

What's Wrong

Warren G

Halla, listen

My cousin got 15, he was only 18
Cops hopping out like they the A-Team
Chilly in the projects, picturing that rock
Same old old head sitting on the block
I was wild as a ghetto child
Mean mugging out, used to had a Kool-Aid smile
Tuesday night, we came up to the ring with the heaters
Fight broke out they let it out on tweeters
So momma say, "Halla, take care of your kids
And never do dirt and business where you live
Stress give niggers more reasons to get high
And hit the thing once and swear to god they could fly, bye."
I'm off to the turf if they let me
He game bring the hood like the set going to accept me
It's all in the day of the life from where I'm from
I'm not a statistic, 'cause I made twenty-one

What's wrong? What's wrong?
What's wrong? What's wrong?
I think I need to ask somebody
I need to ask my uncle Marvin
What's wrong? What's wrong?
What's wrong? What's wrong?
I need to ask somebody

Let's speak for the hood, baby
Homies are out here crying

My granny telling me I need to go to church
The homies in the hood telling me to do dirt
It ain't shit changed, yo, we in the same game
It's hard to get a job when you live with cocaine
My brother is a gangster, my uncle is a banger
Living in the projects, looking out for danger
Crooked with a hanger you can see it locking up
Yeah, the fierce on my ass they don't want to see me up
I hear the streets talking, we all need help
Keep some real niggers with you 'cause it's hard by yourself
I'm speaking for the hood, yeah, I'm straight off the block
Where it's hard to get sleep, you hear them gun shots
In the studio apartment, your baby's still starving
What the fuck is going on, ask uncle Marvin
The homies in the hood telling me to do dirt
But my granny telling me, you should go to church (church)

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We used to steal fifths, put on our big brother clothes
Slide up to king park and try to mack some hoes

Took one to knew us, yeah that was my home
When the sheriff killed my home boy, t-bone, Tyrone
Hanging with the D boys, chilling with the crooks
Killing the game with and Ronnie Brooks
We used to run shit up under that bridge
Smoking coochy and brig, that's how we lived
Me fruity baby pop, rowdy little kids
Things changed nowadays you're some rowdy little kids
Up about the park when we heard that lit (pop pop pop)
And the next thing you know, Louis lost his leg
Now we ducking the police and dodging the feds
Fuck hustling, I'd rather get a job instead
Fuck struggling, I can make money, doing these songs
'Cause your closest home boy, would do you wrong

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I need to ask somebody, somebody