

Forgot About Dre (Boy Meets Club Remix)

Dr. Dre

Y'all know me, still the same O.G. but I been low-key
Hated on by most these niggas with no cheese, no deals and no G's
No wheels and no keys, no boats, no snowmobiles, and no skis
Mad at me cause I can finally afford to provide my family with groceries
Got a crib with a studio and it's all full of tracks to add to the wall
Full of plaques, hanging up in the office in back of my house like trophies
Did y'all think I'mma let my dough freeze, ho please
You better bow down on both knees, who you think taught you to smoke trees
Who you think brought you the oldies
Eazy-E's, Ice Cubes, and D.O.C's
The Snoop D-O-double-G's
And the group that said motherfuck the police
Gave you a tape full of dope beats
To bump when you stroll through in your hood
And when your album sales wasn't doing too good
Who's the Doctor they told you to go see
Y'all better listen up closely, all you niggas that said that I turned pop
Or The Firm flopped, y'all are the reason that Dre ain't been getting no sleep
So fuck y'all, all of y'all, if y'all don't like me, blow me
Y'all are gonna keep fucking around with me and turn me back to the old me
Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say
But nothing comes out when they move their lips
Just a bunch of gibberish
And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre
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So what do you say to somebody you hate
Or anyone tryna bring trouble your way
Wanna resolve things in a bloodier way
Then just study a tape of N.W.A
One day I was walking by
With a Walkman on
When I caught a guy
Give me an awkward eye
And I strangled him up in the parking lot
With his Karl Kani
I don't give a fuck if it's dark or not
I'm harder than me tryna park a Dodge

When I'm drunk as fuck
Right next to a humongous truck in a two-car garage
Hopping out with two broken legs
Trying to walk it off
Fuck you too bitch, call the cops
I'mma kill you and them loud-ass motherfucking barking dogs
And when the cops came through
Me and Dre stood next to a burnt down house
With a can full of gas and a hand full of matches
And still weren't found out
From here on out it's the Chronic II
Starting today and tomorrow's anew
And I'm still loco enough to choke you to death with a Charleston Chew
Slim Shady, hotter then a set of twin babies
In a Mercedes Benz with the windows up
When the temp goes up to the mid-80s
Calling men ladies, sorry, Doc, but I been crazy
There's no way that you can save me, it's okay, go with him Hailie
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If it was up to me, you motherfuckers would stop coming up to
me
With your hands out looking up to me, like you want something free
When my last CD was out, you wasn't bumping me
But now that I got this little company
Everybody wanna come to me like it was some disease
But you won't get a crumb from me
Cause I'm from the streets of Compton
I told 'em all, all them little gangstas
Who you think helped mold 'em all
Now you wanna run around talking bout guns like I ain't got none
What you think I sold 'em all, cause I stay well off
Now all I get is hate mail all day saying Dre fell off
What cause I been in the lab with a pen and a pad
Tryin' to get this damn label off
I ain't havin' that, this is the millennium of Aftermath
It ain't gonna be nothin' after that
So give me one more platinum plaque and fuck rap, you can have it back
So where's all the Mad Rappers at
It's like a jungle in this habitat

But all you savage cats
Know that I was strapped with gats
While you were cuddling a Cabbage Patch
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