

# Murder Was the Case (Remix)

## Snoop Doggy Dogg

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

As I look up at the sky  
My mind starts tripping  
A tear drops my eye  
My body temperature falls  
I'm shaking and they breaking trying to save the Dogg  
Pumping on my chest and I'm screaming  
I stop breathing, damn I see demons  
Dear God, I wonder can you save me  
I can't die my boo boo's bout to have my baby  
I think it's too late for praying, hold up  
A voice spoke to me and it slowly started saying  
(Bring your lifestyle to me, I'll make it better)  
How long will I live?  
(Eternal life and forever)  
And will I be the G that I was?  
(I'll make your life better than you can imagine or even dream of  
So relax your soul, let me take control  
Close your eyes my son)  
My eyes are closed Murder, murder was the case that they gave me I'm fresh up out my coma  
I got my Momma and my Daddy and my homies in my corner  
It's gonna take a miracle they say  
For me to walk again and talk again but anyway  
I get fronted some keys to get back on my feet  
And everything that nigga said came to reality  
Living like a baller loc  
Having money and blowing hella chronic smoke  
I bought my Momma a Benz, and bought my boo boo a Jag  
And now I'm rolling in a nine-trizzay El Do-Rad  
(Just remember who changed your mind  
Cause when you start set-tripping, that ass is mine)  
Indeed, agreed proceed to smoke weed  
Never have a want, never have a need

They say I'm greedy but I still want mo'  
Cuz my eyes wanna journey some more, really doe, check it out  
Now I lay me down to sleep  
I pray the Lord, my soul to keep  
If I should die, before I wake  
I pray the Lord, my soul to take  
No more indo, gin and juice  
I'm on my way to Chino, rolling on the grey goose  
Shackled from head to toe  
Twenty-five with an izz-el, with nowhere to gizzo, I know  
Them niggas from the other side recognize my face  
Cause it's the O.G. D-O-double-G, L-B-C  
Mad dogging niggas cause I don't care  
Red jumpsuit with two braids in my hair  
Niggas stare as I enter the center  
They send me to a level three yard, that's where I stay  
Late night I hear toothbrushes scraping on the floor  
Niggas getting they shanks, just in case the war, pops off  
Cause you can't tell what's next  
My little homey Baby Boo took a pencil in his neck  
And he probably won't make it to see twenty-two  
I put that on my Momma; I'ma ride for you Baby Boo  
Murder, murder was the case that they gave me

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