

# What's Next

## Jazz Liberatorz

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, whymsey  
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  
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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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