

## Common Sense F/ JayDee

### "I Got Love Remix"

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Intro: Nate Dogg (Kurupt)

I got love  
(Yeah for all y'all unaware)  
(Kurupt!) Fab-u-lous  
(Smash through, do whatcha do, and whatcha want to)  
Gang-sta Nate  
(Nate Dogg, remix with Bink)  
(Doin what we wanna...)  
Young Got-ti

[Fabolous]  
Ok, that's right, Ghetto! (F-A-B)  
With the D-O double G, three fo' bubbles  
Three fo dubs and trees  
Chinky eyes, B-Low double G's  
Hit three fo' clubs and breeze  
The tree flow double trees  
Don't speak, the deez host publicly  
Dee low rubber knees, ski-o's double D's  
Don't know what these broads trouble grief  
For these roll double V's, please no slugs to squeeze  
(F-A-B) Told you I'm a rider, but you can thank the  
green  
For the gangsta lean, when I roll through in a rider  
You lookin at a "coast to coast G"  
I got love, but I still stash the toaster closely  
We bailin on police rides, cuz Nate  
Got some sticky so strong you could smell it on the  
Eastside  
Please believe it, believe it please  
You gon' see arms come out, like sleeveless T's

[Nate Dogg]  
I got love  
I got love for, my homies who be rollin with me  
Play no games  
Play no games cuz, ain't nobody playin with me  
I got love  
I got love for, my niggaz on my family tree  
Down with the ghetto, down for whatever

If you was down before then you still gon' be down with me

[Kurupt]

Format ya doormat

Stomp and stampede on emcees like doormats (Yeah)

Contraceptic, unload and get swallowed like  
anestheptic

Step up and accept it

You wanna see the shells shift

Wiggle ya torso or make ya bottom or ya hips slip  
like a slick disc and twist

Buster boy Bobby, sockin all y'all is a hobby

Got 'em loungin in the lobby

Automatic tacts automatically cause tragedies and  
catastrophies

Suckers! (I got love)

And all the homies round up, throw the pound up  
Kurupt out to show y'all how to strut like what (I got  
love)

Pros - they adore me, I keep all pros lookin for me

Alive to tell this story, and I

And who am I, be the agostra Gotti

Sinatra sloss sling, soldiers

[Nate Dogg]

Cap-tain Save

Captain Save A, Hooker cuz she hangin on me

She can't hang

She can't hang cuz, I ain't lookin for a wifey

Just in-case

Just incase I, better take a weapon with me

When these hoes

When these hoes get clever, down for whatever

If she stress me some more

I'll leave the heffer down in the street

[B.R.E.T.T.]

(I got love) For chucktailors and Converse

C'mere let's con-verse, I mean where you heard those  
words first

(I got blunts) .. My niggaz put in hard work

Twenty four hours and packs go like front work

(I got love) Crips and Bloods, chick who'll split'cha  
mugs

Same bitches that strip for bucks

(Got no love) For half these dudes spittin

Other half don't live it see.. I talk about it bitch

(I got slugs) Play Brutus, Popeye your ass, reach for my  
spinach

You see how I'm eatin contenders

(I'm grown up) Y'all children, I'm more original  
more lyrical, plus dogg..  
(I got hugs) For fans wavin they hands, repeatin my  
sentence  
My times now, eat when I'm finished  
(As for y'all) You?? You oppose no threat  
Got your chick hollering B.R.E.T.T.!

[Nate Dogg]  
I got love  
I got game cuz, the game was given to me  
Say my name  
Say my name cuz, ain't nobody tighter than me  
Give it up  
Give it up if, you like the way I'm rockin this beat  
I don't know  
Know nothin better, chasin my cheddar  
If you ain't lovin the boy, you ain't never listened to me

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