

G. Warren

"Do You See"

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The Blues has always been totally American.
As American as apple pie,
As American as The Blues,
As American as apple pie,
The question is why.
Why should The Blues be so at home here?
Well, America provided the atmosphere.
You don't see what I see,
Every Day as Warren G -
I take a look over my shoulder, as I get older,
Gettin' tired of mothafuckas sayin' "Warren I told ya".
You don't hear what I hear,
But it's so hard to live through these years -
With these funny-bunny niggaz,
Ain't shit changin',
Got my momma wonderin' if I'm gang-bangin'
But I don't pay attention to these father figures,
I just handle mine, and I'm rollin' with my niggaz.
Off to the VIP, you see,
Snoop Dogg and Warren G.
Unbelievable how time just flies,
Right before your eyes, but you don't recognise.
Now who's the real victim, can you answer that?
The nigga that's jackin', or the fool gettin' jacked.
(Yeah.)
You don't see what I see,
Every Day as Warren G.
You don't hear what I hear,
But it's so hard to live through these years.
You don't see what I see,
Every Day as Warren G.
You don't hear what I hear,
But it's so hard to live through these years.
Another sunny day, another bright blue sky -
Another day another mothafucka die.
These are the things I went through when I was growin'
up.
There's only one hood, and niggas shittin' throwin' up.
(?)
An' I knew it,
There really ain't nothin' to it,

Thinkin' every fool's gotta go through it.
Now let's go back -
How far?
Back in time.
Drinkin' (?) to these hookas tryin' to mack for mine.
I remember when we all used to stop at the spot -
Back then my nigga-name was Snoop Rock - huh.
It was all so clear,
Eighty-seven, eighty-eight,
Then eighty-nine's the year.
You say "every way you go, you can say we roll quick.
(?)"
Way back then two-one-three was the click.
Somethin' to stay paid I was just a young hard,
Warren G, Snoop Rock and Nate Dogg.
You don't see what I see,
Every Day as Warren G.
You don't hear what I hear,
But it's so hard to live through these years.
You don't see what I see,
Every Day as Warren G.
You don't hear what I hear,
But it's so hard to live through these years.
It makes me wanna holler, get off the game,
Too many mothafuckas know my name.
Now Snoop Dogg's servin' time up at Wayside,
I puts a down on the street, don't try to take mine.
I had to reassure the homie that he wasn't alone -
We'd talk, and him 'n' Nate'd conversate on the phone.
He kept sayin', "Nigga, it won't be long,
Before a little skinny nigga like me'll be home."
I said, "Snoop, things can change, it's not the same,
We need to get about the game.
Cos we can get paid in a different way,
Wit' you kickin' dope rhymes and I DJ."
Well as time goes past, slowly we try to make it,
But things are gettin' hectic, I just can't take it,
Should I A: Go back to slingin' dope?
Or should I B: Maintain and try to cope?
Or should I C: Just get crazy and wild?
But no I chose D: Create the G-Child.
It's been on ever since with me and Mr. Grim,
That shit is gettin' so hectic that I can't even trust him
now.
What would you do for a Warren G
cut?
Would you act the fool and nut the fuck up?
Back the fuck up, act the fuck up?
Niggaz talk shit they get smacked the fuck up, straight
up.
You don't see what I see,

Every Day as Warren G.
You don't hear what I hear,
But it's so hard to live through these years..... (repeat
until fade)

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