

# Do You See

## Annasaid

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

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