

Forgot About Dre - 1/3

Interprété par Dr Dre.

Y'all know me
Still same ol' G
But I've been low key
Hated on by most these [niggas] with no cheese
No deals and no keys
No wheels and no keys
No boats, no snowmobiles and no skis
Mad at me cuz I can finally afford to provide my family with groceries
Got a crib full of studio when it's all full of tracks
To add to the wall full of plaques
Hangin up in the office in the back of my house like trophies
But y'all think I'ma let my dog freeze
[Ho] please
You better bow down on both knees
Who you think taught you to smoke [trees]?
Who you think brought you the oldies?
Eazy-E's, Ice Cube's and D.O.C.'s and Snoop D.O. Double G's
And the group that said [mother-Fuck] Tha Police
Gave you a tape full of dope beats
The bomb weed stroll through in your hood
And when your album sales it wasn't doin to good
Who's the doc that he told you to go see?
Y'all better listen up closely
All you [niggas] that said that I turned pop
Or the firm flop
Y'all are the reason that Dre ain't been gettin no sleep
So [fuck] y'all
All y'all
If y'all don't like me, [blow] me
Y'all gon' keep [fucking] around with me
And turn me back to the old me

Chorus: (Eminem)

Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say
But nothing come out when they move their lips
Just a buncha gibberish
And [motherfuckers] act like they forgot about Dre (x2)

Eminem:

So what do you say to somebody you hate?
Or anyone tryna bring trouble in your way
Wanna resolve things in a [bloodier] way?
Just study your tape of N.W.A.
One day I was walking by with a walkman on
When I caught a guy giving me an awkward eye
Till I [strangled] him off in the parking lot
With his Karl Kani

Forgot About Dre - 2/3

Slim Shady

Hotter than a set of twin babies
In a Mercedes Benz with the windows up
And the temp goes up to the mid 80's
Callin men ladies
Sorry doc but I've been crazy
There's no way that you can save me
It's okay, go with him Hailie

Chorus

Dr. Dre:

If it was up to me, you [muh'fuckas] would stop comin up to me
With you hands out lookin up to me like it was something free
When my last CD was out you weren't bumpin me
But now that I got this little company
Everybody wanna come to me like it was some desease
But you won't get a crumb from me
Cuz I'm from the streets of ([Fucking] Compton)
I told 'em all
All them little gangsta's, who you think helped mold 'em all?
Now you wanna run around, talk about [guns] like I ain't got none
What, you think I sold 'em all?
Cuz I stay well off
Now all I get is hate mail all day sayin Dre fell off
What, cuz I've been in the lab
With a pen and a pad
Tryna get this damn label off
I ain't havin that
This is the millenium of aftermath
It ain't gon' be nothing after that
So give me one more platinum plaque and [fuck] rap
You can have it back
So where's all the Madd Rapper's at?
It's like a jungle in it's habitat
But all you savage cats knew that I was [strapped] with [gats]
When you were cuddled with a cabbage patch

Chorus (x1)

Dr Dre:

Who's next?

Hittman:

Comin in something this hit from Bronson
Echolaborating with Dre from Compton
Huh, I can't say you little something

Forgot About Dre - 3/3

Dre:
Hittman 2000

Hittman:
Hittman at your service
I ??? tounge tell us, make you all nervous
Y'all faking, I fall nine with my rhymes all purpose
Y'all waiting, pumpin with Dre
Y'all nervous, y'all hating
Enticipating, my arise with Califronia survived all this
Chance [shit] on any man rival this
[Assholes] any one who would rival hit
Y'all better find my [niggas]

Dre:
Hittman 2000