

# Skyscrapers

Dr. Dre

Money, money, money

Duffle bag on the floor (Yes)  
Blowing fast, let it go (Yes)  
Raise a glass for the coast (Coast)  
We the last of the GOATs  
Niggas funny when they broke (What?)  
Say they love me when they don't (No)  
With the C's and the B's  
I get money with 'em both (What up, though)  
Floor seats, fuck the bleachers  
Back to breathing that ether (Ooh)  
Ridin' around with a feature (Ah)  
Nigga, this the Mona Lisa  
Fuck being lyrical  
I'm a walking miracle  
Vultures in my cereal  
Music is my vehicle  
Negro spiritual  
Slidin' down Imperial  
Nigga, this a different texture  
Homie, I ain't with the extras  
Full clip for the hecklers (What, what?)  
In the hood I'm a pharaoh  
Blue rag my apparel (Yeah)  
Party at the hotel (Yah)  
Never hear a ho tell (Shh)  
I'm the shit if I do say  
Gin and juice over D'USSE  
Strippers jumping out of Snoop cake  
Lil' nigga, how the truth taste?  
In the meanwhile  
I'm digging through these weed piles  
Mama, look at me now (Look at me)  
Martha on speed dial (Ayy)  
Verified in the streets  
Rap sheet, got a lot of fans  
Energy, Long Beach  
See through 'em like a hologram  
Chasin' a bill', back in the field  
Got my conceal, call it Lucille  
Keepin' it trill on Cypress Hill  
You got to be real (Whoop, whoop)  
This shit here built to last  
Had to break the hourglass  
Slow money come fast  
It's just a doggy bag  
Now go 'head and get mad  
Never been a kiss-ass  
Them woke me out my slumber  
'Bout to do numbers on your bitch ass

To all my young Black entrepreneurs, stack paper  
Skyscrapers, get you some motherfucking haters  
And my young rap entrepreneurs, reach your goals  
Fuck them hoes, through the concrete grew a rose  
Ain't tell you that the world was yours? Stack your paper

Skyscrapers, fuck all you motherfucking haters  
All my young rich entrepreneurs, keep your vision  
Fuck your system, turn that cap into capitalism

John Wilkes in the booth, I'm a hundred rope when I shoot  
So tailor-made in my suit, I'm the Michael J of my group  
This Johnny Blaze and that's Snoop, and that's Dr. Dre in the coupe  
He get the queue, I don't Bishop, ain't no O.J. in this juice  
Another day, 'nother pick up, but I ain't playing no hoops  
With this inner circle, I figured I'd try and stay in the loops  
Stick to the script, this a stick up, but I'ma stick to the truth  
Black thought with a Black fist up, like I'ma stick to my roots  
I'm hot, boss, don't slip  
In New York, I'm drippin' with hot sauce  
And I'm feelin' real Gucci, that means I'm drippin' on knock-offs  
Party just like a rockstar and I'm sippin' a Rockstar  
Your woman think I'm crack and I know I'm gettin' my rocks off  
Most these rappers is fiends, I mean, they know where the rocks are  
It's like they hit the rock and hit rock-bottom to rock hard  
But me and Boss Dogg keep a Roscoe like Boss Hogg  
My cause? Just because, and 'cause you lost, you a lost cause  
Go 'head and get bad, I'ma go 'head and get cash  
And I don't get sleep, I get big bags, you big mad