

# What They Think

DJ Quik

[Nate] This is what they think, of you  
[Quik] Here's what they think about you  
[Nate] Think about you  
[Quik] This is what they think about you  
[Nate] Think about you  
[Quik] Here's what they think about you  
[Nate] This is what they think, of you

[DJ Quik]  
They say you suckers ain't got no hustle, no drive  
If it's West then you came to settle, no jive  
Yo B, yo God, yo Son, y'all ain't real  
Yo Money, y'all cats be frontin - what the deal?  
It's a, conspiracy made by the rest no doubt  
It's like the game is designed to keep the left coast out  
So how 'bout instead of doin 106th & Park  
we do 108th and Crenshaw, after dark?

[Nate Dogg]  
Seen a nigga smile so I turned and asked him  
"Why yo' mouth got so much platinum?"  
Thankin you the shit, all young and sporty  
Can't wait to see your grill when you turn 40  
Far from a sex symbol and you can't pronounce  
But 2Pac passed, so they signed it anyway  
Stretch your pimp toes, yeah you're flossin poorly  
You need to pump your breaks, YEAH SLOW DOWN WODIE!

[Chorus: Nate Dogg]  
This is what they think, of you  
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[DJ Quik]  
Yeah, they sayin y'all smoke cigar shape, that's the craze  
Cut up in a blunt, lick it back and blaze  
Over hurr, over thurr, that's the catchphrase  
Skip the bathwater, y'all be dirty for days  
Brown weed, gold teeth, hit the flo' now  
Robitussin all in your cup, got you slow now  
Let the streets tell it, nigga word of mouth  
CAUSE AIN'T NOBODY CATCHIN NO COLDS DOWN SOUTH

[Nate Dogg]  
Where you from nigga? Yup, had to be  
Actin all mad, mad doggin me  
Yeah I know you got the bombest weed and palm trees  
But you shoulda cut that fuckin curl in '83  
When girls come around you don't even flirt  
Busy throwin up rags, fuckin up my concert  
While we be busy makin paper, chasin cheese  
You still set trippin off them B's and C's

[Chorus]

[Nate Dogg]

There ain't shit you won't do for a record deal  
While we be makin moves, you be keepin it real  
While we comparin bankrolls, you comparin skills  
One mo' thang mayne, backwoods kill  
You wanna be famous, nigga sound like us  
Gotta copy the West to go platinum plus  
When I come through the East and hang homey I swang  
I leave my radio cause y'all no players out there

[DJ Quik]

Heh, what the hell are y'all hatin for? (Hmm?)  
Can't a young player make money any more? (Hmm?)  
Without havin to be from the South or East shore  
It's the gangland, bangin is payin a G more  
Nate Dogg, he done bust your girl bubble  
Compton and Long Beach together now you know you in trouble  
Takin death chances bangin just to show that we true  
But still..

[Chorus]

[Nate Dogg]

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