

## **G. Warren**

### **"What We Go Through"**

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featuring Bad Ass, Mr. Malik, Perfec

(Whats up Warren G?)

Whats happenin? I'm just chillin, you know

Checkin my game you dig, you know

Trippin off these fools around the situation, you know  
its like that

[Mr. Malik]

I went from hustlin and slangin to bustin and bangin

I got to keep it real, so fuck not cursin when i'm sangin

now let me tell y'all about this shit, went down the other  
nite

me and the doggs see some niggaz, just caught up in  
da hype

tryin to ride and get by like da FBI

cause we know bout them hk's, they right outside

but we never knew y'all had a clue bout what we go  
through

so tell how the fuck could you speak on my crew

[Badass]

I went from dirt to large work like boatloads of keys

It's hard work and it hurts to live life on ya knees

so God please have a lil mercy on my soul

What my eyes see my mind think my hand should hold

The outcome of these actions warm hearts turn cold

Lil snake tryin to blast me wit the gun he stole

We hang out, banged out, same route as the day  
before

Blessed wit perception, but don't know how my days a  
go

Could see my nigga hittin wit some pay, a few days  
ago

[Perfec]

Blaze up a flow, sit watch my paper grow

Cautious, in case niggaz wanna cross this

But they can't cross me, I'm way too flossy

Out here makin millions

All in wit the villians

Let's turn these millions to trillions

I've seen it all pop slow unfold, and go

Now it's time to get mo' dough, ya know

I play unda tha wrath a thunder

Electric shocks hot as da summer

More foul than funner, gun ya

In the open range, man it seems strange

Even sometimes deranged inside my brain

I hold the key, identify then flee

Every MC close to me

Cause I'm supposed to be all in wit my chips (nigga)

I'm all in with the crips and bloods

Grips for thugs, I nudge

The homey on his shoulda, cuz every day I'm gettin  
older

As the world turns and gets colder

Laid back I shot me sumpin, Perfec from dynamic,  
bangin G-Funk

[Warren G]

Well I moved from the East to the West

Word on the street, niggaz wanna test

But these MC's, is scared to buck

Plus they talk too much and smoke too many blunts

You fuckin rookies

Sweet as Mr. Smith's cookies

Ya hate me one minute and tha next ya wanna buck me

He sent a hoe, in the back seat of my fo'

While ya Goin Back To Cali, watch how you flow

Now ya know, about this Warren G Era

G-Funk terror, look into tha mirror

And what you see is the don of the company

(Warren G, Warren, Warren, Warren's to tha G)

You still see, what I see

All of the homies in the LB

Sittin back, and we makin the cash

Warren G, Perfec, Hershey Locc and Bad Ass

(Chorus) x2

And we never knew you had clue of what we go through

So how in tha fuck could y'all speak of our crew

Ya thought this, ya thought that, we thought y'all  
should laid back

Yeah it's like that, for me it's like that

Sittin back, and we makin the cash

It's Warren, Perfec, Hershey Loc and Bad Ass

Sittin back, and we makin the cash

It's Warren, Perfec, Hershey Loc and Bad Ass

Ya know what I'm sayin Warren G

with my homeboy from the pound Hershey Locc

and the homey Perfec, ya know what I'm sayin and Mr.  
Badass

and thats how we doin it fool, yeah

we ain't bangin on wacks nigga, we doin it like we  
should be fool,

yeah

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