

Warren G

"What We Go Through"

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(feat. Bad Ass, Mr. Malik, Perfec)

(Whats up Warren G?)

Whats happenin? I'm just chillin, you know

Checkin my game you dig, you know

Trippin off these fools around the situation, you know
its like that

[Mr. Malik]

I went from hustlin and slangin to bustin and bangin

I got to keep it real, so fuck not cursin when i'm sangin

now let me tell y'all about this shit, went down the other
nite

me and the doggs see some niggaz, just caught up in
da hype

tryin to ride and get by like da FBI

cause we know bout them hk's, they right outside

but we never knew y'all had a clue bout what we go
through

so tell how the fuck could you speak on my crew

[Badass]

I went from dirt to large work like boatloads of keys

It's hard work and it hurts to live life on ya knees

so God please have a lil mercy on my soul

What my eyes see my mind think my hand should hold

The outcome of these actions warm hearts turn cold

Lil snake tryin to blast me wit the gun he stole

We hang out, banged out, same route as the day
before

Blessed wit perception, but don't know how my days a
go

Could see my nigga hittin wit some pay, a few days
ago

[Perfec]

Blaze up a flow, sit watch my paper grow

Cautious, in case niggaz wanna cross this

But they can't cross me, I'm way too flossy

Out here makin millions

All in wit the villians

Let's turn these millions to trillions

I've seen it all pop slow unfold, and go
Now it's time to get mo' dough, ya know
I play unda tha wrath a thunder
Electric shocks hot as da summer
More foul than funner, gun ya
In the open range, man it seems strange
Even sometimes deranged inside my brain

I hold the key, identify then flee
Every MC close to me
Cause I'm supposed to be all in wit my chips (nigga)
I'm all in with the crips and bloods
Grips for thugs, I nudge
The homey on his shoulda, cuz every day I'm gettin
older
As the world turns and gets colder
Laid back I shot me sumpin, Perfec from dynamic,
bangin G-Funk

[Warren G]

Well I moved from the East to the West
Word on the street, niggaz wanna test
But these MC's, is scared to buck
Plus they talk too much and smoke too many blunts
You fuckin rookies
Sweet as Mr. Smith's cookies
Ya hate me one minute and tha next ya wanna buck me
He sent a hoe, in the back seat of my fo'
While ya Goin Back To Cali, watch how you flow
Now ya know, about this Warren G Era
G-Funk terror, look into tha mirror
And what you see is the don of the company
(Warren G, Warren, Warren, Warren's to tha G)
You still see, what I see
All of the homies in the LB
Sittin back, and we makin the cash
Warren G, Perfec, Hershey Locc and Bad Ass

[Chorus x2]

And we never knew you had clue of what we go through
So how in tha fuck could y'all speak of our crew
Ya thought this, ya thought that, we thought y'all
should laid back
Yeah it's like that, for me it's like that

Sittin back, and we makin the cash
It's Warren, Perfec, Hershey Loc and Bad Ass
Sittin back, and we makin the cash
It's Warren, Perfec, Hershey Loc and Bad Ass

Ya know what I'm sayin Warren G
with my homeboy from the pound Hershey Locc

and the homey Perfec, ya know what I'm sayin and Mr.
Badass
and thats how we doin it fool, yeah
we ain't bangin on wacks nigga, we doin it like we
should be fool,
yeah

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