

# Warren G, Do You See

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 he 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 VIP, 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)

[Chorus]  
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 (huh)  
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

[Chorus]  
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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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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 n 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 DJ"  
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

[Chorus then fade]

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