U better recognize

Sam Sneed

Artist: Sam Sneed featuring Dr. Dre
Verse One: Sam Sneed (Dr. Dre)
(I heard Sam was going solo) Hot damn, you didn't know so,
well I can blast fast so freak an ill type of slow flow.
I'm hitting harder than Barry Bonds so check the golden child,
throwing it to your ear-hole, got you going buck wild.
But truck-tracks, rhymes all day, breaking off niggaz proper,
did dirt, did West cause I clown coppers (yeah).
Do hip-hop, rap, compose 'em most, I couldn't see me,
mad advanced and my skills I'm all about the dollar bills.
From Pittsburgh to Cali dropping bombs like that,
was on the D.L. with the squad so I couldn't hold it back.
Black, I regulate I buzz a big gate figure,
mobbing with the ill nigga, with his finger on a bigger trigger.
Serving all (saps), hitting sevens on the (simps),
making do', eating shrimps, locing with some real pimps (yeah).
So peep game, best believe I love my peeps
that's why I make the type of music you can pump in your jeeps
(that's right).
So buck my sound, I put it down for the underground,
I got the women cause I'm slamming, jamming.
Got it going on it's time for this new producer to rise,
so open your eyes, I think you better recognize.
Hook: Dr. Dre (Sam Sneed)
Once again it's the man with the masterplan,
they call him Sam and I (think you better recognize) (2x)
Verse Two: Sam Sneed (Dr. Dre)
I remember days on the blocks where I slang slung played punk cops
and mad props cause I ran with hard rocks (yeah).
From napalms to Uzi's I made G's (say what?),
then built up enough Loot to buy keys.
No gang affiliation, yo I stood on my own to pulling capers
I'm a sneaky slick nigga, I never had to pull the trigger (right).
I mack, on top and that I'm used to staying wicked which is 24-7,
you can ask my ex-hooker.
But now I'm on some new improved shit,
making hits, stacking chips, now everything's legitimate.
I flipped the scrip a long time ago, on the five-o,

when I discovered this new way to make my cash flow (uhm).

Yes indeedy, I wasn't greedy, got my niggaz out the gutter,
now they're rolling with the Sam Sneezy.
Hip hop fanatic causing static in the industry,
these whack creators, I call 'em imitators (ah yeah).
Be trying to see me, but see I'm unexplainetory,
with the fame and glory, that's why I gotta tell my story.
With no disguise, a lot of niggaz despise,
because I'm on an uprise, so I think you better recognize.
Hook: Dr. Dre (Sam Sneed)
Once again it's the man with the masterplan,
they call him Sam and I (think you better recognize) (2x)
(Think you better recognize) (2x)
Verse Three: Sam Sneed (Dr. Dre)
Well I'm back in the mix with a bottle of hennessy,
so fire up a blunt who ever's in the vasinity.
Crazy shot outs giving pounds to all my niggaz,
hitting all the hookers by the dozen, cause they dig us (trick).
Fuck what you've heard, recognize what you be seeing,
it's time to earn truth to the game human being.
I'm that little bass nigga trying to get mine, fuck a nine,
cause I'll incline with the mastermind.
I got my crew in my corner so I can't loose,
cause I'm paying mad douze in this record biz, I don't snooze.
And suckers be popping at those idiotic ego-tystical type of flimflam,
I can't be faded Sam-I-am.
Playing with the hustlers never dealing with the knucklehead ballers,
cause boys play with toys and scholars play with dollars.
I'm a mack of my own right, plus my game is tight,
baby get it right, I ain't the one, so take flight.
Bitches give my mad rep, nothing but they brains is off tempo,
thinking they can get my loot, I never trick to knock the boots.
I gotta be wise, when time to dip between the thighs,
all eyes on the price, so I think you better recognize.
Hook: Dr. Dre: (Sam Sneed)
Once again it's the man with the masterplan,
they call him Sam and I (think you better recognize) (2x)
Once again it's the man with the masterplan,
they call him Sam and I (think you better recognize) (2x)

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