

# Dr. Dre, Lil' Ghetto Boy

(feat. Snoop Doggy Dogg, Dat Nigga Daz)

[Verse One: Snoop Doggy Dogg]

Wake up, jumped out my bed  
Hung 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 a ride, 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 a rep as a young hog  
It ain't nuttin like the street life  
Betta be strapped wit yo clip, 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 'trolling the dove, sitting on swoll  
27 years old, off on 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 but it's alright  
Remember they used to thump but now they blast, right  
But it ain't no thing to me  
'Cause now I'm what they call a loxed-assed O.G.  
The little homies from the hood wit grip  
Are the ones I get wit 'cause I'm down respect trip  
Nigga, I'm bigger than you, so what'cha wanna do  
Didn't know we had a 22  
Straight sitting behind his back  
I'm grab his pockets and then I heard six caps  
I fell to the ground wit blood on my hands  
I didn't understand  
How a nigga so young could bust a cap  
I use to be the same way back  
I guess that's what I get (for what)  
For trying to jack them little homies for they bread

[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 wanna run and play  
Like every single day, really doe  
You know me, I'm the smooth macadamien, gaming them for my homie

No need to be uncalm 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 but they serve down  
In a jeep 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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