Dr. Dre

These old sneakers, faded blue jeans, no tricks, no gimmicks I be stomping down-down, down-down, down demons Rolling up trees in the belly of the beast Where the people disagree The upper class hate, middle don't exist The bottom of the beat, glad I got my sticks Are you jumping on a fad, laying in a ditch I be stomping down demons, stomping down quick, come on

And please don't come around these parts And tell me that we all a bunch of animals The only time they wanna turn the cameras on Is when we're fuckin' shit up, come on

Bullets still ringing, blood on the cement Black folks grieving, headlines reading Tryna pay it no mind, you just living your life Everyone is a witness, everyone got opinions Got a son of my own, look him right in his eyes I ain't living in fear, but I'm holding him tight Got a son of my own, look him right in his eyes I ain't living in fear, but I'm holding him tight

Damn, why the fuck are they after me? Maybe cause I'm a bastard Or maybe cause of the way my hair grow naturally Still tryna figure out, why the fuck I'm full of rage I think I noticed this bullshit right around the fifth grade Paraphernalia in my locker right next to the switch blade Nothing but pussy on my mind and some plans of getting paid But I'm a product of the system raised on government aid And I knew just how to react when it was time for that raid Just a young black man from Compton wondering who could save us And could barely read the sentences the justice system gave us So many rental cars with bricks, I think they probably funded Avis Some of us was unbalanced but some us used our talents, shit Not all of us criminals but cops be yelling, "Stay back nigga!" We need a little bit of payback Don't treat me like an animal cause all this shit is flammable

Don't fuck around cause when it's done it's done (Fuck you!)

And the old folks tell me it's been going on since back in the day But that don't make it okay And the white folks tell me all the looting and the shooting's insane But you don't know our pain

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Yeah, this is DJ motherfuckin' Premier
And I'm Dr. Dre (Dr. Dre)
What, Premo!
Yeah we fuckin' shit up
No, we don't play no games here, motherfucker, please!
Aftermath
One of the reasons that me and you click
We don't lose, I always win
Let's face it you basic boy
For realla
Professional winners
For realla