

G. Warren

"Reality"

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I don't know why they mad at me
They can't catch me but still they after me
When we deal face to face, is a tragedy
You ask why i got my gun they might blast at me
Real niggaz, real shit, reality
Who gives a fuck if you niggaz is mad at me
Fuck around with Warren G its a tragedy
Real niggaz, real shit, reality
Warren G top dog
Patrollin the beach
Niggaz say they as hard as bitch
But they're as soft as a peach
Claimin the G of all G's
Please
I come blowin through like the breeze
Sittin on threes
Post it
Coastin mashing down Pacfic Coastin
The bomb chrome rims black on black Yukon
With nuts hangin' from the city
Where the bangers is being banging

it dont seem like shit is changing
I holla'd at the homey the other day
G'ded up at the park sippin alisah
One of the homeys took a beaten
So now we spend at being a gang
of checking at the meetin like cycles repeatin
It's just another sunset fall in sea
I can here the homeys in the past callin me
And you know what i discovered
What they keep saying
Keep your mind on your money
muthafuckers and shake busters
Chorus
Have you ever sold millions
But yet you niggaz persist to talk shit
Get of my dick
You never catch me slipping
Rollin with the heat
Slap the clip in
I never thought the world would started trippin
My life is a trip, though
Hit the crip though
Blow the whistle
They think i banged
So i packed a pistol

Warren to tha G is a G

I don't fuck with you nigga

So don't fuck with me

Let's ride to the east side

Slide like a fo

I packs a fo-fo

When i'm steppin out doors

To the bang to the buggy

If i speak then i spoke

Warren G do it every time to you Locc

Get the party beat like blaze and smoke

The east side and the beach

West side of the coast

You know the niggaz that i ride with

Hogs, attack dogs

the same niggaz i'm down to die with muthafucka

Chours

Who's the man

I've been from London to Japan

Stomp land to land

To the Egyptian sands

You can't check me

Dis-respect me

Or mop me up

With the base bumpin' out my truck

And all these police trying to lock me up

Money rules the world

And I made the loot

So don't make me shoot

Cuz trying to mash

Will get you done every time

I ain't trying to hurt nobody

But i'm down for mine

Chorus

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