

Yo yo yo, what's up, this is Dr. Dre
And we doin "Big Thangs"
With my nigga Ant Banks from the Bom-Bay
Yo drop some shit on 'em...

Now picture me, inebriated and livin' lavish in Paris
In the summer it's uncountable numbers, steadily makin' cabbage
Havin' seasonal vacations, only eighty degrees
Got three bitches in the swimmin' pool that's waitin' for me
But I can't let 'em be my downfall, they so seductive
Clock my money first then I'll call, can't ever trust 'em
Many niggaz that died died at the hands of a diva
But you can fuck 'em and feed 'em, Slink Capone don't need 'em
I'd rather live like Ebenezer with the house on the hills
Let my cup runneth over my shoulders 'til it spills
And fold bills, 'cause livin' life broke is constant misery
I'd rather smoke weed on my boat and sip on Hennessy
The federalies, they got a scope on my float
Barcodes on my dome, shoot to kill Slink Capone
If it's on it's on, let's get it goin' in the fifty states
One-time can't touch me, I'm legit in the Cutaluff

Keep your eyes on the prize
Your hustle in disguise
(Get yo' money player)
Rumors, tales and lies
Watch for jealous eyes
(Coolin' in the Cutaluff)
Keep your eyes on the prize
Your hustle in disguise
Rumors, tales and lies
Watch for jealous eyes
(In the Cutaluff...)