

## Snoop Dogg "Betta Days"

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Celebrate, grab a drink and put a blunt in the sky  
Worldwide, nigga it's 1999  
Shit out of control, sign of the times  
I ain't had this much fun since '79  
I was only eight then, hadn't been to the penn  
Just a young nigga on the front of a swing  
Playin football up in Powly High  
Too young to ride but it's still Eastside  
Homocides didn't happen much, niggas wasn't rappin  
much  
It's 99 nigga, shit, I know you strappin up  
Hell motherfuckin yeah, nigga wanna see the end  
So next year we can do it all again  
Same dogg channel, same dogg time  
Only the strong will survive in 99  
So much drama and dillusion, my conclusion is  
confusing  
Drippin on my memories, twisted off my music  
Tryin to make my people do things, oh yeah we do's it,  
we do's it  
Here's my number baby girl don't you lose it  
It's smoky in this motherfucker while we cruising  
And Eastside niggas is the shadiest (shadiest)  
But them Westside niggas is the craziest (craziest)  
Summertime on the grind, baby let me shine, let me  
shine  
Roll with this shit, I'm cold with this shit in my prime  
Nigga done time and I never dropped a motherfucking  
dime  
Be smart, fresh start is all you need  
First thing first, cuz, stop smoking cess weed  
You are what you smoke, nigga stop hating  
That's why you broke and that's why we celebrating  
But life's so hard on a G, that's what they all say  
But somehow someway, better days ahead, Freddy's  
dead  
And Betty said Eddie's a fed  
Sweaty in bed with a nine to his head  
And he fuckin with this hoodrat that he met up in dance  
Betty gettin mad cause Eddie wanna share  
But look at how you livin for a minute then compare  
I love confetti, I always stay ready

Keep some killers by my side and some riders by the  
telli  
I'm ready to do now, who now, you now

Eddie wasn't ready when they drew that, booyow  
Two down, with just one gun  
My nigga, and who said killin wasn't no fun  
I sit alone in the zone with a face of stone  
Live the life of Al Capone or Don Coroleone  
Tragically casualties and fatalities  
And all kinds of funny ass niggas coming after me  
My grand pappy once sat me on his lap and he said  
Sonny get your money 'fore you end up dead  
I never really understood what he said  
Until my motherfucking dogg took a slug in his head  
Cold way nigga gotta learn his lesson  
Slow down and go down, shit you know now

Be smart, fresh start is all you need  
First things first cuz, stop smokin cess weed  
You are what you smoke, my nigga stop hating  
That's why you broke and that's why we celebrating  
But life's so hard on a G, that's what they all say  
But somehow someway, you got to make a better way

(Somehow someway)  
You got to make a better way  
(You got to make a better way)  
You got to make a better way  
(You got to make a better way)  
You got to make a better way  
(You got to make a better way)  
You got to make a better way  
(Yeah, better days ahead)  
Better days ahead  
(Better days ahead)  
Better days ahead

That's real.  
I feel your pain nigga.  
I used to be just like you nigga.  
Before I got off in this rap shit.  
Shit, nigga did anything to get a dollar.  
You know, but one thing I never did do.  
I ain't never beg a nigga for nothing or ask a nigga for  
nothing.  
I went out and got my own ya feel me?  
So from me to you, man to man.  
Better days ahead my nigga.  
Shit, keep the faith and get your hustle on.  
Cause I'm a get mine regardless.

Nigga wether I'm rapping or on the streets.  
I gotta have it.

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