

## **Dr.Dre**

### **"Lil' Ghetto Boy"**

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Artist: Dr. Dre featuring Snoop Doggy Dogg, Dat Nigga Daz

Verse One: Snoop Doggy Dogg

Wake up, jumped out my bed  
I'm in a 2 man cell wit my homie Lil 1/2 Dead  
Murder was the case that they gave me  
Dear God, I wonder can you save me  
I'm only 18, so I'm a young buck  
It's alright, if I don't scrap, I'm getting stuck  
But that's the life of a G, I guess  
Ese's way deep, shanked two in they chest  
Bests run 'cause brothers is dropping quicker  
Ugn, too late, damn, down goes another nigga  
Bouncing off the walls, throwing them dogs  
Getting that rep as a young hog  
It ain't nuttin like the street life  
Betta be strapped wit yo shank, cuz ain't no fist fight  
So I guess I gots ta handle mine  
Since I did the crime, I gots ta do my time

Chorus: Dat Nigga Daz

Lil' ghetto boy  
Playing in the ghetto streets  
What'cha gonna do when you grow up  
And have to face responsibility

Verse Two: Dr. Dre

Now, I'm holdin the dub, sitting on swole  
27 years old, up for parole, stroll  
I'm back up on my feet wit my mind on the money  
That I'm making as soon as I touch the street  
Things done changed on this side  
Remember they used to thump but now they blast, right  
But it ain't no thang to me  
'Cause now I'm what they call a lowked-ass O.G.  
The little homies from the hood wit grip  
Are the ones I get wit 'cause I'm down to set trip

Nigga, I'm bigger than you, so what'cha wanna do  
Didn't know he had a 22  
Straight sitting behind his back  
I grabed his pockets and then I heard six caps  
I fell to the ground  
wit blood on my hands  
And didn't understand  
How a nigga so young could bust a cap  
I used to be the same way back  
I guess that's what I get (for what)  
For trying to jack the little homies for they grip

Chorus: Dat Nigga Daz

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Verse Three: Snoop Doggy Dogg

Something for the real OG's to get wit  
Some facts, made our made, now you runnin but I play  
Like every single day, really tho  
You know me, I'm the smooth macadamien, gaming  
them for my homie  
No need to being calm if you pack right  
And learning just enuff to keep your sack right  
Late nights, I wonder what they getting fo'  
Early morning on the corners, what they hitting fo'  
Seven young G's put they serve down  
In a G ride, east side what they swerve now  
Not thinking about what's really going on  
Got crept on, stepped on, now they gone  
I spent 4 years in the county wit nutting but convicts  
around me  
But now I'm back at the pound  
And we expose ways for the youth to survive  
Some think it's wrong but we tend to think it's right  
So make all them ends you can make  
'Cause when you're broke, you break, check it out  
So ain't no need for your mama to trip  
'Cause you's a hustling ass youngsta, clocking your  
grip

Chorus: Dat Nigga Daz

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