

## Warren Barfield

### "What We Go Through"

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(what's up Warren G?)  
What's happenin? I'm just chillin, you know  
Checkin my game you dig, you know  
Trippin off these fools around the situation, you know  
it's like that

[Mr. Malik]  
I went from hustlin and slangin to bustin and bangin  
I got to keep it real, so fuck not cursin when I'm sangin  
Now let me tell y'all about this shit, went down the other  
nite  
Me and the doggs see some niggaz, just caught up in  
tha hype  
Tryin to ride and get by like tha FBI  
Cause we know bout them hk's, they right outside  
But we never knew y'all had a clue bout what we go  
through  
So tell how the fuck could you speak on my crew

[Badass]  
I went from dirt to large work like boatloads of keys  
It's hard work and it hurts to live life on ya knees  
So God please have a lil mercy on my soul  
What my eyes see my mind think my hand should hold  
The outcome of these actions warm hearts turn cold  
Lil snake tryin to blast me wit the gun he stole  
We hang out, banged out, same route as the day  
before  
Blessed wit perception, but don't know how my days a  
go  
Could see my nigga hittin wit some pay, a few days  
ago

[Daz]  
Now we back in the mix with some more clips and  
paper though  
I can't do nothing but enjoy myself  
Gotta do it myself, got a gang of wealth  
Its bloodclottin muthafuckaz seem like they want it all  
But they can't, trying to fake on me and my doggs  
If I fall I fail, gotta retrace my trail

Cross C's to clock G's I bell with bell  
I keep the throw downs for mine  
Warren G, Dogg Pound clockin the doves and come  
Serve your whole fuckin hood with some bud and  
rhymes

[Kurupt]

Plus you niggaz don't mash like mine, throw em 17  
times  
Money like a muthafucka, homey give me mines  
Paid, I come stomping like a parade, the escapades  
Psychoatic analysis, as I consume, always cartin the  
mushrooms  
With clear sight, the daylight's like the night  
A closet full of Franklins, a G's paradise  
A nice 40 ounce a O.E. on ice  
Precise poetic performing nice on mics

[Warren G]

Well I flew from the East to the West  
Word on the street, niggaz wanna test  
But these MC's, is scared to buck  
Plus they talk too much and smoke too many blunts  
You fuckin rookies  
Sweet as Mr. Smith's cookies  
Ya hate me one minute and tha next ya wanna buck me  
He sent a hoe, in the back seat of my fo'  
While ya Goin Back To Cali, watch how you flow  
Now ya know, about this Warren G Era  
G-Funk terror, look into tha mirror  
And what you see is the don of the company, that  
nigga  
(Warren G, Warren, Warren, Warren's to tha G)  
You still see, what I see  
All of the homies in the LB  
Sittin back, and we makin the cash  
Warren G, Kurupt, Hershey, Daz and Badass

[(Chorus) x2]

And we never knew you had clue of what we go through  
So how in tha fuck could y'all speak of our crew  
Ya thought this, ya thought that, we thought y'all  
should laid back  
Yeah it's like that, for me it's like that

Sittin back, and we makin the cash  
It's Warren G, Kurupt, Hershey, Daz and Badass  
Sittin back, and we makin the cash  
It's Warren G, Kurupt, Hershey, Daz and Badass

That's right

Ya know what I'm sayin Warren G  
With my homeboys from the pound Daz Dillinger,  
Kurupt the Kingpin  
And the homey Malik, ya know what I'm sayin and Mr.  
Badass  
And that's how we doin it fool, yeah  
We ain't bangin on wacks nigga, we doin it like we  
should be fool,  
Yeah

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