

Tha Eastsidaz "Be Thankful"

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Rite now a nigga just feelin' real good
Thankful for evrythang that's goin' down for me rite
now
For all dis happiness and success
A ***** just straight thankful for evrythang you know

You think it's eazy bein' me? Na hold on Dogg
Let me explain sumthin' to all of y'all
I got a mama an' a daddy 3 bruthas no sistas
Sum cuzinz, uncles, nephews an' neices

An' nun to say da leastest hectic
Wit 2 boyz of my own, spanky damn near grown
Sittin' in his room just bangin' my songs
As I roll anutha joint an' make a call on da fone

It's Pretty Tony it's on an' crackin' my *****
It's ya big bro I herd ya rappin' my *****
Evrybody an' there mama duin' dis rap thang
I'm thankful dat my lil' brutha ain't in da hood bangin'

Just be thankful for all ya got
If it's just a little bit it's all ya got
You mite not have a car or big gold chain
Stay true to yaself an' thangs will change

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Man my sista ben gone for about 10 munths
Stedy smokin' bluntz an' **** wit da same ****
But it's time to make a change
So I rock up my rhymes like krack kokaine

I'm in da game, much love to my nigga Snoop
It woodn't be crackin' wit out you
I woodn't be standin' in deez black walla C's
I'd be back in da hood wit dem G's

Frum kidnaps an' jacks, knockouts an' craps

Frum totin' Tech-9's, to shankin' on da main line
Timez iz hard we all caught up in da struggle
Whites, Blacks, Mexicans it's trouble

Yung kids, we got a man made disease
I lost my mom so now I'm prayin' on my knees
Did y'all take care of y'all ha luv wuz precious
Now I got my daddy, sistas an' homies God bless us

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We ben through sum tuff timez mom late on rent
Tryin' to get mine husslin' like Larry Flynt
No food in da fridge but we wuzn't alarmed
'Cuz my brutha wuz like a good neighba den like state
farm

Peeples always sayin' wut they need an' want
But they need to start wit they du's an' don'ts
Just be thankful for day to day
An' evrythang will be goin' ya way

Now ain't it odd to thank God, we moovin' in gangsta
toyed
We live an' die by tha sword an' still we thank tha Lord
Frum da maternity ward to tha morgue, I count my
blessins
It's a game I should but can't afford but I ain't stressin'

I'm E-S-in 4 mines it's all gunna pay off in da long run
An' no rest on da grind man a ***** just out here on
one
Stayin' strong all alone or hangin' wit my clique
I rite a song rite or rong I'm realy bangin' dis ****
I used ta wonda why we had it so ruff
My motto wuz my ancha an' for dat I can't thank ya
enuff

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Everybody pray

Everybody pray

Everybody pray

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