

# Still Dre

## Snoop Dog feat DR. Dre

Yeah nigga  
I'm still fucking with ya  
Still waters run deep  
Still Snoop Dogg and D-R-E, '99 nigga  
Guess who's back  
Still doing that shit huh Dre?  
(Oh for sho', check me out)

It's still Dre Day nigga, AK nigga  
Though I've grown a lot, can't keep it home a lot  
Cause when I frequent the spots that I'm known to rock  
You hear the bass from the truck when I'm on the block  
Ladies they pay homage, but haters say Dre fell off  
How nigga?  
My last album was The Chronic (nigga)  
They want to know if he still got it  
They say rap's changed  
They wanna know how I feel about it  
(If you ain't up on thangs)  
Dr. Dre is the name  
I'm ahead of my game  
Still puffing my leafs  
Still fuck with the beats, still not loving police  
Still rock my khakis with a cuff and a crease  
Still got love for the streets, repping 213 (for life)  
Still the beats bang, still doing my thang  
Since I left ain't too much changed, still

I'm representing for them gangstas all across the world  
Still hitting them corners on the lo-lo's, girl  
Still taking my time to perfect the beat  
And I still got love for the streets, it's the D-R-E

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Since the last time you heard from me I lost some friends  
Well, hell, me and Snoop, we dipping again

Kept my ear to the streets, signed Eminem  
He's triple platinum, doing 50 a week  
Still, I stay close to the heat  
And even when I was close to defeat, I rose to my feet  
My life's like a soundtrack I wrote to the beat  
Treat my rap like Cali weed, I smoke 'til I sleep  
Wake up in the A.M., compose a beat  
I bring the fire til you're soaking in your seat  
It's not a fluke, it's been tried, I'm the truth  
Since Turn Out the Lights from the World Class Wreckin Cru  
I'm still at it  
After-mathematics  
In the home of drive-by's and ak-matics  
Swap meets, sticky green, and bad traffic  
I dip through then I get skin, D-R-E

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It ain't nothing but more hot shit  
Another classic CD for y'all to vibe with  
Whether you're cooling on a corner with your fly bitch  
Laid back in the shack, play this track  
I'm representing for the gangstas all across the world  
Still (Hitting them corners on the lo-lo's girl)  
I'll break your neck, damn near put your face in your lap  
Niggas try to be the king but the ace is back (So if you ain't up on thangs)  
Dr. Dre be the name still running the game  
Still, got it wrapped like a mummy  
Still ain't tripping, love to see young blacks get money  
Spend time out the hood, take they moms out the hood  
Hit my boys off with jobs, no more living hard  
Barbeques every day, driving fancy cars  
Still gon' get mine regardless

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Still hitting them corners on the lo-lo's, girl  
Still taking my time to perfect the beat

And I still got love for the streets, it's the D-R-E

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Still hitting them corners on the lo-lo's, girl

Still taking my time to perfect the beat

And I still got love for the streets, it's the D-R-E

Right back up in ya mothafuckin' ass, 9-5 plus four pennies!

Add that shit up, D-R-E right back up on top of thangs

Smoke some with your dog, no stress, no seeds, no stems, no sticks!

Some of that real sticky icky icky, ooh wee!

Put it in the air, oh, you's a fool DR

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