

Warren G, G-Spot

(feat. El DeBarge, Val Young)

[Warren G]

I'm the illest, what?
I'm the illest, Warren G, uh yeah
I'm the illest, the illest you've ever seen
Haha check this shit out do'
Peep game, look, hmm

She used to tell me that she loved me all the time
I turned to her, and say that I'm
infatuated, concentrated on cuttin it up
Body bustin out your blouse, don't button it up
Me and you could make a getaway, up in the cut
I'm just a squirrel in your world, bustin a nut
Slide in the passenger side and creep to the tilt
And maybe you could get a chance to sleep on my silk
because you come with, that A-1 shit
The kind I wouldn't mind havin a 20-year run with
I'm done with these games, played by these dames
I could exit the drama the same way that I came
Cos I gotta put it down for my sons
so you, skanless scuds gets none of my funds
Cos I can't be in love with my pockets on fee
Get the money, the power and the rest come for free, you know

[Chorus: El DeBarge, (Val Young)]

I let you hang (I let you hang around)
so you could see (so that you, could see)
You tried to switch (Understand, tryin to switch)
the fool out of me (and make a fool, of me)
I meant□(So I guess I'll have to let you be)
Baby (Baby baby baby baby you know)
[repeat]

[Warren G]

Now baby, look at the time
We gotta do what we gotta do
The club's about to close, don't you wanna ride
in a Rolls, Royce? Make it real moist
Take the Rolls to the jet, take the jet to my yacht
Letcha kick it for a week in my Carribbean spot
Coconut milk bath (bath), private beach, first class (class)
Water clear like glass (glass), waves ticklin your ass
Cut the act baby, you need a change of pace
I deliver you a whole new world of taste
Guaranteed to put a different timid look on your face
Put the arch in your back when I'm grippin your waist
Warren G keep flippin the bass on key
Cos you rollin with a G when you're rollin with me
Easily I spit game to make it hot
Headed straight for the motherfuckin G-Spot, you know

[Chorus]

[Warren G talking]

See now look at the picture
You got a lotta women out there preaching about
how they ain't a bitch or a ho but now
if you carry yourself in a fashionable matter
game can be matched both ways by a player
not a player hater, please believe it
It's told not to be sold by me

You know what, it ain't my fault

[Val Young crooning]
I let you, hang around, so that you, can see

[Chorus (x1 1/2)]

[Warren G and Eve phone conversation]