

# Forget About Dre (Ft. Eminem)

## 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 meNowadays 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 DreNowadays 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 DreSo 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 HailieNowadays 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 DreNowadays 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 DreIf 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 PatchNowadays 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 DreNowadays 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 DreNowadays 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

Songwriters

ANDRE YOUNG, ANDRE ROMELL YOUNG, MARSHALL MATHERS, MELVIN BRADFORDPublished  
by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>