

Game, The

"All Dogs Go To Heaven"

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[Chorus]

Rolling up a swisha banging Nate Dogg
Pulling on this 8ball contemplating suicide
(Hold Up)
Tears in my eyes, sippin on this goose gettin' loose
I don't know what else to do, so I'm sittin' here
Rolling up a swisha banging Nate Dogg
Pulling on this 8ball contemplating suicide
(Hold Up)
Tryna smoke the pain away
Hand on the dessert
All dogs go to heaven
Til then (smoke weed everyday)

[Game]

Aftermath studio, 2005
It was live, it was Snoop, it was Nate, it was I
It was Dre, It was Daz and Kurupt, we was high
One of my favourite memories
Them n-ggas like kin to me
When they move, I move
We like a centipede
Back when Dre was in his drop like Kennedy
I was banging Regulate, round the hood regulating
In and out of county jail when crips and bloods were
segregating
And just like y'all, I used to love tha Dogg Pound
10 years later we here, laying Nate Dogg down
Damn, he was only 41 so I'mma get high and just drink
til this 40 done
But I really wanna cry, shit I really wonder why good n-
ggas gotta die
If we living under God
Maybe he living in the sky and I couldn't bring him back
if I tried
So we just rolling up a swisha

[Chorus]

[Game Verse 2]

Allstar weekend, I seen Warren G with no Nate Dogg

Thats like MJG with no 8Ball
I don't wanna see that R.I.P tatt
LBCPT that, we that coast where the DPG at!
Eazy-E that, tell me where the weed at?
You see that, all red P hat
Where Pac used to eat at
Hoes in different area codes, better believe that
Can you believe this where they killed BIG at
Now he at where N-A-T-E D O double G at
Cause that's where all dogs go because of you we all
blow
Now when I need a hook, who I'm gonna call for
I sample your old shit, i don't know these new n-ggas
Bout to roll an ounce of this kush, I need a few swishas
And the game will never be the same without him
I'm just mad he aint here to hop ont he R.E.D album

[Chorus]

[Game - Verse 3]

I'm in the crib, Dre beats on, banging Lay Low
Kush to the dome, stacking kills on his halo
Tryna get my mind what it is, but it is what it is
Everybody raise ya lighters when I say so
Shed tear, thats for Nate bro
Cali will never be the smae, Cube and Dre know
I hold the West Coast down, thats why he signed me
And Nate came with hooks better than Kareem and Ali
I'm blowing smoke up in the wind
Kinda hard to concentrate when you sitting here
focused on the end
Today a child is born, tomorrow he's a man
Next day he gone
Life cycle repeats itself again and again
Uncle's cousins and his friends
No-one escapes death or drives to heaven in a Benz
But one things for sure, everybody gotta go
When it's my turn I hope I never know

(Hold Up)

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