

Forgot about dre - 1/3

Interprété par Dr Dre Feat. Eminem.

{Dr Dre}

You'll know me
Still the same all G
But I been low key
Hated on by most these niggas wit no cheese
No deals and no g's
No wheels and no keys
No boats, no snowmobiles and no skies
Mad at me cause I can finally afford
To provide my family wit groceries
Got a crib wit a studio and it's all full of tracks
To add to the wall full of plaques
Hangin up in the office in back
Of my house like trophies
But ya'll think I'ma let my dough freeze?
Hoe 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 a group that said mothafuck the police?
Gave you a tape full of dope beats
To bump when you stroll through in you hood
And when your album sales wasn't doin too good
Who's the doc that he told you to go see?
Ya'll better listen up closely
All you niggas that said that I turned pop
On the the firm flop
Ya'll are the reason Dre ain't been getting no sleep
So fuck ya'll, all of ya'll
If ya'll don't like me, blow me
Ya'll are gonna keep fuckin around wit me
And turn me back to the old me

[chorus]: {Eminem}

Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say
But nothin comes out when they move they lips
Just a buncha gibberish
And muthafuckas act like they forgot about Dre

{Eminem}

So what do you say to somebody you hate (what?)
Or anyone tryin ta bring trouble your way?
Wanna resolve things in a bloodier way? (yup)
Just study your tape of NWA
One day I was walkin by wit a walkman on
When I caught a guy

Forgot about dre - 2/3

Givin me an awkward eye (what you lookin at?)
Strangled him off in the parkin lot wit his Karl Kani
I don't give a fuck if it's dark or not
I'm harder than me tryin to park a Dodge,
When I'm drunk as fuck
Right next to a humongous truck in a two-car garage Hoppin out wit two broken legs tryin ta walk it off
Fuck you too bitch call the cops
I'ma kill you and them loud ass muthafuckin barkin dogs
And when the cops came through
Me and Dre stood next to a burnt down house
Wit a can full of gas and a hand full of matches
And still weren't found out (Right here!)
So from here on out
It's the chronic 2
Startin today, and tomorrow's the new
And I'm still loco enough
To choke you to death wit a Charleston Chew
Chika-chika-chika-()
Slim shady
Hotter then a set of twin babies
In a Mercedes Benz wit the windows up
When the temp goes up to the mid-eighties
Callin men ladies
Sorry Doc but I've been crazy
There's no way that you can save me
It's ok go with him Hailie (da da?)

[chorus x2]
Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say
But nothin comes out when they move they lips
Just a buncha gibberish
And muthafuckas act like they forgot about Dre

{Dr Dre}
If it was up to me
You muthafuckas'd stop comin up to me
Wit your hands out
Lookin up to me
Like you want somethin free
When my last CD was out
You wasn't bumpin me
But now that I got this little company
Everybody wanna come to me
Like it was some disease
But you won't get a crumb from me
Cause I'm from the streets of (Compton, Compton)
I told 'em all
All them lil gangstas
Who you think helped mold 'em all

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Now you wanna run around and talkin bout guns

Like I ain't got none

What you think I sold 'em all?

Cause I stay well off

Now all I get is hate mail all day

Sayin Dre fell off

What? Cuz I been in the lab

Wit a pen and a pad

Tryin ta get this damn label off?

I ain't havin that

This is the millenium of Aftermath

It ain't gonna be nothin after that

So give me one more platinum plaque

And fuck rap

You can have it back

So where's all the mad rappers at?

It's like a jungle in this habitat

But all you savage cats

Know that I was strapped wit gats

When you were cuddlin a cabbage patch

[chorus x2]

Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say

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And muthafuckas act like they forgot about Dre