Do You See

Warren G

The Blues has always been totally American
As American as apple pie, as American as the Blues
As American as apple pie, the question is why?
Why should the Blues be so at home here
Well, America provided the atmosphere
You don't see what I see
Every day as Warren G
I take a look over my shoulder, as I get older
Gettin' tired of mothafuckas sayin', "Warren I told ya"
You don't hear what I hear
But it's so hard to live through these years
With these funny-bunny niggaz, ain't shit changin'
Got my mama wonderin' if I'm gang-bangin'
But I don't pay attention to these father figures
I just handle mine and I'm rollin' with my niggaz
Off to the V.I.P., you see, Snoop Dogg and Warren G
Unbelievable how time just flies
Right before your eyes, but you don't recognize
Now who's the real victim, can you answer that?
The nigga that's jackin', or the fool gettin' jacked, yeah
You don't see what I see
Every day as Warren G
You don't hear what I hear
But it's so hard to live through these years
You don't see what I see
Every day as Warren G
You don't hear what I hear
But it's so hard to live through these years
Another sunny day, another bright blue sky
Another day, another muthafucka die
These are the things I went through when I was growin' up
There's only one hood and niggas shit be throwin' up
And I knew it, there really ain't nothin' to it
Thinkin' every fool's gotta go through it
Now let's go back, how far? Back in time
Draggin' to these hookas tryin' to mack for mine
I remember when we all used to stop at the spot
Back then my nigga-name was Snoop Rock
It was all so clear

Eighty-seven, eighty-eight, then eighty-nine's the year
You say, "Everywhere we roll, you can say we roll thick"
Way back then two one three was the click
Somethin' to stay paid I was just a young hog
Warren G, Snoop Rock and Nate Dogg
You don't see what I see
Every day as Warren G

You don't hear what I hear
But it's so hard to live through these years
You don't see what I see
Every day as Warren G
You don't hear what I hear
But it's so hard to live through these years
You make me wanna holler, get out the game
Too many muthafuckas know my name
While Snoop Dogg's servin' time up in Wayside
I puts it down on the street, don't try to take mine
I had to reassure the homie that he wasn't alone
We'd talk and him and Nate'd conversate on the phone
He kept sayin', "Nigga, it won't be long
Before a little skinny nigga like me'll be home"
I said, "Snoop, things done change, it's not the same
We need to get about the game"
'Cuz we can get paid in a different way
Wit you kickin' dope rhymes and I D.J.
Well as time goes past, slowly we try to make it
But things are gettin' hectic, I just can't take it
Should I A, go back to slangin' dope?
Or should I B, maintain and try to cope?
Or should I C, just get crazy and wild?
But no I chose D, create the G-Child
It's been on ever since with me and Mista Grimm
This shit is gettin' so hectic that I can't even trust him now
What would you do for a Warren G cut?
Would you act the fool and nut the fuck up?
Back the fuck up, act the fuck up?
Niggaz talk shit they get smacked the fuck up, straight up
You don't see what I see
Every day as Warren G
You don't hear what I hear
But it's so hard to live through these years
You don't see what I see
Every day as Warren G
You don't hear what I hear

But it's so hard to live through these years
You don't see what I see
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You don't hear what I hear
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