

Bacc In da Dayz (feat. Big Tray Deee)

Snoop Dogg

Back in the days on the boulevard of Linden
Back in the days on the boulevard of Linden
Back in the days on
Back in the days on
Back in
Back in
Back inBack in the days on the boulevard of Linden
Back in the days on the boulevard of Linden
Back in the days on the boulevard of Linden
Back in the days on the boulevard of Linden
Back in the days on the boulevard of Linden
Back in the days on the boulevard of Linden
Back in the days on the boulevard of Linden
We used to kick routines and the presence was fitting
I used to come through with the tools and Glocks
Party don't rock like it used to rock
Back door, nigga, I refuse to knock
I beat a nigga up out his shoes and socksI used to come through with the tools and Glocks
Party don't rock like it used to rock
Back door, nigga, I refuse to knock
I beat a nigga up out his shoes and socksStandin' amazing, hit you in the brain
Get with Snoop Dogg, he can put you in the game
Put you on the stage, maybe even front page
Get a little fortune, have a little fame
Kill 'em with class, toast to the boogie while you fill up your glass
So quick, so fast
No razzmatazz, I'm just an eastside nigga
With my gangster ass, twenties
I used to pinch pennies
Only Gs, I don't fuck with no willing
My clique is sick, it expandin'
To outlaws, riders and bandits
What you gon' do
When we coming to a hood near you?
You know
I used to come through with the tools and Glocks
Party don't rock like it used to rock
Back door, nigga, I refuse to knock
I beat a nigga up out his shoes and socksI used to come through with the tools and Glocks

Party don't rock like it used to rock
Back door, nigga, I refuse to knock
I beat a nigga up out his shoes and socksWhat's beef? 'Cause beef is in the kitchen
What you want dog? I'm on a million-dollar mission
How can you get it if you ain't been through shit?
I'm just a seed that was planted by Ruthless
My family tree is so G, we was cut from the cloth called LBC
Crybaby, used to C-Walk at the park
Pitbulls on a leash that would never bark
Real love, real dubs, real same yes
Trip Loc, kin folk, and Wayniac
Peace to the deceased that passed away
"Duces 'n Trayz: The Old Fashioned Way"
What you gon' do
When we pull up in a hood near you?
You knowI used to come through with the tools and Glocks
Party don't rock like it used to rock
Back door, nigga, I refuse to knock
I beat a nigga up out his shoes and socksI used to come through with the tools and Glocks
Party don't rock like it used to rock
Back door, nigga, I refuse to knock
I beat a nigga up out his shoes and socksYeah, certified official gangsta shit
Unfiltered, like a pack of humps, nigga
Detrimental to all and any that disrespect or deviate from the G calls
It's either hog status or buster status
It ain't no in betweens
You can't wake up and put this on, nigga
Every breath you breathe gotta be committed to this shit
Clappin' niggas, tappin' switches, mackin' bitches
Mansion business and stackin riches
It's all a part of that lifestyle we created back in the days for the world to follow
Gs up, forever
The boss dogg an' Tha General, front line and on the east side
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>