

## Warren Barfield

### "Young Locs Slow Down"

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(feat. Butch Cassidy, W.C.)

[WC talking]

[Warren G]

Take notes young locs, I advise y'all to slow down  
Glocks, K's, and eagles trying to put a murder down  
Watching fools servin' found  
Put your eyes on the prize, hitting switches  
And getting bitches with plenty riches  
And if you bang homie, do that  
But when your ass gets slapped with that 25, handle  
that  
And all you see is the glamor and gold  
Don't know the other side of the game is where it's  
scandalous and cold  
Your destiny is in your hands, you got control  
Wasting time with your life until your ass is old  
Trying to be bold, a hog and a pimp  
Eighteen years old, HIV in the limp

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]

Can't fuck with, what you asked for  
Sometimes you just should let go  
Get what you need and not want  
Some folks believe and some don't  
These are the ones that don't last  
Hard head makes soft ass  
But it was something that I had to have  
I just had to have

[WC]

What's crackin' gangsta  
Little woe G sake with a bang loose  
Dickie sagging how should kicking it  
Bangs with me, nigga let me swang with you  
Hop in this cut dog, and split this game to ya  
I see them niggas that got ya tatted and called it  
padding  
A clutch and a glock, banging on niggas at the bus stop  
Putting in work, leave you broke, cloke white shirt

Doing dirt trying to gain strikes for the turf  
Loc, what up, shit I knew your brother  
You used to bang with him, when you was a little  
motherfucker  
Until they amputated both of my legs, circled the block  
Caught your brother slippin' and flippin' the lead  
Retaliation was swift, furious, just know this hood shit is  
serious  
For the sake of if remembers, see your 'bout your  
paper  
And remember, loc's success is best with revenge on  
these haters, nigga

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]

[WC]  
Murder, murder, murder

[Warren G]  
I don't wanna die  
I'm trying to live, trying to survive  
Murder, murder, murder

[WC]  
I don't wanna die  
I'm trying to live, trying to survive  
Niggas done got the game twisted  
Yet if these bustas pump 'em up  
And just start division, fool listen  
Life is like a grab shot  
You can either hit the jackpot  
Stack a not and get a calf shot

[Warren G]  
Live you life homie  
Don't get pumped up to dump and get cracked  
And moms put a block on the phone  
You's a hard motherfucker, but now you all alone

[WC]  
All alone in the streets it was on  
But hit the leather for penitentry friends gone  
Your on your own

[Warren G]  
Until the youth, I spit to you  
They call me G dub and I spit the truth

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]

[WC talking to end]

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