

Warren G "Wats Luv"

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ooooooooohhhhhhhh yeeeeaaahhhhhh
Wats luv got to do?
Warren G rap for me yeahhh!
When G dog the hog come up in the place
There's dollar signs in your eyez
And a smile in your face
You wanna live phat, off of my sack
You got more drag than a low lo tho, cut the act
Cause back before '92 and '93
You didn't give a damn about Warren G
But now that I'm slangin' platinum LP's
All of a sudden you want my N.U.Ts
Ain't nothin' you can do to make it stop
Cause money makes the world go 'round
And the panties drop
I ain't in love though
I don't need the pressure
I just wanna do ya
Like I'm diggin' for treasure
Some of ya'll had a good thing, that you couldn't keep
Thought you was TLC, You had to creep
You say you had love
I say you need to quit it
It's all about the dough
So what's love got to do with it

(chorus)

Wats luv got to do, got to do with it(that's right)
Wats luv if you dont's respect the game (uh huh)
Wats luv got to do, got to do with it
If ya lackin this game
Its a shame you won't make it

Now I'm the type of brother that's down for mines
Before I made beats, I was down to crime
Back then every single homie had my back
Now they're peepin' ma stack
And they're talking 'bout jack
But I'm the same brotha
Day in and day out
And i'ma stay that way

Until the day i lay out
In a casket, its drastic
Cause homies is plastic
Brake 'em off some bread
they want the whole damn basket
If you's a true homie
you would wish me well
Not plot to see ya brother fail
Jealous as hell
We used to get the same riches
Now your trigger finger got the itches
Schemin' on my bitches
Which is not a surprise
My eyes peep game
211's 187's It's all the same
It's all a shame
Homies a jack you for your grip
Ain't no love involved
Because it's all about the chips

(chorus)

Wats luv got to do, got to do with it(thats right)
Wats luv if you dont's respect the game (uh huh)
Wats luv got to do, got to do with it
If ya lackin this game
Its a shame you won't make it
Now for these labels tellin' fables
Makin' them messed up deals under the tables
You think that you're smart
But fool I'm the smartest
You can't make no money
If you can't keep an artist
Sign the dotted line
Put em on the shelf
Break em off some crumbs
Keep the rest for yourself
I know how it goes
Treat a artist like ya know
Fly cars, Gold, clothes, but no dough
Since it's all business, I'ma handle mine
Keep track of my stack down to the very last dime
Cause in this rap game
It's all about the buck
You bend over for tha label
And you will get bucked
Like how you run up in a skirt
And then your through
The record label do the same thang to you
90% business, 10% show
Ain't no love in this game

cause it's all about the dough

(chorus) x 4

Wats luv got to do, got to do with it (thats right)
Wats luv if you dont's respect the game (uh huh)
Wats luv got to do, got to do with it
If ya lackin this game
Its a shame you won't make it (uh huh)

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