

# The Grande Finale

## The D.O.C.

Check this out, we've come to the last and final record  
This is Dr. Dre in full effect and we gonna kick it  
Off a little somethis like this, we got my mella yella boy  
On the drums, we got Stan the guitar man dropping the rhythm  
We got LA Dre on the keyboard and I want the whole posse  
In this muthafucka to rocl on this funky ass beat we're gonna drop  
Aight, so Ice Cube, you the early bird on this muthafucka, run it  
Picture a nigga that's raw  
Amplify his ass and what you see is what's on  
Muthafuckas I slaughter, blow 'em out the water  
Word to me, fuck the father  
My melody is deadly as a pin in a handgrenade  
5 seconds before you get played  
You can't throw me, I guess you'll blow up  
Ever see a sucker scatter, it'll make ya throw up  
Then I take advantage, you can't manage  
To get up, all you can do is sit up, I get lit up  
Hit up, Ice Cube tearing shit up  
Like a dude you can bet on, collide like a head on  
Collision, stutter steppin' is an incision  
Of a nigga saying exactly what I vision  
Because I'm gone, you think I left you all  
But I stay in yo' ass like cholesterol  
When I blast some solid ass alcatraz  
And if you escape, you better swim fast  
'Cause I'll catch ya, physically and mentally  
And the capital punishment's the penalty  
Sitting in the electric chair, grab a hold  
Pull the switch, yo' body twitch, your eye's explode  
Out your skull 'cause being dull on a flow  
Is an N O, niggas didn't know that I can go  
Off and show off to throw off the law  
Turn, take 10 paces then draw  
What's left is a muthafucka dead in the alley  
Ice Cube is the shit on the grand finale  
Yea, yea, that was funky but we need  
The muthafucking villian to speak so kick it  
The grand finale, yo, it's my turn to bust  
So let weak muthafuckas turn to dust  
If you're weak it ain't my fault  
Just take a kick in the ass and get turn into a pillar of salt  
And niggas that's biting just to taste me  
I make the punk muthafuckas buckle up for safety  
And on the dope they caught from the flash  
And swing like a bit when he's caught in a whiplash  
Giving him pain 'cause I'm urgent  
Rearrange the muthafucking face like a surgeon  
It ain't no excuse for the torture delivering  
Don't say that I scare you, I can tell 'cause your shivering  
Lyrics label wit an X and not a G  
I say fuck the police, yo, so now they after me

I'm wanted by the law so I stay low

Representing the pimp, bitches making my doughIn a different stage, I must of went on a rampage

Me and the D.O.C. are always hitting the front page

For what, for stealing and stepping up to the sheriff

And when I enter the party, niggas shit in a [unverified]For what? Maybe 'cause I'm Ren

And when they clean up shit, yo, they do it again

So fuck it, sit back cool and relax

While Eazy busts the facts kicking the grande finaleYea, y'all know what time it is

Easy muthafucking E is in the house doing damageThe name is Eazy for me to come off like the inforcer'

Mass murder muthafukas in a course of

An everyday situation where I would stalk by

Fuck the car, I do a muthafuking walk-byEazy-E and the D.O. to the C.

And run house and there won't be no disagreeing

'Cause if there is some, you feeling staticy

Then I'm arrested, assault and battery

(For what?)Never outdone, only outdoing

Loving the bitches and the hoes boo hooing

Why 'cause they're addicted to my dick

The pleasure of pain, the wing-ding and flipped it

(Yea)And never forget when done in bed by

Eazy, the name of a Compton hard head

Cool but local like loc never broke

'Cause they're paid to be Ruthless, this is why I do thisI don't give a fuck about fame

I rather deal wit a number than a muthafuking name

(Word)

Get me paid and then rap

'Cause all the other bullshit money ain't jackEazy but not that Eazy to deal wit

Especially if you're poppin' bullshit

Put the E A Z Y and to the E

Expression of thought on the muthafuking grand finaleYea, that shit was funky, last but not leas

Is the muthafuking D.O.C., this is your album

So that means you definitely got to get funky, so run itSwinging, singing a brand new rap

On a rhythm concocted by my homie in the back

And if it makes you giggle, it must be kinda funny

But to me it's kinda cool, I'm making money

(Tell 'em why)Tripping up the man wit the, movement

([Unverified])

Proving if you're grooving then it cool when he be doing it

Taking a second for me to blow your mind

'Cause I'm the diggy diggy D.O.C. and I would've been down wit rockBut I was smart, the D.O. to the C. now

on the formula

It's rough, I mean it's funky enuff for me

And you can have a listen after that and this

And D O N 'T M O V E wit out permissionFrom the D.O. to the C., I'm just better than

The normal man and I'll be dumb if a sucker can

Ever compete wit the elite

Much less beat, it's like dancing wit 2 left feetNever smile when the D.O.C. is in the room

Or I'm a send ya ass to the temple of doom

I got raw when I came to Cali

Now wit NWA on the muthafuking grand finale[Unverified]

Songwriters

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