

Warren G, Here Comes Another Hit

(feat. Mista Grimm, Nate Dogg)

[Warren G]

Waiting around a crew of thugs
That parade in blue, and yelling cuz (whats up cuz)
Ate by selling drugs
'38 snub in the waist, in case fools lose love
These days still the same
I can steal the flame, eyes kill with the pain
So I advise y'all to chill with the games
Entertain for the cheddar and the change
So fuck whoever, in the fame, forever a man
Around my dogs, banging the pound, swanging the town
How we choose, now I'm aggravated and assault is my next move
Success means issues, so I guess it's time for me to disclude
Handle mines, we use pistols
G's move with the conscience
When we disapprove of that nonsense
Ex-cons with that gangsta gangsta gangsta shit
Here come another hit

[Chorus: Nate Dogg]

I think it's time we do it, they said it couldn't be done
Still we making paper, still we having fun
I hope by now it's proven, Nate and Warren G
Tightest combination, in the industry
Here comes another one

[Mista Grimm]

I can see us smashing up the shore past laws thats lost
2000 Ucon Excel, duel exhaust
TV screen, DVD, E-mail
Passenger, bad female, what the hell
Stash spot, with the hollow head shell
Niggas start trippin, I'm on the next tail
Hands free, callin' up my nigga Warren G
I pull strings, like Mya Landske
Bulletproof, emotint you can't see
Mr. G rollin' up weed, afghany sensee
Bad MC, Mike Fiend, you the know spinage
Like wintergreenmint, talk shit
Sleep with the fish, you cement
New residence, with no hesitance
It gets tints on the floor
Staple center chick, next to Denzel and NicholSEN
Phil Jackson whistlin'

[Chorus]

[Warren G]

Mean mugs in the club, mean nothing to us
In South scene, me and the team trying to fuck us some sluts
Dying to fuck, I chuck us when we step through
Poppin' our collars, with our nephews
Next to you, you got millionaires moving
Hitting the dance floor, stealing their groovin'
Doing they damn thing, and ain't worried about a damn thing
But man, thats the celebrity ways
Poppin' a litty got some rappers scared of these days
Industry ways, thats how Hollywood pays
Uh, top dollar when I dip my Impala
In front of the club, make your woman wanna holla (holla)
At a playa though, what's your dude yo
I keep it gangsta, I ain't trying to be rude hoe

Oh, you know how that shit go
Or give when cats get fed off the four or fifths

[Chorus]