

## Warren G "Reality"

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I don't know why they mad at me  
They can't catch me but still they after me  
When we deal face to face it's a tragedy  
You ask why I got my gun they might blast at me

Real niggaz, real shit, reality  
Who gives a fuck if you niggaz is mad at me  
Fuck around with Warren G it's a tragedy  
Real niggaz, real shit, reality

Warren G top dog, patrolin' the beach  
Niggaz say they hard as bitch but they're as soft as a  
peach  
Claimin' the G of all G's, please  
I come blowin' through like the breeze sittin' on threes

Post it, coastin' mashing down Pacific Coastin'  
The bomb chrome rims black on black Yukon  
With nuts hangin' from the city  
Where the bangers being banging  
It don't seem like shit is changing

I holla'd at the homey the other day  
G'ded up at the park sippin' Alisah  
One of the homeys took a beaten  
So now we spend at being a gang  
Of checking at the meetin' like cycles repeatin'

It's just another sunset fall in sea  
I can here the homeys, the past callin' me  
And you know what I discovered, what they keep saying  
Keep your mind on your money muthafuckers and  
shake busters

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Have you ever sold millions  
But yet you niggaz persist to talk shit  
Get of my dick, you never catch me slipping  
Rollin with the heat, slap the clip in  
I never thought the world would started trippin'

My life is a trip, though hit the crip though  
Blow the whistle, they think I banged  
So I packed a pistol, Warren to tha G is a G  
I don't fuck with you nigga so don't fuck with me

Let's ride to the east side  
Slide like a fo, I packs a fo-fo when I'm steppin' out  
doors  
To the bang to the buggy if I speak then I spoke  
Warren G he do it every time to you Locc

Get the party beat like blaze and smoke  
The east side at the beach, west side of the coast  
You know the niggaz that I ride with hogs, attack dogs  
The same niggaz I'm down to die with muthafucka

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Who's the man, I've been from London to Japan  
Stomp land to land to the Egyptian sands  
You can't check me dis-respect me or mop me up  
With the base bumpin' out my truck  
And all these police trying to lock me up

Money rules the world and I made the loot  
So don't make me shoot 'cuz trying to mash  
Will get you done every time  
I ain't trying to hurt nobody but I'm down for mine

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