

Snoop Doggy Dogg, Murder Was The Case (Remix)

helicopter flying overhead

This is Angela Sanders coming to you live
from the scene of yet another murder mystery
It seems that entertainer Snoop Doggy Dogg has been murdered
We have no information at this time

journalist speaks in spanish (I won't be insulting and try to transcribe it)

lightning cracks

helicopter passes by again

As I look up, at the sky
My mind starts trippin, a tear drops my eye
My body temperature falls
I'm shakin, and they breakin, tryin to save the Dogg
Pumpin on my chest and I'm screamin
I stop breathin, damn I see deamons
Dear God, I wonder can ya save me
I can't die my Boo-Boo's bout to have my baby
I think it's too late for prayin, hold up
A voice spoke to me and it slowly started sayin
"Bring your lifestyle to me I'll make it better"
And how long will I live?
"Eternal life and forever"
And will I be, the G that I was?
"I'll make your life better than you can imagine or even dreamed of
So relax your soul, let me take control
Close your eyes my son"
My eyes are closed

Murder... "murder was the case that they gave me" (repeat 4X)

I'm fresh up out my coma
I got my momma and my daddy and my homies in my corner
It's gonna take a miracle they say
For me to walk again and talk again but anyway
I get, fronted some keys, to get, back on my feet
And everything that nigga said, came to reality
Livin like a baller loc
I'm havin money, and blowin hella chronic smoke
I bought my momma a Benz, my Boo-Boo a Jag
And now I'm rollin in a nine-trizzay El Do-Rad
"Just remember who changed your mind
Cuz when you start set-trippin, that ass is mine"
Indeed, agreed proceed to smoke weed
Never have a want, never have a need
They say I'm greedy but I still want mo'
Cause my eyes wanna journey some more, really doe (check it out)

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the lord, my soul to keep
If I should die, before I wake
I pray the lord, my soul to take

Murder was the case that they gave me
"Murder was the case that they gave me" (repeat 2X)

No more indo, gin and juice
I'm on my way to Chino, rollin on the grey goose
Shackled from head to toe
Twenty-five with a izz-L, with nowhere to gizzo, I know
them niggaz from the other side recognize my face
Cause it's the O.G. D-O-double-G, L-B-C
Mad doggin niggaz cuz I don't care
Red jumpsuit with two braids in my hair
Niggaz stare as I enter the center

They send me to a level three yard, that's where I stay
Late night I hear toothbrushes scrapin on the floor
Niggaz gettin they shanks, just in case the war, pops off
Cause you can't tell what's next
My little homey Baby Boo he took a pencil in his neck
And he probably won't make it, to see twenty-two
I put that on my momma, I'ma ride for you Baby Boo

Murder... "murder was the case that they gave me" (repeat 4X)

Switch!