What's Love Got To Do With It

Warren G

Ooh, yeah, yeah, what's love got to do
Warren G rap for me, yeah, mmmWhen G-dog, the hog, come up in the place
There's dollar signs in your eyes and a smile in your face
You want to live fat off of my sack
You got more drag than a low lo-do, cut the act
'Cause back before '92 and '93
You didn't give a damn about Warren G
But now that I'm slingin' platinum LP's
All of a sudden you on my N.U.T's
Ain't nothin' you can do to make it stop
'Cause money makes the world
Go 'round and the panties drop
I ain't in love though, I don't need the pressure
I just want to dig it like I'm diggin' for treasure
Some of y'all had a good thing that you couldn't keep
Thought you was TLC, you had to creep
You say you had love, I said you bullshit
It's all about the dough, so what's love got to do with itWhat's love got to do, got to do with it (that's right)
What's love if you don't respect the game (uh-huh)
What's love got to do, got to do with it
If you lack in this game, it's a shame you won't make itNow, I'm the type of brother that's down for mines
Before I made beats, I was down to grind
Back then, every single homey had my back
Now they're peepin' my stack and they're talkin' bout jack
But I'm the same brother day in and day out
And I'm-a stay that way until the day I lay out in a casket
It's drastic 'cause homies is plastic
Break 'em off some bread
They want the whole damn basket
If you's a true homey, you would wish me well
Not plot to make a brother fail, jealous as hell
We used to get the same riches
Now your trigger-finger got the itches, schemin' on my riches
Which is not a surprise, my eyes peep game
211's, 187's it's all the same
It's all a shame, homies'd jack you for your grip
Ain't no love involved, because it's all about the chipsWhat's love got to do, got to do with it (that's right)
What's love if you don't respect the game (uh-huh)
What's love got to do, got to do with it (that's right)

If you lack in this game, it's a shame you won't make itNow for these labels tellin' fables
Makin' the fucked-up deals under the tables
You think that you smart, but fool, I'm the smartest
You can 't make no money if you can't keep an artist
Sign the dotted line, put 'em on the shelf
Break 'em off some crumbs, keep the rest for yourself
I know how it goes, treat an artist like a ho'
Fly cars, gold, clothes, but no dough
Since it's all business, I'm-a handle mine
Keep track of my stack down to the very last dime
'Cause in this rap game, it's all about the buck
You bend over for the label, and you will get fucked
Like how we run up in a trick, and then you're through
The record label do the same shit to you
90% business, 10% show
Ain't no love in this game 'cause it's all about the doughWhat's love got to do, got to do with it (that's right)
What's love if you don't respect the game (uh-huh)
What's love got to do, got to do with it (that's right)
If you lack in this game, it's a shame you won't make it(Repeat)

Songwriters
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