

We Got That

Warren G

C'mon (The Ruff Ryders)
Flame on (Double R, baby)
Flame on, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon

Aiyyo, y'all niggas take too long wrapping them up in duct tape
Me, I just make sure they stomp like crush grapes
I make the hardest shed a tear
Give 'em a gun, if I had two right here
Two over there, fuck playin' fair!
Y'all niggas like loose-leaf paper, easy to tear
Drag just burn that up and get it outta here
Y'all think y'all goin' from heaven to hell?
Y'all ain't goin' nowhere
But in the same town on the same dirty ground
And I don't care how you livin' it up
I even got dead niggas shiverin' up
You can bet I come diggin' you up
Them niggas bust guns just to make niggas run by
Me? I squeeze mine with one eye and one closed and focus
The one open is at the tip of the nose
When it blows, y'all so-called-pimps die hoes
Don't bite rhymes or flows, just air mark
Snap with a finger, have y'all wanted in dead park

Anything that's dealin' with dough, we got that
Cock back, hold in position for combat
Stand clear, all y'all cowards have been warned
Duck, nigga, run for your life, we airborne

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Yo, yo, aiyyo, who the fuck you think spit mean?
Same bitch that tried to put Irv Gotti teams
Since I had a snotty scream
Was taught to die in a red beam
Never ask when I need cash
I'm a customer, I snatch your cream
Soldier, cross-over, knock on my door
Wit' Jahovah, huh, know the population's over
I'm causing early retirements
Cuz you blast last when I'm firing
Dyin' in the blood you lyin' in
Went from the full house to the raw house
To niggas tryin' to rip my draws out
Try it now, nigga, blow your jaw out
You don't want my gun to go pow-pow
Well, I'ma have your face the same color
As a tongue of a chow-chow, nigga
These ain't water pistols- they shoot many missiles
And when I set 'em off, they scar your bones to the grissle
Only I knew how it was gonna come
Put up in your baby-mom, for your only son
I'm takin' e'eryone

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Uh, I'm psychologically fucked up, know the truth
See, I's sick, throwin' up Henny and ?Gook?
POOF! Me gone, I pray for the death of my mother
Until I woked up and hugged her, and told her that I loved her
Sick sin, my ink pen stay in the ring
Crown me king, I spit through the eyes of a fiend
Golden ice, I stole for the love of my wife
Then she ran out and dumped me, and po-po pump me
Came home, of course as the king of my throne
Back to Roley's, back to smokin' bones with cole
My demo was better than a lot of y'all records
Bed rocked your ass, calm down, so let the gun go
I murdered some quick for dough
Hit 'em up fast, watched them die extra slow
I lock shop when I come through with the blue tops
Smokin' a oo-whop, with all glocks cocked

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See now, there it go
Y'all got it
The East Coast West Coast collabo
Warren G doin' it with my niggas from The Ruff Ryders
Eve, my nigga Drag-On
Yeah, that's how we doin' it, like that for y'all
In the '99