

American Idol

"What's Love Got To Do With It"

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Warren G, rap for me, yeah-eah, yeah
When G-dog, the hog, come up in the place
There's dollar signs in your eyes and a smile in your face
You wanna live fat, all for my sack
You got more drag than a low lo-do, cut the act
'Cause back before 92 and 93
You didn't give a damn about Warren G
But now that I'm slingin' platinum LP's
All of a sudden, you on my NUT's
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 dig it like I'm diggin' for treasure
Some of y'all had a good thing that you couldn't keep
Thought you was TLC, you had to creep
You say you had love, I said you bullshit
It's all about the dough, so what's love got to do with it?
What's love got to do, got to do with it?
(That's right)
What's love if you don't respect the game?
(Uh huh)
What's love got to do, got to do with it?
If you lack in this game, it's 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 grind
Back then, every single homey had my back
Now they're peepin' my stack and they're talkin' 'bout
Jack
But I'm the same brother day in and day out
And I'm-a stay that way until the day I lay out
In a casket it's drastic, 'cause homies is plastic
Break 'em off some bread, they want the whole damn
basket
If you's a true homey, you would wish me well
Not plot to make a brother fell, jealous as hell
We used to get the same riches
Now your trigger-finger got the itches, schemin' on my
riches
Which is not a suprise, my eyes peep game

211's, 187's it's all the same
It's all a shame, homies'd jack you for your grip
Ain't no love involved, because it's all about the chips
What's love got to do, got to do with it?
(That's right)
What's love if you don't respect the game?
(Uh huh)
What's love got to do, got to do with it?
(That's right)
If you lack in this game, it's a shame, you won't make it
Now for these labels tellin' fables
Makin' them fucked up deals under the tables
You think that you smart, but, fool, I'm the smartest
You can't make no money if you can't keep a 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 you know
Fly cars, gold, clothes but no dough
Since it's all business, I'm-a 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 the label and you will get bucked
Like how we run up in the trick and then you're through
The record label do the same thing to you
90 percent business, 10 percent show
Ain't no love in this game, 'cause it's all about the
dough
What's love got to do, got to do with it?
(That's right)
What's love if you don't respect the game?
(Uh huh)
What's love got to do, got to do with it?
(That's right)
If you lack in this game, it's a shame, you won't make it
What's love got to do, got to do with it?
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What's love got to do, got to do with it?
(That's right, uh huh)
What's love if you don't respect the game?
(That's right, uh huh)
What's love got to do, got to do with it?
If you lack in this game, it's a shame, you won't make it
(That's right, uh-huh, yeah)
What's love got to do, got to do with it?
(Uh huh, that's right)
What's love if you don't respect the game?

What's love got to do, got to do with it?
If you lack in this game, it's a shame, you won't make it

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