# What's Next

## Donell Jones

This DJ, he gets down
Mixing records while he go round
To the Hip to the Hop you just dont stop
Producing funky tracks till it makes you drop
Conjunction junction, whats my function
I'm hookin up tracks so that niggaz can function
Its not Pete Rock or that nigga Dr. Dre
Its this muthafuckin nigga from around the way
The one who brings you styles on timesy, whymsy
Thats why its so hard to find me
Conduction, construction when I bust choo choo, bustas
Its a must when I bust when I bust, I gotta come correct
The R to the E to the S-P-ect architect
Yup nigga no I'm not tweakin
Its one of the 16 minds that I'm speaking
The W-A the double R the E into the uhh
A-B-C-D-E-F to the muthafuckin G
Ooh shit as I flex I wrecks I checks
So whats next
Oh who's next, to catch flack on the menu
I snap necks when I flex let me continue
Send you, on a mission when I rock
It goes on and on and on and you know it dont stop
Yes I'm back on another route, ready to take em all out
Now can't get with this, 'cause they get faded without a doubt
Check em, I wreck em like 1-2-3 why
They can't fuck with that rude one Malik
Will I drop it, can't stop it, lit it up like a rocket
When they get out of line I grip the nine out my pocket
Lock it down, yeah that's what I do
How could you come solo nigga when I run through ya whole crew
I rule, fool, act like you heard it
The one I run with, can't remember the last he murdered
Dem do away or them get dealt with
Give the noise I want silence, no bubbaclad bullshit
Nigga, its all about my grip
So the one who starts to slip is the one who gets ripped
Kept a chip on my shoulder not now that I'm older
They, all of me, the LBG high roller

'Cause back in the days on the side where it's at
Niggaz a come up missin if they didn't have they strap
So why, try to be, like me
Just when you pull back a G and I think I'm Mr. Malik
Well if the beat is funkadelic then the tune is right
Mr. Malik and Warren G so tonights the night that we spark
We spark in the dark when we do it in the park
Well its the A to the B
(And the C to the D)
Hey my name is Mr. Malik with that DJ Warren G
(Mr. Malik can you hear me)
Yes I'm the host with the most they can't get close or even near me
(I said a tick, tock, tickin to the Era)
I said a pick which glock bitches get shot its still terror
(Terror, terror, pick which glock)
Which one? (the black one with the big pin lock)
Me and Dre and the fly honey so those who wanna get dropped
Nigga go knock, knock I trick a flow non-stop
Fly double I never slip trip or flip flop
The tune is funkadelic, the crew was right
But if Malik will make ya smell it then tonights the night
For me to stay trump tight
Up with my nigga Warren G
Thats sorrow when you borrow but you can't be oweing me
Whats next
Woo
I say whats next, whats next whats N-X-E-T
Its me, Warren to the muthafuckin G
Flowin with my little homey named Malik
Yes, everybody will just tweak
Off the new style ill ease that we got
Yes, its me Warren G on the block
Pump pump, block glock, let me just tick tock
It's me Warren G on the muthafuckin rock n roll
Stroll, then stiff back to the rap
Its me with the big black mack 11 strap
So let me uhh flix into the flex
WooSo whats next
Well if the beat is funkadelic then the tune is right
Mr. Malik and Warren G so tonights the night that we spark
'Cause we spark in the dark when we do it in the park

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