

# Deeez Nuuuts

## Dr Dre

Let me call this old bitch  
See what this bitch doin'  
Call this bitch  
Raggedy-ass, shit man  
Hello? Whassup?  
Nothin', whatchu doin?  
Nuttin', just kickin it  
Are y'all done?  
Nah, whatchu gon' do today?  
Umm, pick up my stuff from the cleaners  
Might go get my nails done, seriously  
Why whassup?  
Ay did, did, did whats-a-name done  
Get at you yesterday? Who?  
Deeez nuuuts  
Aw, shut up nigga  
I wanna ask you one question  
If I had some nuts, hangin' on the walls  
What did I have honey?  
I said, "Darling, you'd have some walnuts"  
She said, "Well, daddy, if I had some nuts  
On my chest, would those be chestnuts?"  
I said, "Hell, yes"  
She said, "Well, daddy, if I had nuts under my chin  
Would those be chin-nuts?"  
I said, "Hell no, bitch, you'd have a dick in your mouth?"  
Chiggie check  
Microphone, check one  
(Chiggie check)  
Microphone, check two  
(Chiggie check)  
Microphone, check three  
Check game from the notorious Compton G  
Back with some shit that gots to bump  
As you pull up in the park, you pops the trunk  
Just to floss it like a motherfucker, clownin' an' shit  
Got the Dana's on your hooptie and your fly-ass bitch  
Throw off, go off, show off, I take that hoe  
If she proper, I'ma pop her, the hole hopper

It's back on the track  
With big money, big nuts and a big fat chronic sack  
So Daz, step up on they ass  
And give these motherfuckers a blast from the past  
Diggidy Daz out of the cut with some shit that I wrote  
With my nigga D-R-E, so you know I must be dope  
But uh, rat-tat-tat-tat that ass  
Startin' static with Dre, make way for the AK  
That I bring as I slang like cavi  
Not from Kris Kross but they call me Mac Daddy

Had he, not known about the city I'm from Long Beach  
Tic tac, grab your gat, watch your back  
Here I come, stompin' in my kahki suit  
B.G. from the hood, kinfolk Eastwood  
Goddamn, I ripped up, flipped up and skipped up  
On top of things as they swing towards my ding-a-ling  
But could you raise up off his nuts?  
'Cause Dr. Drizze's about to rizzip shit up  
Chiggie check  
Microphone, check one  
(Chiggie check)  
Microphone, check two  
(Chiggie check)  
Microphone, check three  
You're tuned to the sounds of the D-R-E  
Now check me out, it's back to the old school  
Where the niggaz get they strap on, don't nobody cap on  
Slap on some D-R-E  
Or some funky ass shit by the D-O-double-G-Y D-O-double-G  
Real G's who drop ki's  
Protect these, N-U-T's, so nigga please  
Peep out my manuscript  
You'll see that it's a must I drop gangsta shit, beotch  
So recognize game from the gangsta  
Thangs will remain the same until I change 'em  
It's real easy to see  
So you can check sounds from Nate D-O-double-G  
I can't be faded  
I'm a nigga from the motherfuckin' street  
(I can't be faded)  
I'm a nigga from the motherfuckin' street  
(I can't be faded)  
I'm a nigga from the motherfuckin' street  
(I can't be faded)

I'm a nigga from the motherfuckin' street  
I heard you wanna fuck with Dre  
You picked the wrong motherfuckin' day  
Here we go, toe to toe, flow for flow  
Let me know if you think you can fade Death Row  
I heard you wanna fuck with Dre  
You picked the wrong, motherfuckin' day  
Here we go, toe to toe, flow for flow  
Let me know if you think you can fade Death Row  
I can't be faded  
I'm a nigga from the motherfuckin' street  
(I can't be faded)  
I'm a nigga from the motherfuckin' street

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