Snoop Dogg, Betta Days

Celebrate, grab a drink and put a blunt in the sky Worldwide, nigga it's 1999

Shit out of control, sign of the times

I ain't had this much fun since '79

I was only eight then, hadn't been to the penn

Just a young nigga on the front of a swing

Playin football up in Powly High

Too young to ride but it's still Eastside

Homocides didn't happen much, niggas wasn't rappin much

It's 99 nigga, shit, I know you strappin up

Hell motherfuckin yeah, nigga wanna see the end

So next year we can do it all again

Same dogg channel, same dogg time

Only the strong will survive in 99

So much drama and dillusion, my conclusion is confusing

Drippin on my memories, twisted off my music

Tryin to make my people do things, oh yeah we do's it, we do's it

Here's my number baby girl don't you lose it

It's smoky in this motherfucker while we cruising

And Eastside niggas is the shadiest (shadiest)

But them Westside niggas is the craziest (craziest)

Summertime on the grind, baby let me shine, let me shine

Roll with this shit, I'm cold with this shit in my prime

Nigga done time and I never dropped a motherfucking dime

Be smart, fresh start is all you need

First thing first, cuz, stop smoking cess weed

You are what you smoke, nigga stop hating

That's why you broke and that's why we celebrating

But life's so hard on a G, that's what they all say

But somehow someway, better days ahead, Freddy's dead

And Betty said Eddie's a fed

Sweaty in bed with a nine to his head

And he fuckin with this hoodrat that he met up in dance

Betty gettin mad cause Eddie wanna share

But look at how you livin for a minute then compare

I love confetti, I always stay ready

Keep some killers by my side and some riders by the telli

I'm ready to do now, who now, you now

Eddie wasn't ready when they drew that, booyow

Two down, with just one gun

My nigga, and who said killin wasn't no fun

I sit alone in the zone with a face of stone

Live the life of Al Capone or Don Coroleone

Tragically casulties and fatalities

And all kinds of funny ass niggas coming after me

My grand pappy once sat me on his lap and he said

Sonny get your money 'fore you end up dead

I never really understood what he said

Until my motherfucking dogg took a slug in his head

Cold way nigga gotta learn his lesson

Slow down and go down, shit you know now

Be smart, fresh start is all you need First things first cuz, stop smokin cess weed You are what you smoke, my nigga stop hating

That's why you broke and that's why we celebrating

But life's so hard on a G, that's what they all say

But somehow someway, you got to make a better way

(Somehow someway)

You got to make a better way

(You got to make a better way)
You got to make a better way

(You got to make a better way)

You got to make a better way (You got to make a better way) You got to make a better way (Yeah, better days ahead) Better days ahead (Better days ahead) Better days ahead

That's real.
I feel your pain nigga.
I used to be just like you nigga.
Before I got off in this rap shit.
Shit, nigga did anything to get a dollar.
You know, but one thing I never did do.
I ain't never beg a nigga for nothing or ask a nigga for nothing.
I went out and got my own ya feel me?
So from me to you, man to man.
Better days ahead my nigga.
Shit, keep the faith and get your hustle on.
Cause I'm a get mine regardless.
Nigga wether I'm rapping or on the streets.
I gotta have it.