

## Warren Barfield

### "This Gangsta Shit Is Too Much"

Visit "[This Gangsta Shit Is Too Much](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(feat. Butch Cassidy)

1, 2, 1, 2, yeah  
All yeah, we doing it like that  
We flip that, uh  
More in the crib  
Dru, yeah, D-Funk allstars  
That's how we do it, G-Funk, yeah

[Warren G]

What's y'all thought, I wasn't gonna return with a hit  
Too much smokin' that Sherman shit  
I learned this from the best, and got y'all sprung  
The, the doctor, Andre Young  
Compton, LB, ain't nothing y'all can tell me  
Going hard on the yard, 'till me dogs bailed me  
They tells me, I can't precede with it  
I came back and got ole G'd with it  
We get crunk, spit it when we drunk  
Committed to that shit, that makes the gangstas stump  
Chumps can try, if they choose to to  
With these locs love my dogs like the Blues Clues  
So excuse you, I'm the reason for the fame  
And all of a sudden, you ain't believing in the name  
What? Butch Cassidy, show 'em what we working with

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]

This gangsta shit is too much  
Don't be suckas, can't touch  
It's working in the LBC, nonstop to the NYC  
Warren G, with the gangsta three's, oooh wee!

[Warren G]

And the win, on the 7-10 southbound  
Duece and gin, getting guzzled down by the mouth  
now  
Smashing a hundred in the car pool  
That's the type of thing that hogs do  
My concern ain't the fame, I hope you know that  
Status: millionaire, still don't show that  
Go back to where I was raised

On the porch is where they got braids, never not afraid  
To test my shot, drop a hundred dollar fade  
Holla, don't be a major see me in the hood  
Off TV, totally un-Hollywood  
Still to the good and you know that  
Still with me, still when you show that  
And Big Snoop Dogg we gonna blow that  
Still with it, we all say that we real with it  
Until bustas reveal, how we really did it

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]

[Warren G]

So what's crackin' now  
Got these haters actin' now  
Backin' down to this gangsta sound  
Westcoast circus clowns  
It's on purpose how I spit rounds  
You trying to get down  
Abnorm with the form, swarming heated  
Hitting fools glocks like we got cheated  
Repeated simotaneously  
I'm bringing bangers with me  
So hopefully, moves can be made  
We can all get paid, relax in the shade  
Sun, snow, it really don't matter  
We can all make dough  
Eastcoast, westcoast, midwest, dirty south  
And big heads, is what I'm all about  
And big heads, is what I'm all about  
And big heads, is what I'm all about, fool

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]

Visit [Warren Barfield](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.