

# What's Love Got To Do With It

Warren G

Ooh, yeah, yeah, what's love got to do  
Warren G rap for me, yeah, mmm

When G-dog, the hog, come up in the place  
There's dollar signs in your eyes and a smile in your face  
You want to live fat off of my sack  
You got more drag than a low lo-do, cut the act  
'Cause back before '92 and '93  
You didn't give a damn about Warren G  
But now that I'm slingin' platinum LP's  
All of a sudden you on my N.U.T's  
Ain't nothin' you can do to make it stop  
'Cause money makes the world  
Go 'round and the panties drop  
I ain't in love though, I don't need the pressure  
I just want to dig it like I'm diggin' for treasure  
Some of y'all had a good thing that you couldn't keep  
Thought you was TLC, you had to creep  
You say you had love, I said you bullshit  
It's all about the dough, so what's love got to do with it

What's love got to do, got to do with it (that's right)  
What's love if you don't respect the game (uh-huh)  
What's love got to do, got to do with it  
If you lack in this game, it's a shame you won't make it

Now, I'm the type of brother that's down for mines  
Before I made beats, I was down to grind  
Back then, every single homey had my back  
Now they're peepin' my stack and they're talkin' bout jack  
But I'm the same brother day in and day out  
And I'm-a stay that way until the day I lay out in a casket  
It's drastic 'cause homies is plastic  
Break 'em off some bread  
They want the whole damn basket  
If you's a true homey, you would wish me well  
Not plot to make a brother fail, jealous as hell  
We used to get the same riches  
Now your trigger-finger got the itches, schemin' on my riches  
Which is not a surprise, my eyes peep game  
211's, 187's it's all the same  
It's all a shame, homies'd jack you for your grip  
Ain't no love involved, because it's all about the chips

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Now for these labels tellin' fables  
Makin' the fucked-up deals under the tables  
You think that you smart, but fool, I'm the smartest  
You can't make no money if you can't keep an artist  
Sign the dotted line, put 'em on the shelf  
Break 'em off some crumbs, keep the rest for yourself  
I know how it goes, treat an artist like a ho'  
Fly cars, gold, clothes, but no dough

Since it's all business, I'm-a handle mine  
Keep track of my stack down to the very last dime  
'Cause in this rap game, it's all about the buck  
You bend over for the label, and you will get fucked  
Like how we run up in a trick, and then you're through  
The record label do the same shit to you  
90% business, 10% show  
Ain't no love in this game 'cause it's all about the dough

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