Keep Their Headz Ringin

Dr Dre

Intro:
Yeah, whattup, this is Dr. Dre
The party's goin on
Thank God it's Friday
["Buck buck buck buck booyaka shan!" - KRS One" repeat 4X]Chorus:
Keep their headz ringin (ding ding dong ring-gading ding ding dong)
repeat 2X
Verse One:
[Hey you, sittin over there] Say what?
[You better get up out of your chair] That's right
[And work your body down] Yeahhh...
[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 Blackula
As I drain a niggaz jugular vein
and maintain to leave blood stains so don't complain
Just chill, listen to the beats I spill
Keepin it real, enables me to make another meal
Still, niggaz run up and try to kill at will
But get popped like a pimple, so call me Clearasil
I wipe niggaz off the face of the Earth since birth
I been a bad nigga, now let me tell you what I'm worth
More than a Stealth bomber, I cause drama
The enforcer, music flows 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 bringin
The motherfuckin D-R-E, will keep their motherfuckin headz ringin
(Chorus)
Verse Two:
One-two for the crew, three-fo' for the dough

Five for the hoe, six-seven-eight for Death Row
Mad niggaz about to feel the full effect of intellect
So I can collect respect, plus a check
Now I fin' to, get into to, 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, runnin niggaz over like Christine
When I rock the spot with the flavor I got
I kick plenty of ass, so call me an astronaut
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, niggaz 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 smokesscreen with the funky green to keep your eyes slanted
So check the flavor that I'm bringin
The motherfuckin D-R-E, will keep their motherfuckin headz ringin
(Chorus)
Verse Three:
Debonairre with flair, I scare wear and tear
without a care, runnin shit as if I was a mayor
But I ain't no politician, no competition
Sendin all opposition to see a mortician
I'm up front, never in the back drop
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, a pure chocolate
Your chances of jackin me are slim G
Cause I rock from summer til 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 bringin
The motherfuckin D-R-E, will keep their motherfuckin headz ringin
(Chorus)

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