

See Ya When I Get There

Snoop Dogg

For all them young niggas that didn't quite make it
This year to another year
Save the pain, I remember 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 know 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 Bossaline
I represent all them niggas trying to get paid
But couldn't be saved
Huh, y'all now what I'm talking about To all my thugs in the grave
I see ya when I get there
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I see ya when I get there To all my thugs in the grave 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
Shit still ain't the same even though my mama told me I keep your memories in my endeavors
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 To all my thugs in the grave

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I see ya when I get thereTo all my thugs in the graveRest 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 downWe used to clown from town to town
Claiming dogg pound
Took you on Lollapalooza with a nigga
L-Dog you my nigga if you don't get no biggerSpanky 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 onSo 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 itAnd 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 placeTo all my thugs in the grave
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