

# Warren G, Dollars Make Sense

(feat. Crucial Conflict, Kurupt, Reel Tight)

[Kurupt talking]

Y'all don't know nothin about this HEE-ARE  
Hahahahahahaha, yeah! It's Kurupt Young Gotti  
Hehaha, sup Warren G? It's my homeboy, huh?  
With my niggas Crucial Conflict, huh?  
Chillin, huh? Bumpin, puffin on a little bit of that Hay  
[TOKE] Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah

[Warren G]

Dollars make sense, it's all incorporated  
I'ma get it all, since a BG I done did it all, was in it all  
When I first thought I was in the wrong  
Couple tokes, alcohol  
Got everything I need, Hennessey and weed  
Since my arrival, based on this modern-day survival  
Everything is technicality, everything based on reality  
So how do I get paid, all these licks nowadays  
They want me laid, dropped and plagued, AK mouth is sprayed  
It's like I'm blind, and I just can't see  
Warren G, I'ma holler at the homey Shorty B  
"Shorty B IT'S ME!" G Dove, I'm out to make a grip  
So call Crucial Conflict and let's make us some bomb shit

[Wildstyle]

Look at me on the M-I-C  
Tryin to stack my tips, comin in a big ole ride  
With all that bumpin side, livin up in your eyes, surprise  
Hangin on the corners where the young brothers be comin up  
The gangbangers be gunnin up, the type of brothers that roll with us  
High tech with much respect, with all that G's swarmin  
Like G-Funk in your eyes and make you see we about that cashflow  
Put em in a lasso, don't try to sweat, no joke  
We illa your side, in the back we get hot, trade bump and hit em up  
With the jigs up,  
freaks from the West to the east to the South where they chief  
Kurupt in the mind, Young Gotti down with the raw dog Flict  
I ain't no tricks, nigga Wildstyle, enemies get closed down  
We rock the shows, slammin do's, Cali to Chi-town

[Coldhard]

So chop it up, I'm gonna kick some shit about what's goin on  
Have to get my loot up so I suit up  
looked in the mirror said to myself "It's gon' be gone"  
I'm sick of goin thru the things that I have to do do  
Cops are happy to jack fools, I'm strictly ever gon' gank move  
I hate to be the one that have to take it  
But you best believe I'd die to make it  
anywhere in the world I'm standin with my pockets naked  
Set it out set it out, that's what I'ma holler  
On some slick, tryin to come up quick, witta trusty ole dollar  
Watchin you watchin me, hope I slip and bust my knees  
I'ma have to greet you at the pond, you should just be thinkin C's  
Comin out at ease, no matter what I'm still hard to please  
Flap flappin sky, be real til the day I leave so sneeze

[Chorus: Reel Tight]

Talin bout that money, dollar  
Gettin that money, gettin paid  
[repeat x3]

[Never]

We, smackin and stackin, packin, strappin, what's happenin? Rollin  
Cruise-controllin, the fo' and Daynes swell up  
Get the hell up, trump-tight click just in case I'm lavish  
Tryin ta fade me, you crazy ladies, babies created  
Men are shady, straight make me drink til my thoughts get swavy  
I think, maybe if I blink things will get back gravy  
But loccs in the hood they lord be makin it hard so lately  
But I gotta stay at the table, cos that raw dope is that will pay me  
Westside of California, on these corners pimpin daily  
Retire out on the lakefront, smokin blunts  
Takin the sale G, trap me like the male be  
To the Westside I'm a mental, all the regulators trail me

[Kilo]

Don't kick it out, let's do this  
Comin out the do', we down to wall  
Gotta get in the business,  
tell me waht's the call, we to the fall to ball  
We can't just fold up,  
gotta whole bunch of homies dependin on this, sho'nuff  
This only hustle is for brothers,  
feel to bring the business so slow up  
And we still up on a mini gold rush  
Ready to make the world go down  
Bound to get it cos I'm down wit it  
Now shitty the city, Conflict's causin critics to bite tongues  
Ain't the one, with the shotgun, showdown  
My town to your town on the rebound for them papers

[Warren G]

It's like brother brother brother how you make em get down?  
From the LBC to the Chi-town, Westside straight gettin down  
Hittin switches and we checkin all snitches  
Gettin all riches, and flossin in our pictures  
It's time for some new hits, one of us  
You know I spit some coast to coast love from your homey G Dove

[Chorus (x7)]