# Stranded On Death Row

## Dr Dre

Yes, it is I says me and all who agree are more than three
'Cause they we, yes, yo! I'm in the house now for sure
Because I wanna talk about the hearts of men
Who knows what evil lurks within them
But let's take a travel down the blindside
And see what we find on this path called, 'Stranded on death row'
So duck when I swing my shit
I get rugged like Rawhead Rex with fat tracks that fits
The gangsta type, what I recite's kinda lethal
Niggaz know, the flow that I kick, there's no refill
I'm murderin' niggaz, yo, and maybe because of the tone
I kicks when I grip the mic and kick shit niggaz can't fuck with
So remember I go hardcore, and slam
Nuff respect like a sensei, ba-bash like Van Damme
So any nigga that claim they bossin'
What don't you bring your ass on over to Crenshaw and Slausson
Take a walk through the hood, and we up to no good
Slangin' on things like a real O.G. should
I'm stackin' and mackin' and packin' a ten so
When you're slippin', I slip the clip in, but ain't no set-trippin'
'Cause it's Death Row, rollin' like the mafia
Think about whoopin' some ass, but what the fuck stoppin' ya?
Ain't nathin' but a buster
I'm stranded on death row for pumpin' slugs in motherfuckers
Now you know you're outdone, feel the shot gun
Kurupt inmate cell block one
No prevention from this lynchin' of sorts
You're a victim, from my drive by of thoughts
No extensions, all attempts are to fail
Blinded by the light, it's time you learn Braille
From the lunatic, I'm death like arsenic
When I kick a wicked raps, Dr. Dre will hit the scratch
With treachery, my literary form will blast
And totally surpass the norm, not a storm
Plural, make it, many storms when I'm vexed
I fly leg necks and arms in this dimension
I'm the presenter and the inventor and the tormentor
Deranged, like the Hillside Strangler
MC mangler, tough like Wrangler

I write a rhyme, hard as concrete
Step to the heat and get burned like mesquite!
So what you wanna do? The narrator RBX, cell block two
Rage, lyrical murderer, stranded on death row
And now I'm servin' a lifetime sentence, there'll be no repentance
Since it's the life that I choose to lead I plead guilty on all counts
Let the ball bounce where it may, it's just another clip into my AK
Buck 'em down with my underground tactics
Facts and stacks of clips on my mattress bed frame
There's another dead, bang layin' lame put to shame, who's to blame?
Me, the Lady of Rage, a woman comin' from the D E A T H in R O W
Takin' no shit, so flip and you're bound to get dropped
It's 187 on motherfuckers don't stop
Handcuffed as I bust there'll be no debate
It's Rage, from cell block eight
Aiyyo, steppin' through the fog and creepin' through the smog
It's the number one nigga from the hood Doggy Dogg
Makin' videos, now I stay in Hollywood
Bustin' raps for my snaps, now they call me Eastwood
Dre is the Dr. and my homey little nigga
Warren G is my hand and my hand's on the trigga
Shootin' at the hoes with the game that I got
Sent to Death Row 'cause I wanted to make a grip from servin' my rocks
And I'm still servin' for mines, peace to my motherfuckin' homies
Doin' time in the pen and the county jail
Mobbin' with your blues on, mad as hell
And you say, yeah, fuck the police
And all the homies on the streets is all about peace
And it's drivin' the cops crazy
But ain't nuttin' but a black thing bay-bee, uh
Uh, I'm not flaggin', but I'm just saggin'
I betcha don't wanna see the D O double G and you can't see
The D R to the E or my motherfuckin' homey D.O.C.
You know you can't fuck with my motherfuckin' DJ
That's my homey and we call him Warren G
Yeah, and you don't stop
Doggy Dogg break 'em down with the motherfuckin' Dogg Pound
That's the only way we'll beat 'em man
We gotta smoke 'em, then choke 'em like the motherfuckin' Peter man
It's like three and to the two and two and to the one
Cell block four peace Doggy Dogg's done
Yo, now you know the path I'm on, you think you're strong
See if you can travel on 'cause only the weak, will try to speak
Those who are quiet, will always cause riots
There's three types of people in the world

Those who don't know what happened
Those who wonder what happened
And people like us from the streets that make things happen!

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