

Deez 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?
Deez 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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