

## Snoop Dogg "The Way Life Used to Be"

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It's all right  
Reflections of the way life used to be  
It's all right

Take it back to the Afros and the naturals  
Cape cutter picks, we slips into the back holes  
O.G., my nigger, for real though  
Straight up off that East Side, top of the hill, y'all

I'm lookin' at the overview  
Thinkin' 'bout '86, damn, I was overdue  
Walkin' in the hood, makin' mix tapes  
Tryin' to walk up about the hood  
While I'm chucking at the hood

Nigger, talk about the hood that I came from  
It raised me real crip crazy, what up, oopsy daisy  
Demon or a heathen, schemin' while I'm dreamin'  
Screamin' to get even, seein' is believin'  
And don't you forget that, get it to you, get back  
Hit that kick back, three flies one away

Reminisce about the things that my grand mama use to  
say  
"Stay in your own lane, stay on your own  
And quick trying to be grown  
Day turn to night and play turn to fight"

It's all right  
Yeah, I guess my granny was right  
Reflections of the way life used to be  
It's all right

I like them girls from Ladera Heights or the girls on  
Hills  
I take a trip up the World On Wheels and get in a fight  
Make it back to my ride  
Pop shots at some suckers disrespectin' the side

My big homie, my cuzzo, schoolyard bozo  
Slid me away, just to get me away  
I'm just a Long Beach nigger outside of my hood

I'm bangin', ridin' but doin' it good

And when I get locked down there ain't hidin' and wonderin'

As soon as I hit the County, I'm up in 48 hundred  
With the dealers, the killers, the realers, the beast  
The best from the west and the beast from the east

Yeah, I'm acting a fool  
I'm getting my degree from gladiator school  
I chose this life 'cause I knows this life  
Sell a little crack and my flows is tight

I'm clear on my choice and what's cold is  
I can still hear my grandma's voice  
She say, "Day turn to night and play turn to fight"

It's all right  
Shit, I guess my granny was right  
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If you get caught then you don't walk, 'cause you don't talk  
And these was the rules, squeeze on these fools  
I came up in a different era, homie  
Where the G's is the G's and the little wannabe's really want it

Wanna be like, 'cause the C life make you wanna G like  
Now who you wanna be like?  
That fool on the TV screen  
Or the homie on the corner gettin' major cream?

In the Cadillac, beatin' like Battlecat  
A nigger with money, don't know how to act  
Smoke till your eyes get cataracts  
All money nonsense, yeah, none of that

Quarter sack, run it back  
Hold him back, lock him up, bag him up, front him that  
If a trick, jump the track, do you want your money back?  
Lil bitch was a bunny rat

Watch for the funny act  
'Cause this gonna come  
And my granny said it's no fun  
She say, "Day turn to night and play turn to fight"

It's all right

Yeah, I guess my granny was right  
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