

# Warren G, Wats Luv

ooooooooohhhhhhhh yeeeeeahhhhhh  
Wats luv got to do?  
Warren G rap for me yeahhh!

When G dog the hog come up in the place  
There's dollar signs in your eyez  
And a smile in your face  
You wanna live phat, off of my sack  
You got more drag than a low lo tho, cut the act  
Cause back before '92 and '93  
You didn't give a damn about Warren G  
But now that I'm slingin' platinum LP's  
All of a sudden you want my N.U.Ts  
Ain't nothin' you can do to make it stop  
Cause money makes the world go 'round  
And the panties drop  
I ain't in love though  
I don't need the pressure  
I just wanna do ya  
Like I'm diggin' for treasure  
Some of ya'll had a good thing, that you couldn't keep  
Thought you was TLC, You had to creep  
You say you had love  
I say you need to quit it  
It's all about the dough  
So what's love got to do with it

(chorus)

Wats luv got to do, got to do with it(that's right)  
Wats luv if you dont's respect the game (uh huh)  
Wats luv got to do, got to do with it  
If ya lackin this game  
Its a shame you won't make it

Now I'm the type of brother that's down for mines  
Before I made beats, I was down to crime  
Back then every single homie had my back  
Now they're peepin' ma stack  
And they're talking 'bout jack  
But I'm the same brotha  
Day in and day out  
And i'ma stay that way  
Until the day i lay out  
In a casket, its drastic  
Cause homies is plastic  
Brake 'em off some bread  
they want the whole damn basket  
If you's a true homie  
you would wish me well  
Not plot to see ya brother fail  
Jealous as hell  
We used to get the same riches  
Now your trigger finger got the itches  
Schemin' on my bitches  
Which is not a surprise  
My eyes peep game  
211's 187's It's all the same  
It's all a shame  
Homies a jack you for your grip  
Ain't no love involved  
Because it's all about the chips

(chorus)

Wats luv got to do, got to do with it(thats right)  
Wats luv if you dont's respect the game (uh huh)  
Wats luv got to do, got to do with it  
If ya lackin this game  
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Now for these labels tellin' fables  
Makin' them messed up deals under the tables  
You think that you're smart  
But fool I'm the smartest  
You can't make no money  
If you can't keep an artist  
Sign the dotted line  
Put em on the shelf  
Break em off some crumbs  
Keep the rest for yourself  
I know how it goes  
Treat a artist like ya know  
Fly cars, Gold, clothes, but no dough  
Since it's all business, I'ma handle mine  
Keep track of my stack down to the very last dime  
Cause in this rap game  
It's all about the buck  
You bend over for tha label  
And you will get bucked  
Like how you run up in a skirt  
And then your through  
The record label do the same thang to you  
90% business, 10% show  
Ain't no love in this game  
cause it's all about the dough

(chorus) x 4

Wats luv got to do, got to do with it (thats right)  
Wats luv if you dont's respect the game (uh huh)  
Wats luv got to do, got to do with it  
If ya lackin this game  
Its a shame you won't make it (uh huh)