

## Intro

Warren G

What's up negros and negrettes?  
It's your boy Warren G  
You know what I'm saying?  
Chillin' with the home boy Mack 10  
And we gon' lay a lil' sumpin' down for y'all  
Let y'all know what time it is  
Show you how we keepin' it real wit' it  
You know, cuz this world is built on material thangs  
But we ain't trippin' off that  
We want y'all to know this, check it

R: I want it all; money, fast cars  
Diamond rings, gold chains and champagne  
Shit, everydamn thing  
I want it all; houses, expenses  
My own business, a truck, hmm, and a couple o' Benz's  
I want it all; brand new socks and drawls  
And I'm ballin everytime I stop and talk to y'all  
I want it all, all, all, all  
I want it all, all, all, all, all

They say, 'There go Warren G with that envious stare'  
I love this game too much, I wish these haters wasn't here  
It's a shame, we came too far to turn back  
It's a cold world, it gets so hard, you learned that  
>From falling, tryin' to walk from crawl  
Tryin' to hustle up from broke to ballin'  
And, yeah, y'all in effect that's all me  
The jiggy G-Z, all my niggas that keep it real and do it easy  
Believe me, young nigga, fat meat is greasy  
And shit stank, so if you plot a lick and hit a bank  
And get away, or get gaffled, the very next day  
Don't cry, hold your head up high  
And remember what you told yourself, nigga  
I said remember what you told yourself, nigga  
I said remember what you told yourself, nigga  
I said remember what you told yourself, nigga

R:

I want it all, so I got to wake up and ball  
And thanks to y'all, I got plaques on the wall  
Mack 10 laced with the know how to paper chase  
Crushed ice, throw my Rollie face in the platinum fan base  
>From net workin' and hustlin', no doubt, I got clout  
And live the lifestyle that Robin Leach talkin' about  
Slow down player, don't hate cuz you can't relate  
The Bently Coupes and kickin' gears on Harley's with the  
straights  
I got more lime light than Vegas on cable  
Will it enable to shoot C-Note "Yo's" at the crap table  
And while you can't get off the ground, I'm getting high  
A nigga fly and fly, with the desire to build an empire  
I strapped up and took flight like a missile  
Told them loud and clear as a whistle 'Hoo Bangin' is official'  
Handing out gold medallions at roll-call

I'ma ball and never fall cuz Mack 10 want it all  
What

R:

Me and 10 get paid escapade to the spot  
We hot like rocks served on hot blocks  
I notice money make the world circulate  
So we gon' stack and stack and take a sip and perculate  
Bump, let the woofers sub (sub), show the homies love (love)  
Warren to the G (G), and Little G-Dub (Dub)  
Surface on the low, slide or don't slide at all  
Ride or don't ride at all

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What

Warren, I couldn't be more serious about my 'fetti  
I stay tight on the mic and keep the pen movin' steady  
I want it all, dog, and it might be greed  
I hate to trip, but I got two little mouths to feed  
They don't know nuttin' about no excuses and disrespect  
Or somebody bein' jank with they Daddy's royalty check  
And at that point, I'm through talkin', dog, enough said  
So, if you owe Mack money, then I suggest you break bread  
I want it all

R: (3x)

Mack 10 What up? I know  
The paper's out there, ha ha Yeah, Warren G  
What up? You know  
The paper's out there, ha ha Yeah  
G Funk What up? You know  
The paper's out there, ha ha That's right  
What? Hoo Bangin' What up? We know  
The paper's out there, ha ha That's right, what?  
The whole world  
Paper's out there Speak on it  
Ha ha  
Wrong: All the hood  
Right: All the hood rats What up? You know