

# 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  
Aiiyyo, 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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