

## Warren G "I Want It All - Album Version"

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What's up negros and negrettes?  
It's your boy Warren G  
You know what I'm saying?  
Chillin' with the home boy Mack 10

'N' we gon' lay a lil' sumpin' down for y'all  
Let y'all know what time it is  
Show you how we keepin' it real with it

You know, cuz this world is built on material thangs  
But we ain't trippin' off that  
We want y'all to know this, check it

I want it all, money, fast cars  
Diamond rings, gold chains and champagne  
Shit, every damn thing

I want it all, houses, expenses  
My own business, a truck  
Hmm and a couple of Benzes

I want it all, brand new socks and drawls  
And I'm ballin' everytime I stop and talk to y'all  
I want it all, all, all, all  
I want it all, all, all, all, all

They say, "There go Warren G with that envious stare"  
I love this game too much, I wish these haters wasn't  
here  
It's a shame we came too far to turn back  
It's a cold world, it gets so hard you learned that

From fallin', tryin' to walk from crawlin'  
Tryin' to hustle up from broke to ballin'  
And yeah, y'all in effect that's all me the jiggy G-Z  
All my niggas that keep it real and do it easy

Believe me young nigga, fat meat is greasy  
And shit stank, so if you plot a lick and hit a bank  
And get away or get gaffled the very next day  
Don't cry, hold your head up high

And remember what you told yourself nigga  
I said remember what you told yourself nigga  
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I want it all, so I got to wake up and ball  
And thanks to y'all I got plaques on the wall  
Mack 10 laced with the know how to paper chase  
Crushed ice, throw my rollie face in the platinum fan  
base

From networkin' and hustlin', no doubt I gotta clout  
And live the lifestyle that Robin Leach talkin' about  
Slow down player, don't hate 'cuz you can't relate  
The Bentley Coupes and kickin' gears on Harley's with  
the straights

I got more lime light than Vegas on cable  
Will it enable to shoot C-Note "Yo's" at the crap table  
And while you can't get off the ground, I'm getting high  
A nigga fly and fly with the desire to build an empire

I strapped up and took flight like a missile  
Told them loud and clear as a whistle 'Hoo Bangin' is  
official  
Handing out gold medallions at roll-call  
I'ma ball and never fall 'cuz Mack 10 want it all, what?

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Me and 10 get paid escapade to the spot  
We hot like rocks served on hot blocks  
I notice money make the world circulate  
So we gon' stack and stack and take a sip and  
percolate

Bump, let the woofers sub, show the homies love  
Warren to the G and Little G-Dub  
Surface on the low, slide or don't slide at all  
Ride or don't ride at all

Warren, I couldn't be more serious about my 'fetti  
I stay tight on the mic and keep the pen movin' steady  
I want it all, dog and it might be greed  
I hate to trip but I got two little mouths to feed

They don't know nuthin' about no excuses and  
disrespect  
Or somebody bein' jank with their Daddy's royalty  
check  
And at that point I'm through talkin' dog, enough said  
So if you owe Mack money then I suggest you break  
bread

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Mack 10, what up?

I know the paper's out there, yo

Warren G, what up?

You know the paper's out there, yo

G Funk, what up?

You know the paper's out there, that's right

What? Hoo Bangin', what up?

We know the paper's out there, that's right

What? The whole world

Paper's out there

[Inaudible]

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