

# Lend Me an Ear

## The D.O.C.

A little bit better than dopest  
A brand new kid in showbiz  
With knowledge I persevere  
But now do me a favor, lend me an ear  
And we can find the rhyme to fill in space  
And drop the bass with a taste of light  
Lyrical perfection, see I'm equipped to um  
Open your mind like a Christmas gift  
It's '89, the new school is needed  
Originals, see nobody can do it like we did  
The D-O to the C-O, a deuce not a trio  
Me-o, mi-o, spin a chump like a gyro  
Hard, dangerous, suckers angle this  
Cut is raw, why? Cause they can't handle this  
Loot to bring, and I take a second to rock the rhythm  
And stay smooth like a prism  
A Portrait of a Masterpiece, It's Funky Enough  
Cause Dre told me it has to be  
A little stronger, to I make not a mistake  
I'm too much on the hype tip, Dre break  
Circle an answer, it's a multiple choice  
Who's the kid with the golden voice?  
A, the brother upon this song  
B and C, I don't know, but that answer's wrong  
Pure simplicity, it's the D-O to the C  
Most incredible, unforgettable  
On a mission, the man kids want to be  
Like that, cause I'm one in a mil  
Hype producer, creator, maker  
Making it now but I'll do it for you later  
In the mix Dre put his hands on  
(Scratching) Now that's a hell of a song  
I show and tell what should be told  
And say it with conviction and proper use of diction  
So that it's easy to understand  
(Who can do it better?) Huh, no one can  
'88 is gone, and all you big shots  
Have graduated, in other words made it  
So it's a new year to start a new time  
You need to know what's on my mind so lend me an ear  
Hold the riff, sucker, cause we don't need that  
It's so don't standing and my mic don't feed back

Break, you're broke, he got up and forgot  
I drop science, and put his neck in a knot  
Trying to hold what can't be held  
So the punk records jam, I don't give a damn  
I do it in a different class, so what's up?  
You wanna break? You're all the threat of a buttercup  
As knowledge coming, I'm coming never sleep or slip  
I fall on the serious tip  
Stop and stutter trying to think, your brain is soft  
Words are clogged in your throat, you're coughing on  
The boss, straight from the South  
Word is bond from word of mouth  
So let the nation be hip to the fact that I'm the great one  
Until I sung, no damage done  
Peace, a dream we all dream together  
Dope forever together in a nation of one  
Rising and showing no fear  
Yo, lend me a motherfucking ear

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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