

The Way Life Used To Be

Snoop Dogg

It's all right
Reflections of the way life used to be
It's all right Take it back to the Afros and the naturals
Cape cutter picks, we slips into the back holes
O.G., my nigger, for real though
Straight up off that East Side, top of the hill, y'all I'm lookin' at the overview
Thinkin' 'bout '86, damn, I was overdue
Walkin' in the hood, makin' mix tapes
Tryin' to walk up about the hood
While I'm chucking at the hood Nigger, talk about the hood that I came from
It raised me real crip crazy, what up, oopsy daisy
Demon or a heathen, schemin' while I'm dreamin'
Screamin' to get even, seein' is believin'
And don't you forget that, get it to you, get back
Hit that kick back, three flies one away Reminisce about the things that my grand mama 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" It's all right
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 disrespectin' the side My big homie, my cuzzo, schoolyard bozo
Slid me away, just to get me away
I'm just a Long Beach nigger outside of my hood
I'm bangin', ridin' but doin' it good And when I get locked down there ain't hidin' and wonderin'
As soon as I hit the County, I'm up in 48 hundred
With the dealers, the killers, the realers, the beast
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" It's all right
Shit, I guess my granny was right
Reflections of the way life used to be
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 gettin' major cream?
In the Cadillac, beatin' like Battlecat
A nigger with money, don't know how to act
Smoke till 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 act
'Cause this gonna come
And my granny said it's no fun
She say, "Day turn to night and play turn to fight"
It's all right
Yeah, I guess my granny was right
Reflections of the way life used to be
It's all right

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