

G is for the gang of money I make
F is for the gang of fools I break
U is for the undisputed champ
N is 'cause you never gonna get the mic back
K is for the niggaz that I knock on they back
Damn is feels good to see Long Beach on the map
Till the day I'm dead I'm gonna keep that shit real
Now you niggaz know G-Funk's for real

To those people who don't believe in G-funk
Tried to take my style and make a quik buck
here's a message to one and all
Your pass is revoked
Now I'm havin' a ball
Any questions come and see me
the king of G-Funk the one and only
Congratulations you sound like Nate
You took my old hook
And got me paid

Some people are nothin' but clones
Some people have styles of their owm
Some people are copycats
These people can't get the mic back
Can you feel me one-hitter quitters
You can't copy me - I'm one in a million
Call any expert and you can ask him
Copy machines can't copy platinum

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When you feel like some cavy G-Funk
You need some music to bumb in your trunk
I got a baseline, a gangsta tune
Put on the classics and your head will be movin' soon

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