Forgot About Dre

Dr. Dre

Y'all know me, still the same ol' G
But I been low key
Hated on by most these niggas
Wit no cheese, no deals and no G's, no wheels and no keys
No boats, no snowmobiles and no ski's
Mad at me
'Cause I can finally afford to provide my family wit groceriesGot a crib wit a studio and it's all full of tracks
To add to the wall full of plaques
Hangin' up in the office in back of my house like trophies
But y'all think I'm gonna 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 cube's and D.O.C's and Snoop D O double G's
And a group that said, "Muthafuck the police"Gave you a tape full of dope beats
To bump when you stroll through in you hood
And when your album sales wasn't doin' too good
Who's the doc that he told you to go see?
Y'all better listen up closely
All you niggas that said that I turned pop
Or the Firm flop
Y'all are the reason 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 fuckin' around wit me
And turn me back to the old meNowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say
But nothin' comes out when they move they lips
Just a buncha gibberish
And muthafuckas act like they forgot about Dre
Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say
But nothin' comes out when they move they lips
Just a buncha gibberish
And muthafuckas act like they forgot about DreSo what do you say to somebody you hate
Or anybody tryna bring trouble your way
Wanna resolve things in a bloodier way
Just study your tape of NWA
One day I was walkin' by
Wit a walkman on

When I caught a guy givin' me an awkward eye
And strangled him off in the parkin' lot wit his Karl KaniI don't give a fuck if it's dark or not
I'm harder than me tryna park a dodge
But I'm drunk as fuck
Right next to a humungous truck in a two car garage
Hoppin' out wit two broken legs, tryna walk it off
Fuck you too bitch, call the cops
I'm a kill you and them
Loud ass muthafuckin barkin' dogsAnd when the cops came through me
Dre stood next to a burnt down house
Wit a can full of gas and a hand full of matches
They still wouldn't found out
From here on out it's the chronic two
Startin' today and tomorrow's the new
And I'm still loco enough
To choke you to death wit a Charleston chewSlim Shady hotter then a set of twin babies
In a Mercedes Benz wit the windows up
And the temp goes up to the mid 80's
Callin' men, ladies
Sorry Doc, but I've been crazy
There is no way that you can save me
It's okay, go with him HaileyNowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say
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You muthafuckas would stop comin' up to me
Wit your hands out lookin' up to me
Like you want somethin' free
When my last C.D. was out you wasn't bumpin' me
But now that I got's new 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 The ComptonI told em all
All them little gangstas
Who you think helped mould 'em all?
Now you wanna run around and talk about 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 sayin' Dre fell off
What 'cause I been in the lab wit a pen and a pad

Tryna get this damn label offI ain't havin that
This is the millenium 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
Knew that I was strapped wit gats
When you were cuddled in the cabbage patchNowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say
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