

# Puppet Master (feat. Dr. Dre & B-Real)

## DJ Muggs

I spark like a blunt's tip, somethin cavi  
Makin greene like mitch, gives rap vocals dispatch  
With every attempt, to have this game shook up  
When dre cook up, every thug look up  
Chronic got me on tilt, eyes bloodshot, heavy built  
Lay a nigga out like quilt, clear to gill  
I rock for rollers, from lowriders to henny toasters  
Cut off dead weight to keep my formulas kosher  
Accept no imitations dre losin his stack  
Is slim as chances, of michael jackson gettin his black fans back  
My reputation's like a tec-9  
Knock out the best in a circle, three minutes wreck time  
See the hand is faster than the eye can chase it  
Dre, b-real, soul assassins got potential buttons activated  
No illusion I have you caught up in the rapture  
Executive decisions from the motherfucking puppet masters You are the puppet, I pull your string, I'm makin moves  
I'm the master, causing you to do what you do Puppet masters  
You are the puppet, I pull your string, I'm makin moves  
I'm the master, causing you to do what you do Puppet masters  
You are the puppet, I pull your string, I'm makin moves  
I'm the master, causing you to do what you do Puppet masters  
You are the puppet, I pull your string, I'm makin moves  
I'm the master, causing you to do what you do Puppet masters We're pullin strings, killin kings  
Countin all pinky rings, seizin control of the whole game  
I took a pull from the blunt, inhaled it  
Blew the smoke from my lungs into the world of hip-hop  
Civilians turn into soldiers by the millions  
Assassins, we multiply, by the masses  
Masters of the game (checkmate nigga!) every move you make  
Through manipulation is the move I choose for you to take  
You see, what I want you to see  
And you turn into whatever I want you to be  
Whatever it be, enemy or ally  
The aftermath results in soul assassins, worldwide  
From coast to coast, I got soldiers on post  
Injectin you, with the high funk overdose  
Dre and the hill, stayin real  
All you non-believin ass niggaz, get your cap peeled

Executive order make your time shorter  
Get your recorder, play it back, puff your chronic sack  
Your mind body and soul have been captured

And taken captive, by the motherfuckin puppet masters You are the puppet, I pull your string, I'm makin moves  
I'm the master, causing you to do what you do Puppet masters  
You are the puppet, I pull your string, I'm makin moves  
I'm the master, causing you to do what you do Puppet masters  
You are the puppet, I pull your string, I'm makin moves  
I'm the master, causing you to do what you do Puppet masters  
You are the puppet, I pull your string, I'm makin moves  
I'm the master, causing you to do what you do Puppet masters

Songwriters

Louis Freese;Isaac Hayes;Andre Young;Larry Muggerud;Alvertis Isbell;Richard Vick IiiPublished by  
IRVING MUSIC, INC.;SONY/ATV TUNES LLC;UNIVERSAL MUSIC-MGB SONGS;HITS FROM DA  
BONG MUSIC;AIN'T NOTHING BUT FUNKIN' MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent  
9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>