

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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