

Genocide

Dr. Dre

Stone cold killers in these Compton streets
One hand on the 9, all eyes on me
Murder, murder, murder, murder
Call 9-1-1, emergency
Hands up in the air for the world to see
It's murder, it's murder, murder, murder (Murder)

Murda dem down kill 'em dead (Yo!)
Bullet to the dome to the head
Murda dem down kill a yout'
Don fe pull up on de man and
(Hit 'em up!) What it look like?
See murda dem down kill 'em dead (Yo!)
Bullets come down from the air
Murda down killa you
Don fe pull up on de man and
(Hit 'em up!) What it look?

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(It's been a 187 in this bitch!)
Murder this, murder listen, hit a suburban whippin'
Tinted windows ride at your wifey (Brrp!) and I bet you miss her
Reload the protocols and we throw the clip in both trays
That's one on the left and one in the right hand, Scottie Pippen both ways
Been doin' drive-bys, got this music industry timelined
Lookin' like Rosecrans when these niggas throw up them signs high
I'm talkin' about that bottom where it's high crimes
Shit, I'm just tryna get paid and keep 'em thighs high
Sometimes I feel like I could just bury 'em, bury 'em
Cause delirium, mass hysteria, scarier area
I'm very aware hip hop needed somethin' to carry it
So I married that bitch and swung down in that chariot
Hangin' way too fuckin' close, beware the barrier
This is hub city nigga, don't make us embarrass you
Man, you should be realistic, these niggas 'round here ballistic
We did the numbers and you lookin' like another statistic

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Ahh, shit!
Recognize what lives inside these eyes I'm silent 'til the dead has risen
Live in a project building, dodgin' the module ceilings
I ride, I'mma ride in a stolen Jeep
Ride with the eyes of five blind men, my vision (Corrupted)
Mama tried counselin', five plans for Kendrick (But fuck it)
My family's ties, had sabotaged Rosecrans existence (Abducted)

My aliens on surveillance, they paid me a visit (Disgusting)
Our stadium's packed, raiders in black
Curls drippin', silver bullet, palladium in my strap
I lie on the side of a one way street
Nowhere to go, death all I can see
I say "Fuck is up?", I fuck 'em up, your supper's up or something's up
I hoping all get orthotist, rope it before the double dutch broke
Plenty ruckus with the weapon I protect it under oath
My discretion, fuck your blessing, fuck your life
Fuck your hope, fuck your mama
Fuck your daddy, fuck your dead homie
Fucked the world up when we came up, that's Compton homie!

Murder, murder
Murder... murder
It's all murder... murder

Murder, murder, murder, murder
(It's been a 187 in this bitch!)