

Warren G, Prince Igor

(feat. Sissel Kyrkjebo)

[CHORUS: SISSEL]

"Fly on the wings of the wind
to the homeland, our home song
where we sang freely loving
where me and you felt so freely"

[WARREN G]

Warren G. top dog
Patrolling the beach
Riggers say they hard as bricks
But they soft as a peach
Climbin the G of all G's
Please
I come blowin through like the breeze
Sitting on the threes
Post it coast it and mash it down
Pacific coast in the bomb chrome rims
Black on black Yukon
With nuts hangin from the city
Where the bangers be bangin
It don't seem like shit is changin
I hollered at a homey the other day
G'd up at the park
Sippin Alisay
One of the homies took a beatin
So now we'll start to be a gang
Checkin at the meetin
Life cycles repeatin
It's just another sunset fall and see
I can hear the homies that pass
Calling me
And you know what I discover
What they keep sayin
Keep your mind and your money
Motherfuckers
And shake busters

[CHORUS: SISSEL]

Uletaj na kryl'jach vetra
Ty V kraj rodnoj, rodnaja pesnya nasha,
Tuda gde my lubya svobodno peli,
Gde bylo tak privol'no nam s toboju.

[WARREN G]

Have you ever sold millions
But yet you niggers persist to talk shit
Get off my dick
Ya never catch me slippin
Rollin with the heat
Slap the clippin
I never thought the world
Would start trippin
My life's a though
Hit the crypto
Blow the whistle
They think I bang
So I pack a pistol
Warren to the G. is a G.
I don't fuck with you nigger
So don't fuck with me
Let's ride to the East Side
Slide like a fo

I pack a 44
When I'm steppin out dough
To the bang to the boogie
If I speak then I spoke
Warren G. you do it every time
Till ya low
Get the party lit
Like blazin smoke
The East Side of the beach
West side of the coast
You know the niggers that arrive
With hogs
Attack dogs
To say niggers are down to die
With motherfucker

[CHORUS: SISSEL]
Uletaj na kryl'jach vatra
Ty y kraj rodnoj, rodnaja pesnma nasa,
Tuda gde my lebja svobodno peli,
Gde bylo tak privol'no nam s'toboju.

[WARREN G]
Who's the man
I've been from London to Japan
Stomp land to land
And to the Egyptian sands
You can't check me
Disrespect me
Ya mock me up
With the bass bumping out my truck
And all these police tryin to lock me up
Money rules the world
And I made the loot
So don't make me shoot
Cause trying to match'll get you down
Every time
I ain't trying to hurt nobody
But I'm down for mine
Biatch

[WARREN G]
Money over power
Power over money
Money over power
Power over money
Money over power
Power over money
Money over power
Power over money
Money over power
Power over money
Money over power
Biatch biatch

[CHORUS: SISSEL]
Uletaj na kryl'jach vatra
Ty y kraj rodnoj, rodnaja pesnma nasa,
Tuda gde my lebja svobodno peli,
Gde bylo tak privol'no nam s'toboju.

[CHORUS: SISSEL]
Uletaj na kryl'jach vatra
Ty y kraj rodnoj, rodnaja pesnma nasa,
Tuda gde my lebja svobodno peli,
Gde bylo tak privol'no nam s'toboju.