

## **Maharry Wendy**

### **"Prince Igor \*"**

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\* ("Polovtsian Dances" from "Prince Igor" by Borodin)

\* the typist has also provided a translation of the chorus

\* [CHORUS: SISSEL]

"Fly on the wings of the wind  
to the homeland, our home song  
where we sang freely loving  
where me and you felt so freely"

[WARREN G]

Warren G. top dog  
Patrolling the beach  
Riggers say they hard as bricks  
But they soft as a peach  
Climbin the G of all G's  
Please  
I come blowin through like the breeze  
Sitting on the threes  
Post it coast it and mash it down  
Pacific coast in the bomb chrome rims  
Black on black Yukon  
With nuts hangin from the city  
Where the bangers be bangin  
It don't seem like shit is changin  
I hollered at a homey the other day  
G'd up at the park  
Sippin Alisay  
One of the homies took a beatin  
So now we'll start to be a gang  
Checkin at the meetin  
Life cycles repeatin  
It's just another sunset fall and see  
I can hear the homies that pass  
Calling me  
And you know what I discover  
What they keep sayin  
Keep your mind and your money  
Motherfuckers  
And shake busters

[CHORUS: SISSEL]

Uletaj na kryl'jach vetra  
Ty V kraj rodnoj, rodnaja pesnya nasha,  
Tuda gde my lubya svobodno peli,  
Gde bylo tak privol'no nam s toboju.

[WARREN G]

Have you ever sold millions  
But yet you niggers persist to talk shit  
Get off my dick  
Ya never catch me slippin  
Rollin with the heat  
Slap the clippin  
I never thought the world  
Would start trippin  
My life's a though  
Hit the crypto  
Blow the whistle  
They think I bang  
So I pack a pistol  
Warren to the G. is a G.  
I don't fuck with you nigger  
So don't fuck with me  
Let's ride to the East Side  
Slide like a fo  
I pack a 44  
When I'm steppin out dough  
To the bang to the boogie  
If I speak then I spoke  
Warren G. you do it every time  
Till ya low  
Get the party lit  
Like blazin smoke  
The East Side of the beach  
West side of the coast  
You know the niggers that arrive  
With hogs  
Attack dogs  
To say niggers are down to die  
With motherfucker

[CHORUS: SISSEL]

Uletaj na kryl'jach vatra  
Ty y kraj rodnoj, rodnaja pesnma nasa,  
Tuda gde my lebja svobodno peli,  
Gde bylo tak privol'no nam s'toboj.

[WARREN G]

Who's the man  
I've been from London to Japan  
Stomp land to land  
And to the Egyptian sands

You can't check me  
Disrespect me  
Ya mock me up  
With the bass bumping out my truck  
And all these police tryin to lock me up  
Money rules the world  
And I made the loot  
So don't make me shoot  
Cause trying to match'll get you down  
Every time  
I ain't trying to hurt nobody  
But I'm down for mine  
Biatch

[WARREN G]

Money over power  
Power over money  
Money over power  
Power over money  
Money over power  
Power over money  
Money over power  
Power over money  
Money over power  
Power over money  
Biatch biatch

[CHORUS: SISSEL]

Uletaj na kryl'jach vatra  
Ty y kraj rodnoj, rodnaja pesnma nasa,  
Tuda gde my lebja svobodno peli,  
Gde bylo tak privol'no nam s'toboju.

[CHORUS: SISSEL]

Uletaj na kryl'jach vatra  
Ty y kraj rodnoj, rodnaja pesnma nasa,  
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