

Warren G, What We Go Through (Promo Version)

(feat. Tha Dogg Pound, Mr. Malik (Hershey Locc), Badass)

(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 tha hype
tryin to ride and get by like tha 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

[Daz]

Now we back in the mix with some more clips and paper though
I can't do nothing but enjoy myself
gotta do it myself, got a gang of wealth
its bloodclottin muthafuckaz seem like they want it all
but they can't, trying to fake on me and my doggs
if I fall I fail, gotta retrace my trail
cross C's to clock G's I bell with bell
I keep the throw downs for mine
Warren G, Dogg Pound clockin the doves and come
serve your whole fuckin hood with some bud and rhymes

[Kurupt]

Plus you niggaz dont mash like mine, throw em 17 times
money like a muthafucka, homey give me mines
paid, I come stomping like a parade, the escapades
psychoatic analysis, as I consume, always cartin the mushrooms
with clear sight, the daylight's like the night
a closet full of Franklins, a G's paradise
a nice 40 ounce a O.E. on ice
precise poetic performing nice on mics

[Warren G]

Well I flew 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, that nigga
(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, Kurupt, Hershey, Daz and Badass

[(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 G, Kurupt, Hershey, Daz and Badass
Sittin back, and we makin the cash
It's Warren G, Kurupt, Hershey, Daz and Badass

Thats right

Ya know what I'm sayin Warren G
with my homeboys from the pound Daz Dillinger, Kurupt the Kingpin
and the homey Malik, 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