

# Keep Their Heads Ringin'

Dr. Dre

Yeah, what up, this is Dr. Dre  
The party's going on  
Thank God it's Friday

(Buck buck buck buck booyakasha!)  
(Buck buck buck buck booyakasha!)  
(Buck buck buck buck booyakasha!)  
(Buck buck buck buck booyakasha!)

Keep their heads ringing!  
(Ring ding dong  
Ring-a-ding ding ding dong)  
Keep their heads ringing!  
(Ring ding dong  
Ring-a-ding ding ding dong)

Hey you! Sitting over there  
Say what?  
(You better get up out of your chair)  
That's right  
(And work your body down)  
Yeah  
(No time to funk around, cause we gon')  
Funk you right on up  
So get up: get a move on and get your groove on  
It's the D-R-E the spectacular  
In a party I go for your neck, so call me "Blacula"  
As I drain a nigga's jugular vein  
And maintain to leave blood stains, so don't complain  
Just chill, listen to the beats I spill  
Keeping it real enables me to make another mil'  
Still, niggas run up and try to kill at will  
But get popped like a pimple: so call me Clearasil  
I wipe niggas off the face of the Earth since birth  
I've been a bad nigga, now let me tell you what I'm worth  
More than a stealth bomber, I cause drama  
The enforcer, music floats like a flying saucer  
Or a 747 jet, never forget  
I'm that nigga that keeps the hoes' panties wet  
The mic gets smoked once you hear the beat kick  
With grooves so funky, they come with a Speed Stick  
So check the flavor that I'm bringing  
The motherfucking D-R-E will keep their motherfucking heads ringing

(Ring ding dong  
Ring-a-ding ding ding dong)  
Keep their heads ringing!  
(Ring ding dong  
Ring-a-ding ding ding dong)

1, 2 for the crew, 3, 4 for the dough  
5 for the hoes (hoes!) 6, 7, 8 for Death Row  
Mad niggas about to feel the full effect of intellect  
So I can collect respect - plus a check  
Now I fin' to get into my mental  
Will take care of this business I need to attend to cause my rent's due  
And this rap shit's my meal ticket

So you god damn right: I'm gonna kick it or get evicted  
I bring terror like Stephen King  
A black Casanova, running niggas over like Christine  
When I rock the spot with the flavor I got  
I get plenty of ass, so call me an ass-tronaut  
As I blast past another nigga's ass that thought he was strong  
But I smoke him like grass, just like Cheech and Chong  
When I flow, niggas know it's time to take a hike  
'Cause I grab the mic and flip my tongue like a dyke  
I got rhymes to keep you enchanted  
Produce a smokescreen with the funky green to keep your eyes slanted  
So check the flavor that I'm bringing  
The motherfucking D-R-E will keep their motherfucking heads ringing

(Ring ding dong  
Ring-a-ding ding ding dong)  
Keep their heads ringing!  
(Ring ding dong  
Ring-a-ding ding ding dong)

If you want to get on down  
You gotta get on down  
Just get on down

Debonair with flair, I scare wear and tear  
Without a care, running shit as if I was a mayor  
But I ain't no politician, no competition  
Sending all opposition to see a mortician  
I'm up front, never in the backdrop  
Step on stage and get faded just like a flat-top  
Your rhyme sounds like you bought em at Stop 'n Go  
Dre came to wax you, so just call me Mop 'n Glow  
Many tried to, but just can't rock with  
I'm 6'1", 225, I'm pure chocolate  
Your chances of jacking me are slim, G  
'Cause I rock from summer until Santa comes down the chimney  
Ho ho ho, and so, as I continue to flow  
'Cause yo, I'm just a fly negro  
So, check the flavor that I'm bringing  
The motherfucking D-R-E will keep their motherfucking heads ringing

(Ring ding dong  
Ring-a-ding ding ding dong)  
Keep their motherfucking heads ringing!  
(Ring ding dong  
Ring-a-ding ding ding dong)  
Keep their heads ringing!  
(Ring ding dong  
Ring-a-ding ding ding dong)  
Keep their heads ringing!  
(Ring ding dong  
Ring-a-ding ding ding dong)  
Yeah, uh, come on!

If you want to get on down  
You gotta get on down  
Just get on down  
If you want to get on down  
You gotta get on down  
Just get on down

I know you're bobbing your head  
'Cause I can see you

I know you're bobbing your head  
'Cause I can see you  
You can't see me!  
Death Row, let me know you in the house (Bitch!)  
Yeah, that's right, we out