

OG

MiM0SA

[Featuring Nate Dogg Snoop Doggy Dogg]

Snoop (Daz):

Yeah what I'ma do right here is take my time
and dedicating this one to my niggas resting in peace
and my niggas behind the wall.

See you when I get there you know what I'm saying? (really doe)

So drip with me as I go down memory lane.

Boy it's a loony where the grass is greener

(1 8 7 ain't shit but a misdemeanor).

I've seen a lot of niggas come up, but few niggas done up,
some rest in peace, with their khakis heavy squeezed.

But it's a East Side thang, a hoo ride thang,
('cause if we bang to the boogie than we boogie to the bang).

I bring you the motherfucking .38,
(just get the MC and the homie Nate).
So we can slide, slide, slipperdy slide,
as I take you on a trip nigga ride (East Side).

Nate (Daz):

Do you remember back on the East Side?
Where all us niggas used to love to ride.

We didn't care what we did,
time was nothing to us we were just kids.
Times are different now, but you still get stuck,
I'm not a kid no more, I just don't give a fuck.
So if you're thinking about coming and stepping to me,
keep this in mind: I'm a motherfucking O.G.

Snoop:

Lets speed the clock up and pass some time,
June 17th, 1979.
That's my first time being arrested,
I know I did the crime, but I ain't going to confess to this shit.

I learned than from the G's,
a G is an overseer, the overseer sees.
More than you do 'cause he gets experienced,
and besides I'm just a juvenile delinquent.
So I was gone, and I'm on my way home,
my momma's going to get me, and I flee with (???).
She puts a jacket on my back and hands me a comb,
We stop and frosty freeze for a couple snowcones.
She telling me that I didn't need to do what I done,
she said: "playing football should be your only fun son".
I'm like "allright" so we enter the house,
come up to the door and pops fired to the mouth.

I couldn't do nothing but cry like a bitch,
I looked at my momma and said: "damn, why you snitch?"

They put me on punishment but that didn't work,
now wearing khakis, wallabees, and a T-shirt.
And throwing up the neighborhood gang sides,
I do my first robbery and now I gotta do time.

Nate:

My homie told me one day he had a jack move,
he said: "come on Nate Dogg, it'll be smooth".
I agreed and said "come on, let's go and jack them fools",
next day we were draped in the county blues.
I went and did a little time in the bucket see (seventeen years),
saying to myself "I'll never fuck with that nigga again".
'fore I'm locked down I learned to be
what I am now and that's a motherfucking O.G.

Original gangsta

Daz:

I grew up in the city as a chap, faced the trials,
never smiled, became a gangster in the meanwhile.
You'd find me swearing and lying, trying to be an O.G.,
beating the shit out of niggas for guess, some Hillfigers.
The man behind the trigger, committing robberies,
with the homies, no one could stop, nobody knew me.

Breaking niggas for showing, sucker niggas better know me,

because we ain't letting the bullshit slide no more.

Do your wear nigga and kick in your front door,

to let you know we can't take no more.

Feeling revenge, killing enemies, family and friends,

and let you pay the cost for my homie's life, it's lost.

Toss a coin in the air, run my fingers through my hair,

and ask myself: "who the fuck should I really fear?".

I ran around with the best killers,

thug criminals and drug dealers.

Blasting niggas if they come near us,

(???) with evil spirits, no one could help us if we could.

Knock on wood for good luck,

serve every nigga in your hood with a buck, now you've been struck.

Stood gangsta in a static gangsta mack,

a grown child laying niggas the fuck down.

Nate (Daz):

Original gangsta (original gangsta),

coming from Long Beach (the town by the sea where niggas know me).

Coming from the East Side...

You're fucking with The Pound, oh nigga please,

see-O-B.'s can't see the D-O-double G's, [O.G.'s... repeat 5 times]

shout outs to my nigga Mr. D-A-Z,

shout outs to my nigga Mr. Warren G,
shout outs to my nigga S-N-double O-P,
shout outs to my niggas see, Style and me.

Snoop (Nate):

Yeah, straight up, based on a true story.

you know what I'm saying? It's a G thang baby (original gangsta)

You trick ass bitch!

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by Franklin, Shante / Broadus, Cordazar Calvin / Thomaz, Cameron Jibril / Dan, Eric A / Kulousek,
Jeremy / Massie, James

Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, EMI Music Publishing,
Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>