

The Way Life Used to Be

Snoop Dogg

Take it back to the afros and the naturals
Cape cutter picks we slips into the back
I'm O.G. my nigga for real though
Straight up off that east side top of the hill yo
I'm looking at the overview
Thinking bout 86 damn I was overdue
Walking in the hood making mix tapes trying to walk up out the hood
While I'm chucking at the hood nigga talk about the hood
That I came from it raised me real Crip crazy
oops a daisy
Demon or a heathen scheming while I'm dreaming
Screaming to get even seeing is believing
And don't you forget that
Get it to you get back hit that kick back
Three flies one a way
Reminisce about the things that my grandmama use to say
Stay in your own lane stay on your own and quick trying to be grown
Day turn to night and play turn to fight
Yeah I guess my granny was right

Reflections of the way life used to be
It's all right

I like them girls from Ladera Heights or the girls on Hills
I take a trip up the World On Wheels and get in a fight
Make it back to my ride
Pop shots at some suckers disrespecting the side
My big homie my cuzzo schoolyard bozo
Slid me away just to get me away
I'm just a Long Beach nigga outside of my hood
I'm banging riding but doing it good
When I get locked down there ain't hiding and wondering
As soon as I hit the County I'm up in 48 hundred
With the dealers the killers the [?]
The best from the west and the beast from the east
Yeah I'm acting a fool
I'm getting my degree from gladiator school
I chose this life cause I knows this life
Sell a little crack and my flows is tight
I'm clear on my choice and what's cold is
I can still hear my grandma's voice
She say day turn to night and play turn to fight
Yeah I guess my granny was right

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It's all right

If you get caught then you don't walk cause you don't talk
And these was the rules squeeze on these fools
I came up in a different era homie
Where the G's is the G's and the little wannabe's really want it
Wanna be like cause the C life make you wanna G like
Now who you wanna be like
That fool on the TV screen
Or the homie on the corner getting major cream
In the Cadillac beating like Battle Cat
A nigga with money don't know how to act

Smoke til your eyes get cataracts
All money nonsense yeah none of that
Quarter sack run it back
Hold him back lock him up bag him up front him that
If a trick jump the track do you want your money back
Lil bitch was a bunny rat
Watch for the funny hat
Cause it's gonna come
And my granny said it's no fun
She say day turn to night and play turn to fight
Yeah I guess my granny was right

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