

## Snoop Dogg "Murder Was The Case"

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Intro: (Mista Grimm's "Indo Smoke" plays in the background)

Ay ay Jaycee  
Sup Aron?  
Ain't that Snoop Dogg over there?  
That that nigga with that blue coat on?  
Yeah  
Yeah oh yeah that's that nigga  
Nigga roll up on the side of him man  
Roll your window down  
Man hand me my motherfuckin Glock man gimme  
another clip  
Cuz I'm gonna smoke this fool  
Yeah roll the windows down  
Yeah, OK there you go  
Ay man, you Snoop Dogg?  
Snoop?  
Huh?  
Snoop Doggy Dogg?  
Man he's Snoop Dogg  
Man fuck that nigga!!  
\*gun shots\*  
Nigga man!  
Get that nigga man!  
Man get up fool man, get up man, don't be tryin to run  
man  
Get up on that fool man, I don't give a fuck  
What set you got now? Fuck you nigga!  
Yeah nigga, whassup?  
Nigga?  
Yeah motherfucker  
Yeah nigga, one less nigga  
Yeah nigga, youse a dead motherfucker now

Verse One:

As I look up at the sky  
My mind starts trippin, a tear drops my eye  
My body temperature falls  
I'm shakin and they breakin tryin to save the Dogg  
Pumpin on my chest and I'm screamin

I stop breathin, damn I see deamons  
Dear God, I wonder can ya save me  
I can't die Boo-Boo's bout to have my baby  
I think it's too late for prayin, hold up  
A voice spoke to me and it slowly started sayin  
"Bring your lifestyle to me I'll make it better"  
How long will I live?  
"Eternal life and forever"  
And will I be, the G that I was?  
"I'll make your life better than you can imagine or even  
dreamed of  
So relax your soul, let me take control  
Close your eyes my son"  
My eyes are closed

Chorus:

Murder... murder was the case that they gave me  
Murder... murder was the case that they gave me

Verse Two:

I'm fresh up out my coma  
I got my momma and my daddy and my homies in my  
corner  
It's gonna take a miracle they say  
For me to walk again and talk again but anyway  
I get, fronted some keys, to get, back on my feet  
And everything that nigga said, came to reality  
Livin like a baller loc  
Havin money, and blowin hella chronic smoke  
I bought my momma a Benz, and bought my Boo-Boo a  
Jag  
And now I'm rollin in a nine-trizzay El Do-Rad  
"Just remember who changed your mind  
Cuz when you start set-trippin, that ass mine"  
Indeed, agreed proceed to smoke weed  
Never have a want, never have a need  
They say I'm greedy but I still want mo'  
Cuz my eyes wanna journey some more, really doe  
(check it out)

Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the lord, my soul to keep  
If I should die, before I wake  
I pray the lord, my soul to take

No more indo, gin and juice  
I'm on my way to Chino, rollin on the grey goose  
Shackled from head to toe  
25 with an izzl, with nowhere to gizzo, I know

Them niggaz from the other side recognize my face  
Cuz it's the O.G. D-O-double-G, L-B-C  
Mad doggin niggaz cuz I don't care  
Red jumpsuit with two braids in my hair  
Niggaz stare as I enter the center  
They send me to a level 3 yard, that's where I stay  
Late night I hear toothbrushes scrapin on the floor  
Niggaz gettin they shanks, just in case the war, pops  
off  
Cuz you can't tell what's next  
My little homey Baby Boo took a pencil in his neck  
And he probably won't make it, to see twenty-two  
I put that on my momma, I'ma ride for you Baby Boo

Chorus 2X

\*flatline noise\*

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