

Snoop Dogg f C

"Murder Mystikal See Ya When I Get There"

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C-Murder]

For all them young niggas that didn't quite make it to
another year

To all my thugs in the grave

This one is for my homies and my thug niggas

A bunch of used to be paranoid drug dealers

A bout 'it motherfucker standing on the block

Ain't no limit to his heart, cause his veins is non-stop

And constantly a nigga catching them cases

With them death situations

A nigga blast with no hesitation

Mama I wanna now where my daddy at

My only memory is a picture with a chrome gat

I wanna do, like them gangsters do

I wanna gangster walk

I caught a bullet now I'm in some chalk

Just another young nigga in a song

Mama always told me gangster's don't live long

After I'm dead can you still see me

Do you really want to be me

I'm just another bossaline

I represent all them niggas trying to get paid

But couldn't be saved

Huh, y'all now what I'm talking about

Chorus: C-Murder and Snoop Dogg

To all my thugs in the grave

See ya when I get there

See ya when I get there repeat 4X

[Mystikal]

Ride nigga till I deduct

Them things die nigga for fuck

Fly. fly nigga

Since you absent I'ma tilt the bottle

hit the weed and get high for my nigga

My partner my nigga

My round in my trigger

From the little shit I remember you was a down ass
nigga

I'm mad i missed shit you could have showed me (fuck)

Shit still ain't the same even though my mama told me

I keep your memories in my endeavors (nigga)

Thank you for being my daddy, thank you for what you
left us

I swear to protect, and the only way to carry on, is carry
on

My nigga little Mike, my nigga G-Slim, and my cousin
Larry gone

I ain't trying to question God, but why so young

That's why from daylight to night time I got my gun

This fucking thing we call life ain't nothing but a phase

That's why you better keep your faith, or you're that
thug in the grave

Chorus: repeat 4X

[Snoop Dogg]

Rest in peace khaki's creased

From the east side of Long Beach

Pouring out liquor, thinking about my homie

Cause I can't understand how it went down

We used to clown from town to town

Claiming dogg pound

Took you on lollapalooza with a nigga

L0Dog you my nigga

If you don't get no bigger

Spanky Loco from the the dub, and Little Man from the I

Dear God why them good niggas have to die

I can't reminisce too long

Cause I'm in a war zone

If I sleep, slip, trip I might get blasted on

So I'm gone mash on home

but on the way I see some of my enemies

And they tripping on me

Cause I fuck with Master P

But I;m heated, so beat it

And another 87 case, I really don't need it

Proceeded, I ain't gone cry for the homie

Shit we gone celebrate

Cause we now the homeboy is in a safer and better
place

Chorus: repeat 3X

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