

# Warren G, What's Love Got To Do With It

(feat. Adina Howard)

[Intro]

Ooh, yeah, yeah.  
What's love got to do.  
Warren G, rap for me, yeah-eah, yeah, mm mm.

[Verse 1]

When G-dog, the hog, come up in the place,  
There's dollar signs in your eyes and a smile in your face.  
You wanna live fat, all for 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 wanna 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 need to quit.  
It's all about the dough, so what's love got to do with it?

[Chorus]

What'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 it.

[Verse 2]

Now, 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 see a brother fell, 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 suprise, 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 chips.

[Repeat chorus]

[Verse 3]

Now for these labels tellin' fables,  
Makin' the messed-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 you know,  
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 bucked,

Like how we run up in the skirt, and then you're through.  
The record label do the same thing to you.  
90% business, 10% show.  
Ain't no love in this game, 'cause it's all about the dough.