

Nate Dogg "Warrior, Pt2"

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[Intro - Eminem]Whoo

Remix

Lloyd Banks!

Ha-ha!

[Verse 1 - Eminem]

It's like a throne that he don't even own

He won't sit down, give him a crown, he just throws it
around

It's like a joke, he's like a king, but he don't do a thing

He don't want the diamonds, want the gold, don't want
the jewelry

He don't want the fame. don't want the loot, he's in this
for the sport

Running circles around his competition on the court

He appreciates your support, but he ain't begging for it

And you can love, it you can hate it, but you can't
ignore it

You can't be that ignorant

But you can try to sell him short

But you can't fuck with his last joint, or the one before it

And he was going to raise hell like them country boys

And if I'm fronting then you better come confront me
for it

[Chorus - Nate Dogg]

This is the story of a warrior and now you know It

True warriors go ahead make some noise

It ain't healthy to be making niggas paranoid

Hit your corner with my weapon I dont need my boys

I'm doing 120 in the fast lane

Kick back, just relax, let me do my thing

Don't give a fuck about you suckers gotta maintain

Money, power, and respect in this rap game

[Verse 2 - Lloyd Banks]

He's straight out of a neighborhood where niggas hate

They see you go, and eat your dinner off a bigger plate

Thier stomachs ache while he's lounging in a big estate

And he hops in a hundred thousands with a nigga's

gate

House with just a bigger gate, hounding him's a big
mistake
He wont surrender, he'll rather give up a rib to break
Because he remembers when they wouldn't lend a
helping hand
Till he was sitting on green like a Celtic fan
Created a buzz
Till where you got to mention his name
When you discussing the illest player that's in the
game
And he's riding with Em, 50 Cent, Doc and them
G-Unit records, ain't no motherfucking stopping them

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - 50 Cent]

He's no magician, man the kid makes something out of
nothing
So now niggas from his hood act like he owe them
something
They talk crazy till they send niggas in there to buck
him
Ask him if there's a problem, and he'll say 'Nah, it's
nothing'
He was going to help them out, but since they fronted,
fuck them
He don't care how they feel, they can hate him or love
him
He hold his own on his own, the kid is really thugging
He's rich now, he ain't change, so niggas think he's
bugging
He bulletproof everything case niggas try and buck him
Keep two pistols on his hip, I show you where he tuck
them
Niggas say they gone get at him, but they can't touch
him
Try to catch them slipping, they creeping, he start
busting

[Chorus]

[Verse 4 - Nate Dogg]

I can give you niggas something you can talk about
I can turn your smile upside down
You ain't no G, you a fucking clown
I can take your girl till I turn her out
Don't hold it in, let it all out
I can give you fuckers something to be mad about
Invite her in send her back out
With my DNA all in her mouth

