap a bit just to taste Puttin' hair to the snare to the bass Snap that, Snapchat, flick it up One of me, three of ya'll, so lick it up I'm back to the hangin' again, bangin' again Nigga, could you sing it again?

I gotta have two or more
Two or more, baby
Maybe even three or four
Like three, like four
Listen to me, baby
I need two or more
Yeah
Maybe even three or four

She likes love, drugs, and sex Love, drugs, and sex She likes love, drugs, and sex

Freak-a-leek, I speak the truth I got girls lined up trying to get in the booth Original, more like a miracle High definition visual, digital, minimal But it can be maxed out Track meet, more meat blow your back out I had to pull the 'lac out Cause there was too many of ya'll to be left out I stepped out mackish with the whole package Bread with the cabbage, me and a bad bitch Or two, make it three 31 flavors, nigga It gets no better than this Now, who in the world can get you more wetter than this? I'm back to the hangin' again, bangin' again Nigga, could you sing it again?

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Maybe even three or four
Like three, like four
Listen to me, baby
I need two or more
Yeah
Maybe even three or four
She likes love, drugs, and sex
Love, drugs, and sex
She likes love, drugs, and sex

Two or more