

Hard Knocks

Dr. Dre

Aye cuh, this shit on?

My life the fucking business
In here collecting digits
This shit could get explicit
Got a sweet tooth for these bitches
Yeah, burning through these mill tickets
Shit could get wicked (Mic check)

Lights, camera, action
Slow burn, no crashing
Now that's a lot of ashes
The fucking main attraction

Lets get this shit in order, I am the top of the totem
Time to reload 'em, we blowing the smoke out yo modem
I'm getting closer, yeah, I know you smelling that aroma
House-hold name on every motherfucking corner
Ring-ding-ding, she fuck me right, then I'm a goner
Ting-ting-ding, we toasting to this marijuana
Now how many licks does it take
Just to get to the center of a cupcake, no time to pump fake

Come on, school of hard knocks, took the long way
Huh, sick of crooked cops in them pissy hallways
Huh, made it out the hood, now it's Broadway
Y'all motherfuckers better leave them kids alone

These nigga can't afford to go to war on a budget
Say my name in the wrong sentence and I'ma pull up and touch 'em
Repercussion in this bitch, it sound just like a percussion
Have you deep cover, cold case, under the rubbish
Murder was the fucking case, that's the killer Cali way
Ricky in the alleyway, just another Saturday
Drinking Gin & Juice while these bitches was sipping Alize
It's just a matinee, watch me blow a bag a day

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I started out with nothing
And took this gangster shit worldwide
You know a nigga always into something
I couldn't even help it if I tried

Now, this is fair warning, nigga, final notice
Back outside and moving on this locomotive
Hot as fuck, but still, keeping a cold shoulder
You outta luck, success the sweetest hangover
Game over, over, over

Guns on the bed, yeah, aye
Phone on do not disturb
Two Chevies in my grandma driveway, no this not the burbs
Prescriptions in the medicine cabinet, I got wok reserved

Guns on the bed, the chopper mine, the pocket rocket hers
You acting nervous around killers, you got a lot of nerve
She wanna slot, I'm at the top, you know that top reserved
You shedding blood that's Murda Inc, yo name get hot as Irv
My shooters quiet on the set, you won't hear not a word (Hush)
Used to give it my all, fuck a minimum wage
Tryna make me a slave, that's how villains are made
Had me feeling someway, stuck in my feelings some day
Windows get tinted Sunday, pillage the village Monday
Just another day at work, feeling like I'm on the verge
Get the urge to wanna purge, shit get deep-spoken word
Met this bitch in Sherman Oaks, I bet she fuck with Sherm
Smokey in the pigeon coop, look like she ducking worm
Baby daddy on her back, every time I bust a turn
Bitch keep looking right to left, that shit not my concern
On Long Beach Blvd until I get to 23rd
Put us in a jungle, we leaving out that bitch in furs
I'm talking his and hers, DA tryna switch his words
Murder was the case, but you know what the witness heard-nothing
Nigga bumped his head, must've hit a nerve
Scratches on the statement like the Forgiatos hit a curb
I see you for what you is with my vision blurred
Don't make a nigga sign off on this hit without a signature
You know this shit could get ugly as Forrest Whitaker
Make ya bone chill and you feel it all in ya fibula
I be home getting my dick sucked with the semi tucked
Frequently knee deep in some pussy and still don't give a fuck

Guns with dots, big fish tryna connect something
Parking lot pimping, tryna collect something
Too rich to make poor decisions
Too many died for attention
They prey on you, no religion
Don't let 'em play with you, might have to kill something
Nigga a change on you, pop, career done
And then them chains on you, locked in prison

A nigga out here moving right
The shit you, bitches, do for likes