

Snoop Dogg "See Ya When I Get There"

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For all them young niggas that didn't quite make it
This year to another year
Save the pain, I remember

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 know 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

To all my thugs in the grave
I see ya when I get there
I see ya when I get there

To all my thugs in the grave
I see ya when I get there
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To all my thugs in the grave

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

I keep your memories in my endeavors
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

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To all my thugs in the grave

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
L-Dog 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

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