

# Snoop Doggy Dogg, See Ya When I Get There

[C-Murder]

For all them young niggas that didn't quite make it to another year

To all my thugs in the grave  
This one is for my homies and my thug niggas  
A bunch of used to be paranoid drug dealers  
A bout 'it motherfucker standing on the block  
Ain't no limit to his heart, cause his veins is non-stop  
And constantly a nigga catching them cases  
With them death situations  
A nigga blast with no hesitation  
Mama I wanna now where my daddy at  
My only memory is a picture with a chrome gat  
I wanna do, like them gangsters do  
I wanna gangster walk  
I caught a bullet now I'm in some chalk  
Just another young nigga in a song  
Mama always told me gangster's don't live long  
After I'm dead can you still see me  
Do you really want to be me  
I'm just another bossalaine  
I represent all them niggas trying to get paid  
But couldn't be saved  
Huh, y'all now what I'm talking about

Chorus: C-Murder and Snoop Dogg

To all my thugs in the grave  
See ya when I get there  
See ya when I get there repeat 4X

[Mystikal]

Ride nigga till I deduct  
Them things die nigga for fuck  
Fly. fly nigga  
Since you absent I'ma tilt the bottle  
hit the weed and get high for my nigga  
My partner my nigga  
My round in my trigger  
From the little shit I remember you was a down ass nigga  
I'm mad i missed shit you could have showed me (fuck)  
Shit still ain't the same even though my mama told me  
I keep your memories in my endeavors (nigga)  
Thank you for being my daddy, thank you for what you left us  
I swear to protect, and the only way to carry on, is carry on  
My nigga little Mike, my nigga G-Slim, and my cousin Larry gone  
I ain't trying to question God, but why so young  
That's why from daylight to night time I got my gun  
This fucking thing we call life ain't nothing but a phase  
That's why you better keep your faith, or you're that thug in the grave

Chorus: repeat 4X

[Snoop Dogg]

Rest in peace khaki's creased  
From the east side of Long Beach  
Pouring out liquor, thinking about my homie  
Cause I can't understand how it went down  
We used to clown from town to town  
Claiming dogg pound  
Took you on lollapalooza with a nigga  
LODog you my nigga  
If you don't get no bigger  
Spanky Loco from the the dub, and Little Man from the I  
Dear God why them good niggas have to die

I can't reminisce too long  
Cause I'm in a war zone  
If I sleep, slip, trip I might get blasted on  
So I'm gone mash on home  
but on the way I see some of my enemies  
And they tripping on me  
Cause I fuck with Master P  
But I;m heated, so beat it  
And another 87 case, I really don't need it  
Proceeded, I ain't gone cry for the homie  
Shit we gone celebrate  
Cause we now the homeboy is in a safer and better place

Chorus: repeat 3X