

Warren G "Dollars Make Sense"

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(feat. Crucial Conflict, Kurupt, Reel Tight)

[Kurupt talking]

Y'all don't know nothin about this HEE-ARE
Hahahahahahaha, yeah! It's Kurupt Young Gotti
Hehaha, sup Warren G? It's my homeboy, huh?
With my niggas Crucial Conflict, huh?
Chillin, huh? Bumpin, puffin on a little bit of that Hay
[TOKE] Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah

[Warren G]

Dollars make sense, it's all incorporated
I'ma get it all, since a BG I done did it all, was in it all
When I first thought I was in the wrong
Couple tokes, alcohol
Got everything I need, Hennessey and weed
Since my arrival, based on this modern-day survival
Evrything is technicality, everything based on reality
So how do I get paid, all these licks nowadays
They want me laid, dropped and plagued, AK mouth is
sprayed
It's like I'm blind, and I just can't see
Warren G, I'ma holler at the homey Shorty B
"Shorty B IT'S ME!", G Dove, I'm out to make a grip
So call Crucial Conflict and let's make us some bomb
shit

[Wildstyle]

Look at me on the M-I-C
Tryin to stack my tips, comin in a big ole ride
With all that bumpin side, livin up in your eyes, surprise
Hangin on the corners where the young brothers be
comin up
The gangbangangers be gunnin up, the type of brothers
that roll with us
High tech with much respect, with all that G's swarmin
Like G-Funk in your eyes and make you see we about
that cashflow
Put em in a lasso, don't try to sweat, no joke
We illa your side, in the back we get hot, trade bump
and hit em up
With the jigs up,

freaks from the West to the east to the South where
they chief
Kurupt in the mind, Young Gotti down with the raw dog
Flict
I ain't no tricks, nigga Wildstyle, enemies get closed
down
We rock the shows, slammin do's, Cali to Chi-town

[Coldhard]

So chop it up, I'm gonna kick some shit about what's
goin on
Have to get my loot up so I suit up
looked in the mirror said to myself "It's gon' be gone"
I'm sick of goin thru the things that I have to do do
Cops are happy to jack fools, I'm strictly ever gon' gank
move
I hate to be the one that have to take it
But you best believe I'd die to make it
anywhere in the world I'm standin with my pockets
naked

Set it out set it out, that's what I'ma holler
On some slick, tryin to come up quick, witta trusty ole
dollar
Watchin you watchin me, hope I slip and bust my knees
I'ma have to greet you at the pond, you should just be
thinkin C's
Comin out at ease, no matter what I'm still hard to
please
Flap flappin sky, be real til the day I leave so sneeze

[Chorus: Reel Tight]

Talin bout that money, dollar
Gettin that money, gettin paid
[repeat x3]

[Never]

We, smackin and stackin, packin, strappin, what's
happenin? Rollin
Cruise-controllin, the fo' and Daynes swell up
Get the hell up, trump-tight click just in case I'm lavish
Tryin ta fade me, you crazy ladies, babies created
Men are shady, straight make me drink til my thoughts
get swavy
I think, maybe if I blink things will get back gravy
But loccs in the hood they lord be makin it hard so
lately
But I gotta stay at the table, cos that raw dope is that
will pay me
Westside of California, on these corners pimpin daily

Retire out on the lakefront, smokin blunts
Takin the sale G, trap me like the male be
To the Westside I'm a mental, all the regulators trail me

[Kilo]

Don't kick it out, let's do this
Comin out the do', we down to wall
Gotta get in the business,
tell me waht's the call, we to the fall to ball
We can't just fold up,
gotta whole bunch of homies dependin on this,
sho'nuff
This only hustle is for brothers,
feel to bring the business so slow up
And we still up on a mini gold rush
Ready to make the world go down
Bound to get it cos I'm down wit it
Now shitty the city, Conflict's causin critics to bite
tongues
Ain't the one, with the shotgun, showdown
My town to your town on the rebound for them papers

[Warren G]

It's like brother brother brother how you make em get
down?
From the LBC to the Chi-town, Westside straight gettin
down
Hittin switches and we checkin all snitches
Gettin all riches, and flossin in our pictures
It's time for some new hits, one of us
You know I spit some coast to coast love from your
homey G Dove

[Chorus (x7)]

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