

# Warren G, What We Go Through

(feat. Bad Ass, Mr. Malik, Perfec)

(Whats up Warren G?)

Whats happenin? I'm just chillin, you know  
Checkin my game you dig, you know  
Trippin off these fools around the situation, you know its like that

[Mr. Malik]

I went from hustlin and slangin to bustin and bangin  
I got to keep it real, so fuck not cursin when i'm sangin  
now let me tell y'all about this shit, went down the other nite  
me and the doggs see some niggaz, just caught up in da hype  
tryin to ride and get by like da FBI  
cause we know bout them hk's, they right outside  
but we never knew y'all had a clue bout what we go through  
so tell how the fuck could you speak on my crew

[Badass]

I went from dirt to large work like boatloads of keys  
It's hard work and it hurts to live life on ya knees  
so God please have a lil mercy on my soul  
What my eyes see my mind think my hand should hold  
The outcome of these actions warm hearts turn cold  
Lil snake tryin to blast me wit the gun he stole  
We hang out, banged out, same route as the day before  
Blessed wit perception, but don't know how my days a go  
Could see my nigga hittin wit some pay, a few days ago

[Perfec]

Blaze up a flow, sit watch my paper grow  
Cautious, in case niggaz wanna cross this  
But they can't cross me, I'm way too flossy  
Out here makin millions  
All in wit the villians  
Let's turn these millions to trillions  
I've seen it all pop slow unfold, and go  
Now it's time to get mo' dough, ya know  
I play unda tha wrath a thunder  
Electric shocks hot as da summer  
More foul than funner, gun ya  
In the open range, man it seems strange  
Even sometimes deranged inside my brain  
I hold the key, identify then flee  
Every MC close to me  
Cause I'm supposed to be all in wit my chips (nigga)  
I'm all in with the crips and bloods  
Grips for thugs, I nudge  
The homey on his shoulda, cuz every day I'm gettin older  
As the world turns and gets colder  
Laid back I shot me sumpin, Perfec from dynamic, bangin G-Funk

[Warren G]

Well I moved from the East to the West  
Word on the street, niggaz wanna test  
But these MC's, is scared to buck  
Plus they talk too much and smoke too many blunts  
You fuckin rookies  
Sweet as Mr. Smith's cookies  
Ya hate me one minute and tha next ya wanna buck me  
He sent a hoe, in the back seat of my fo'  
While ya Goin Back To Cali, watch how you flow  
Now ya know, about this Warren G Era  
G-Funk terror, look into tha mirror  
And what you see is the don of the company  
(Warren G, Warren, Warren, Warren's to tha G)

You still see, what I see  
All of the homies in the LB  
Sittin back, and we makin the cash  
Warren G, Perfec, Hershey Locc and Bad Ass

[Chorus x2]

And we never knew you had clue of what we go through  
So how in tha fuck could y'all speak of our crew  
Ya thought this, ya thought that, we thought y'all should laid back  
Yeah it's like that, for me it's like that

Sittin back, and we makin the cash  
It's Warren, Perfec, Hershey Loc and Bad Ass  
Sittin back, and we makin the cash  
It's Warren, Perfec, Hershey Loc and Bad Ass

Ya know what I'm sayin Warren G  
with my homeboy from the pound Hershey Locc  
and the homey Perfec, ya know what I'm sayin and Mr. Badass  
and thats how we doin it fool, yeah  
we ain't bangin on wacks nigga, we doin it like we should be fool,  
yeah