

Forgot About Dre

Dr. Dre

Ya'll know me still the same ol' 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 ski's
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'm gonna let my dough freeze
Ho Please
You better bow down on both knees
Who you think taught you to smoke trees
Who you think brought you the o' G's
Eazy-E's Ice Cube's and D.O.C's and Snoop D O double G's
And a group that said muthafuck the police
Gave you a tape full of dope beats
To bump when stroll through in your 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
Or 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

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
(2x)

So what do you say to somebody you hate
Or anybody tryna bring trouble your way
Wanna resolve things in a bloodier way
Just study your tape of NWA.
One day I was walkin by
Wit a walkmen on
When I caught a guy givin me an awkward eye
And 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 tryna park a Dodge
But I'm drunk as fuck
Right next to a humungous truck in a two car garage
Hoppin out wit two broken legs tryna 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
From here on out it's the Chronic 2
Startin today and tomorrows the new

And I'm still loco enough
To choke you to death wit a Charleston chew
Slim shady hotter then a set of twin babies
In a Mercedes Benz wit the windows up
And the temp goes up to the mid 80's
Callin men ladies
Sorry Doc but I been crazy
There is no way that you can save me
It's ok go with him Hailey

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If it was up to me
You muthafuckas would 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
I told em all
All them little gangstas
Who you think helped mold 'em all
Now you wanna run around and talk about 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 cause I been in the lab wit 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 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
Knew that I was strapped wit gats
When you were cuddled wit cabbage patch