

**Malaiholo Harvey****"G-Spot"**

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[Warren G]

I'm the illest, what?

I'm the illest, Warren G, uh yeah

I'm the illest, the illest you've ever seen

Haha check this shit out do'

Peep game, look, hmm

She used to tell me that she loved me all the time

I turned to her, and say that I'm

infatuated, concentrated on cuttin it up

Body bustin out your blouse, don't button it up

Me and you could make a getaway, up in the cut

I'm just a squirrel in your world, bustin a nut

Slide in the passenger side and creep to the tilt

And maybe you could get a chance to sleep on my silk

because you come with, that A-1 shit

The kind I wouldn't mind havin a 20-year run with

I'm done with these games, played by these dames

I could exit the drama the same way that I came

Cos I gotta put it down for my sons

so you, skanless scuds gets none of my funds

Cos I can't be in love with my pockets on fee

Get the money, the power and the rest come for free,

you know

Chorus: El DeBarge, (Val Young)

I let you hang (I let you hang around)

so you could see (so that you, could see)

You tried to switch (Understand, tryin to switch)

the fool out of me (and make a fool, of me)

I meant (So I guess I'll have to let you be)

Baby (Baby baby baby baby you know)

\*repeat\*

[Warren G]

Now baby, look at the time

We gotta do what we gotta do

The club's about to close, don't you wanna ride

in a Rolls, Royce? Make it real moist

Take the Rolls to the jet, take the jet to my yacht

Letcha kick it for a week in my Carribean spot  
Coconut milk bath (bath), private beach, first class  
(class)  
Water clear like glass (glass), waves ticklin your ass  
Cut the act baby, you need a change of pace  
I deliver you a whole new world of taste  
Guaranteed to put a different timid look on your face  
Put the arch in your back when I'm grippin your waist  
Warren G keep flippin the bass on key  
Cos you rollin with a G when you're rollin with me  
Easily I spit game to make it hot  
Headed straight for the motherfuckin G-Spot, you know

Chorus

[Warren G talking]  
See now look at the picture  
You got a lotta women out there preaching about  
how they ain't a bitch or a ho but now  
if you carry yourself in a fashionable matter  
game can be matched both ways by a player  
not a player hater, please believe it  
It's told not to be sold by me  
You know what, it ain't my fault

\*Val Young crooning\*  
I let you, hang around, so that you, can see

Chorus (x1 1/2)

\*Warren G and Eve phone conversation\*

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