

Stranded on Death Row

Dr. Dre

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 recites kinda lethal
Niggas know, the flow that I kick, there's no equal
I'm murdering niggas, yo, and maybe because of the tone
I kicks when I grip the mic and kick shit
Niggas can't fuck with
So remember I go hardcore, and slam
'Nough respect like a sensei, ba-bash like Van Damme
So any nigga that claim they bossing
What don't you bring your ass on over to Crenshaw and Slauson
Take a walk through the hood when we up to no good
Slanging them things like a real O.G. should,
I'm stacking and macking and packing a ten so
When you're slipping, I slip the clip in
But ain't no set tripping
'Cause it's Death Row, rolling like the mafia
Think about whooping some ass, but what the fuck stopping ya
Ain't nothing but a buster
I'm Stranded on Death Row for pumping slugs in motherfuckers
Now you know you're outdone
Feel the shotgun, Kurupt, inmate, cell block one
No prevention from this mention of sorts
You're a victim, from my driveby of thoughts
No extensions, all attempts are to fail
Blinded by the light, it's time you learn braile
From the lunatic, I death like arsenic
When I kick up wicked raps
Dr. Dre will kick 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 serving 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 pain
Laying lain with the shame, who's to blame
Me, the lady of Rage
On when I'm coming from the D-E-A-T-H in
R-O-W taking, 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
Ayo stepping through the fog
And creeping through the smog
It's the number one nigga from the hood, Doggy Dogg
Making videos, now I stay in Hollywood
Busting raps for my snaps now they call me Eastwood
Dre is the doctor and my homey little nigga
Warren G is my hand and my hand's on the trigger
Shooting at the hoes with the game that I got
Sent to death row cause I wanted to make a grip from serving my rocks
And I'm still, serving for mines, peace
To my motherfucking homies doing time
In the pen and the county jail
Mobbing 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 driving the cops crazy
But ain't nothing but a black thing bay-bee
No I'm not flagging, but I'm just sagging
I betcha don't wanna see the D-O double G
And you can't see, the D-R to the E
Or my motherfucking homey D.O.C.
You know you can't fuck with my motherfucking DJ
That's my homey and we call him Warren G
Yeah, and you don't stop
Doggy Dogg break em down with the motherfucking Dogg Pound
That's the only way we'll beat em man
We gotta smoke em, then choke em

Like the motherfucking peter man
It's like three and to the two
And two and to the one
Cell block four peace Doggy Dogg's done

Songwriters

BILLY NICHOLS, ANDRE YOUNG, ALLEN WILLIAMS, ROBIN ALLEN, ERIC COLLINS, CORDOZAR
BROADUS, ISAAC HAYES, RICARDO BROWN

Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>