This Gangsta Shit Is Too Much

Warren G

1, 2, 1, 2, yeah
All yeah, we doing it like that
We flip that, uh
More in the crib
Dru, yeah, D-Funk all stars
That's how we do it, G-Funk, yeah
What's y'all thought, I wasn't gonna return with a hit
Too much smokin' that Sherman shit
I learned this from the best, and got y'all sprung
The, the doctor, Andre Young
Compton, LB, ain't nothing y'all can tell me
Going hard on the yard, 'til me dogs bailed me
They tells me, I can't precede with it
I came back and got ole G'd with it
We get crunk, spit it when we drunk
Committed to that shit, that makes the gangstas stump
Chumps can try, if they choose to
With these locs love my dogs like the Blues Clues
So excuse you, I'm the reason for the fame
And all of a sudden, you ain't believing in the name
What? Butch Cassidy
Show 'em what we working with
Gangsta shit is too much
(Gangsta, gangsta)
Don't be suckas, can't touch
(Can't touch)
It's working in the LBC, nonstop to the NYC
Warren G with the gangsta three's, ooh wee
(You know gangsta)
And the win, on the 7-10 southbound
Deuce and gin, getting guzzled down by the mouth now
Smashing a hundred in the car pool
That's the type of thing that hogs do
My concern ain't the fame, I hope you know that
Status, millionaire, still don't show that
Go back to where I was raised
On the porch is where they got braids, never not afraid
To test my shot, drop a hundred dollar fade
Holla, don't be a major see me in the hood

Off TV, totally un-Hollywood
Still to the good and you know that
Still with me, still when you show that
And Big Snoop Dogg we gonna blow that
Still with it, we all say that we real with it
Until bustas reveal, how we really did it
Gangsta shit is too much
(Gangsta, gangsta)
Don't be suckas, can't touch
(Can't touch)
It's working in the LBC, nonstop to the NYC
Warren G with the gangsta three's, ooh wee
So what's crackin' now, got these haters actin' now
Backin' down to this gangsta sound
West coast circus clowns, it's on purpose how I spit 'rounds
You trying to get down
Abnorm with the form, swarming heated
And hitting fools glocks like we got cheated
Repeated simultaneously
I'm bringing bangers with me
So hopefully, moves can be made
We can all get paid, relax in the shade
Sun, snow, it really don't matter, we can all make dough
East Coast, West Coast, Midwest, dirty South
And big heads, is what I'm all about
And big heads, is what I'm all about
And big heads, is what I'm all about
Fool, yeah
Gangsta shit is too much
(Gangsta, gangsta)
Don't be suckas, can't touch
(Can't touch)
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Gangsta shit is too much
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