What We Go Through

Warren G

featuring Tha Dogg Pound, Mr. Malik (Hershey Locc), Badass

(Whats up Warren G?)

what's happenin? I'm just chillin, you know

Checkin my game you dig, you know

Trippin off these fools around the situation, you know its like that

[Mr. Malik]

I went from hustlin and slangin to bustin and bangin

I got to keep it real, so fuck not cursin when I'm sangin

now let me tell y'all about this shit, went down the other night

me and the doggs see some niggaz, just caught up in tha hype

tryin to ride and get by like tha FBI

cause we know bout them hk's, they right outside

but we never knew y'all had a clue bout what we go through

so tell how the fuck could you speak on my crew

[Badass]

I went from dirt to large work like boatloads of keys

It's hard work and it hurts to live life on ya knees

so God please have a lil mercy on my soul

What my eyes see my mind think my hand should hold

The outcome of these actions warm hearts turn cold

Lil snake tryin to blast me wit the gun he stole

We hang out, banged out, same route as the day before

Blessed wit perception, but don't know how my days a go

Could see my nigga hittin wit some pay, a few days ago

[Daz]

Now we back in the mix with some more clips and paper though

I can't do nothing but enjoy myself

gotta do it myself, got a gang of wealth

its bloodclottin muthafuckaz seem like they want it all

but they can't, trying to fake on me and my doggs

if I fall I fail, gotta retrace my trail

cross see's to clock G's I bell with bell

I keep the throw downs for mine

Warren G, Dogg Pound clockin the doves and come

serve your whole fuckin hood with some bud and rhymes

[Kurupt]

Plus you niggaz don't mash like mine, throw em 17 times

money like a muthafucka, homey give me mines

paid, I come stomping like a parade, the escapades

psychoatic analysis, as I consume, always cartin the mushrooms

with clear sight, the daylight's like the night

a closet full of Franklins, a G's paradise

a nice 40 ounce a O.E. on ice

precise poetic performing nice on mics

[Warren G]

Well I flew from the East to the West

Word on the street, niggaz want to test

But these MC's, is scared to buck

Plus they talk too much and smoke too many blunts

You fuckin rookies

Sweet as Mr. Smith's cookies

Ya hate me one minute and tha next ya want to buck me

He sent a hoe, in the back seat of my fo'

While ya Goin Back To Cali, watch how you flow

Now ya know, about this Warren G Era

G-Funk terror, look into tha mirror

And what you see is the don of the company, that nigga

(Warren G, Warren, Warren, Warren's to tha G)

You still see, what I see

All of the homies in the LB

Sittin back, and we makin the cash

Warren G, Kurupt, Hershey, Daz and Badass

(Chorus) x2

And we never knew you had clue of what we go through

So how in tha fuck could y'all speak of our crew

Ya thought this, ya thought that, we thought y'all should laid back

Yeah it's like that,for me it's like that

Sittin back,and we makin the cash

It's Warren G, Kurupt, Hershey, Daz and Badass

Sittin back,and we makin the cash

It's Warren G, Kurupt, Hershey, Daz and Badass

that's right

Ya know what I'm sayin Warren G

with my homeboys from the pound Daz Dillinger, Kurupt the Kingpin

and the homey Malik, ya know what I'm sayin and Mr. Badass

and that's how we doin it fool, yeah

we ain't bangin on wacks nigga, we doin it like we should be fool,

yeah

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