

31 Flavors

Snoop Dogg & Kurupt

Bitch you can have a link; you can have a sus
Just don't let me catch you in my ice cream truck
Yea I got 31 flavors
Stepping out on them in these Now or Later gators
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Yea I got 31 flavors
Stepping out on them in these Now or Later gators Me and Kurupt with my pound to the floor
Got a whole lot of gas but I don't know which way to go
I'm trying to find a white bitch a little snow bunny
Cause the word on the streets is they like to give a nigga money
(Me and big snoop nothing but some players
Looking at the bitch except she thinking 'bout the paper
Tryna get cracking, actress with the action
I'ma tell you with the words nigga what's happenin')
The police is on my dick cuz they all up on my face
Put some yola on a nigga then they run up in my place
Got that thang in the trunk, 3 cases in a month
I don't give a fuck; Kurupt let me get that blunt
(Cause we just tryna get it; the money and the game
Stepping in this motherfucker, talent tucker, undercover, bang
And then bustin' on these undercover bustas
Just to G up in the game, rollin on them thangs)
I got gators on my feet; khakis on my leg
Braids in my hair, super dome, super head
Said she gotta lick with it, wanted me to get with it
[?] is how we do it, moving real slick with it
(Yea I heard she the best at it; chew it up like spinach
Chew it up 'till she finish; man this bitch is not a gimmick
She's a pro, super ho, she got that super throat)
Living on your own, jibbin' on the phone
Forgivin' when you're wrong
Yea, but that's a whole 'nother conversation
Listen to me spit it to you with this meditation
(Yo, let's get this money bitch
I got the now or later gators on gangsta shit
Just a little bit, listen to this shit
Just a little bit of game spittin' to this bitch)
See you walking on the blue carpet music playing loud
King of the west coast Mr. Big Bow Wow
Ice cream sammich with the grab bag saggin'
Cap illar, I'ma steeler, got the gold rag flaggin'

(I got 31 flavors
3 of my bitches was exclusively used to be neighbors
"Till I threw that game on they table
Now they do whatever for me if they're able)
My little homie told me when he was 20 years old
I'm in love with a bitch, I told him fuck that ho
See I'm his role model with happy dog bottle
Puttin' paint where it ain't, break a bitch; you think I can't?
(I'm just hard in the paint, I'ma do what you can't
Pimpin make a bitch faint; I'ma circle then straight
Get the gat, get the tape nigga, 9, 38
I'ma circle then straight, got bitches out of state)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>