

## Dope Beat

Warren G

R: I need a dope beat, a dope beat  
Just holler at your boy named Warren G(I wanna)  
A dope beat(with my), a dope beat  
Just holler at your boy named Warren G  
(2x)

Y'all know me, the G from the 213  
LBC, Regulatin, skatin' on all them Dayton's  
Bankin' back on them singles  
With the Henney's and the Jimmy's  
Like I'm all tall, short, and like dark, thick and skinny  
I'm a ladies' man, Mercedes and  
Proper ice, livin' nice, as far as gravy stands  
Ain't nuttin' changed, me and Snoop's still the same  
Plus Nate droppin' weight with the classic thang  
Now I remember way back, at the bachelor set  
Slip my brother, Dre, Snoopa tape it, put it in the deck  
The party started bangin' and they both shook hands  
And made it legitimate for the G-Funk Fans  
Now after that, they hit the top when The Chronic dropped  
Remember 187 on the motherfuckin' cop(I wanna)  
It's Still A G Thang (with my), where we hang and claim  
East Side 'til I die, or I rise to fame

R: (2x)

I got my own style, I got my own pal  
If you don't know now, then nigga, you better slow down  
Spendin' bills, bendin' wheels, people think I steal  
Puttin' cameras in my grill everywhere I chill  
Kick back, I spit facts, and twist our tracks  
Drank gin with The Twinz, see a bitch I mack  
Cuz if I ain't in the studio, I'm deep in the hood  
Anyway gettin' paid like Warren should  
Dre teachin' me to work a beat, now I'm bangin'  
And I been with platinum, now my album slangin' (I wanna)  
Hangin' with my G's (with my) from the LBC  
With the homies that I know will put it down for me  
Well known, keep my chrome, and I hold my own  
But I'd rather roll and flow and be holdin' the shows  
With the G-Funk Family earnin' a Grammy  
You can't see what I see, and don't understand me

R: (2x)

I'm on my way to the studio, beatin and thumpin  
Scoop D from Long Beach got some heat from Compton  
Hit the Eastside manages to see whats crackin  
Got some MGD, just watching for jackin  
Its a hard knock life, ya heard Jay-Z featuring Annie  
No Limit like Snoop, thats when the grammy  
Hit the Beach in the Long gray and black caddy  
Reminiscing on my great escapes through the alley  
Damn I done grew up and things done changed  
Just shakin my head, trippin off the game  
Its so much you gotta do to keep it real out here  
But ain't nothing guaranteed cuz ain't nothing goin' give

R: (3x)