

Warren G "Young Fun"

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He young, he young, he young, he young
She young, she young, she young, she young
He young, he young, he young, he young
She young, she young, she young, she young

I hit the 21 blocks each and every day
Niggaz peepin' they shoulders in each and every way
No sweat, 'cuz if I sweat it
I stay true to the game, so I'm not gonna let it

Take control of me, fool you can roll with me
From OG to OG you can reminisce with me
About the hutch, about the milk bowl
Two dee took a bank left knockin' fools out on

It was me baby boppa and the homey tic
All my folks locked down, gotta make it legit
So I'm a spit and keep my spittin' straight real
I know that you can feel penitentiary steel

Locked down all around for the homies touchin' down
When my rags get out you walk a safe ground
'Cuz I'm a let them ride killah you better stay inside
And keep yo shit on yo side nigga

Set trippin' wit me because what I see is greenery
And that's all I see
As the day gets older, don't tweak
Take a look over your shoulder

Young, dumb, full of fun
Dum diddy dum diddy you'll get done
Young, dumb, full of fun
Dum diddy dum diddy you'll get done

Livin' this life I can't help but dis my dream
Maybe since West anthems I want to roll a beam
Clean, but only had to be a Mex
Now hopefully that 850 lookin spiffy, will come next

I bounced to 120 and Figueroa
Yeah, my house posted across from the store

Just like that hit by the drive way and park in the back
1986 fools is known to jack

Around this click of the hood you found no punks
Many gang bangers, dope fiends and drunks
I learned, bunny hops, still rocks and cops
I ran out of boys with toys and nights sees on hot days

Just apple sticks on death RC cola to break a sweat
Now I bet that everybody's comin' up
If you turnin' the wrong street lie you 'bout to get stuck
Now what

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I ain't no motherfuckin' murderer I'm a killah
'Cuz murderers get life nigga and killaz keep killin'
I'd rather die with my eyes open
So I can see how these motherfuckers wanna do me

They set me free bullet loco head with the beat what
And these niggaz know they have to retreat when I
speak
The younger dumb wanna have some fun
And drinkin' liquor way before the age of 21

So how you figure that'll never put in work for that hood
he love
You never paid him no attention so who should he love
And to keep a strap on him or a phat sack on him
And some bomb but be patrollin' the hood
Ran a hoe's name through the mud

And these crooked's stick a strap in your mouth
Without a doubt that's the reason got lost and turned
out
He shoulda keep patient but you was still money
Chasin' a double life is what that young nigga facin'
And all because he was

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