

# What We Go Through

Warren G

What's 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 it's like that 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 dogs see some niggaz, just caught up in da hype Tryin' to ride and get by like da 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? 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 Blaze up a flow, sit watch my paper grow  
Cautious, in case niggaz wanna cross this  
But they can't cross me, I'm way too flossy  
Out here makin' millions all in wit the villains Let's turn these millions to trillions  
I've seen it all pop slow unfold and go  
Now it's time to get mo' dough, ya know  
I play under the wrath a thunder Electric shocks hot as da summer  
More foul than funner, gun ya  
In the open range, man it seems strange  
Even sometimes deranged inside my brain I hold the key, identify then flee every MC close to me  
'Cause I'm supposed to be all in wit my chips  
I'm all in with the crips and bloods grips for thugs, I nudge The homey on his shoulda, 'cuz every day I'm  
gettin' older  
As the world turns and gets colder  
Laid back I shot me sumpin'  
Perfec from dynamic, bangin' G-Funk Now I moved from the East to the West  
Word on the street, niggaz wanna test  
But these MCs, 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 wanna 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 You still see, what I see  
All of the homies in the LB  
Sittin' back, and we makin' the cash  
Warren G, Perfec, Hershey Locc and Bad Ass 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 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, Perfec, Hershey Locc and Bad Ass  
Sittin' back, and we makin' the cash  
It's Warren, Perfec, Hershey Locc and Bad Ass Ya know what I'm sayin' Warren G  
With my homeboy from the pound Hershey Locc  
And the homey Perfec, 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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