

# Reality

Warren G

I don't know why they mad at me  
They can't catch me but still they after me  
When we deal face to face, is a tragedy  
You ask why I got my gun they might blast at me  
Real niggaz, real shit, reality  
Who gives a fuck if you niggaz is mad at me  
Fuck around with Warren G its a tragedy  
Real niggaz, real shit, reality

Warren G top dog  
Patrollin the beach  
Niggaz say they as hard as bitch  
But they're as soft as a peach  
Claimin the G of all G's  
Please  
I come blowin through like the breeze  
Sittin on threes  
Post it  
Coastin mashing down Pacific Coastin  
The bomb chrome rims black on black Yukon  
With nuts hangin' from the city  
Where the bangers is being banging  
it dont seem like shit is changing  
I holla'd at the homey the other day  
G'ded up at the park sippin alisah  
One of the homeys took a beaten  
So now we spend at being a gang  
of checking at the meetin like cycles repeatin  
It's just another sunset fall in sea  
I can here the homeys in the past callin me  
And you know what I discovered  
What they keep saying  
Keep your mind on your money  
muthafuckers and shake busters

Have you ever sold millions  
But yet you niggaz persist to talk shit  
Get of my dick  
You never catch me slipping  
Rollin with the heat  
Slap the clip in  
I never thought the world would started trippin  
My life is a trip, though  
Hit the crib though  
Blow the whistle  
They think I banged  
So I packed a pistol  
Warren to tha G is a G  
I don't fuck with you nigga  
So don't fuck with me  
Let's ride to the east side  
Slide like a fo  
I packs a fo-fo  
When I'm steppin out doors  
To the bang to the buggy  
If I speak then I spoke  
Warren G do it every time to you Locc

Get the party beat like blaze and smoke  
The east side and the beach  
West side of the coast  
You know the niggaz that I ride with  
Hogs, attack dogs  
the same niggaz I'm down to die with muthafucka

Who's the man  
I've been from London to Japan  
Stomp land to land  
To the Egyptian sands  
You can't check me  
Dis-respect me  
Or mop me up  
With the base bumpin' out my truck  
And all these police trying to lock me up  
Money rules the world  
And I made the loot  
So don't make me shoot  
Cuz trying to mash  
Will get you done every time  
I ain't trying to hurt nobody  
But I'm down for mine