

Warren G "Here Comes Another Hit"

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Waiting around a crew of thugs
That parade in blue and yelling 'cuz
(Whats up? 'Cuz)
Ate by selling drugs
'38 snub in the waist, in case fools lose love

These days still the same
I can steal the flame, eyes kill with the pain
So I advise y'all to chill with the games
Entertain for the cheddar and the change

So fuck whoever in the fame, forever a man
Around my dogs, banging the pound, swanging the town
How we choose, now I'm aggravated and assault is my next move
Success means issues, so I guess it's time for me to disclude

Handle mines, we use pistols
G's move with the conscience
When we disapprove of that nonsense
Ex-cons with that gangsta gangsta gangsta shit
Here come another hit

I think it's time we do it, they said it couldn't be done
Still we making paper, still we having fun
I hope by now it's proven, Nate and Warren G
Tightest combination in the industry
Here comes another one

I can see us smashing up the shore past laws that's lost
2000 Ucon Excel, duel exhaust, TV screen, DVD, e-mail
Passenger, bad female, what the hell
Stash spot, with the hollow head shell
Niggas start trippin', I'm on the next tail

Hands free, callin' up my nigga Warren G
I pull strings, like Mya Landske
Bulletproof, emotint you can't see
Mr. G rollin' up weed, Afghani sense
Bad MC, Mike Fiend, you the know spinage

Like wintergreenmint, talk shit
Sleep with the fish, you cement
New residence, with no hesitance
It gets tints on the floor, staple center chick
Next to Denzel and Nicholzen, Phil Jackson whistlin'

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Mean mugs in the club, mean nothing to us
In South scene, me and the team trying to fuck us
some sluts
Dying to fuck, I chuck us when we step through
Poppin' our collars with our nephews

Next to you, you got millionaires moving
Hitting the dance floor, stealing their groovin'
Doing they damn thing and ain't worried about a damn
thing

But man, that's the celebrity ways
Poppin' a litty got some rappers scared of these days
Industry ways, that's how Hollywood pays

Uh, top dollar when I dip my Impala
In front of the club, make your woman wanna holla
(Holla)
At a playa though, what's your dude yo?

I keep it gangsta, I ain't trying to be rude hoe
Oh, you know how that shit go
Or give when cats get fed off the four or fifths

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