

## **Dogg Nate**

### **"I Got Love Remix"**

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feat. B.R.E.T.T., Fabolous, Kurupt)

[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' bubblics

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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