

Still Dre

Snoop Dog feat. Dr Dre

Yeah nigga
I'm still fucking with ya
Still waters run deep
Still Snoop Dogg and D-R-E, '99 nigga
Guess who's back
Still doing that shit huh Dre?
(Oh for sho', check me out)

It's still Dre Day nigga, AK nigga
Though I've grown a lot, can't keep it home a lot
Cause when I frequent the spots that I'm known to rock
You hear the bass from the truck when I'm on the block
Ladies they pay homage, but haters say Dre fell off
How nigga?
My last album was The Chronic (nigga)
They want to know if he still got it
They say rap's changed
They wanna know how I feel about it
(If you ain't up on thangs)
Dr. Dre is the name
I'm ahead of my game
Still puffing my leafs
Still fuck with the beats, still not loving police
Still rock my khakis with a cuff and a crease
Still got love for the streets, repping 213 (for life)
Still the beats bang, still doing my thang
Since I left ain't too much changed, still

I'm representing for them gangstas all across the world
Still hitting them corners on the lo-lo's, girl
Still taking my time to perfect the beat
And I still got love for the streets, it's the D-R-E

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Since the last time you heard from me I lost some friends
Well, hell, me and Snoop, we dipping again

Kept my ear to the streets, signed Eminem
He's triple platinum, doing 50 a week
Still, I stay close to the heat
And even when I was close to defeat, I rose to my feet
My life's like a soundtrack I wrote to the beat
Treat my rap like Cali weed, I smoke 'til I sleep
Wake up in the A.M., compose a beat
I bring the fire til you're soaking in your seat
It's not a fluke, it's been tried, I'm the truth
Since Turn Out the Lights from the World Class Wreckin Cru
I'm still at it
After-mathematics
In the home of drive-by's and ak-matics
Swap meets, sticky green, and bad traffic
I dip through then I get skin, D-R-E

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It ain't nothing but more hot shit
Another classic CD for y'all to vibe with
Whether you're cooling on a corner with your fly bitch
Laid back in the shack, play this track
I'm representing for the gangstas all across the world
Still (Hitting them corners on the lo-lo's girl)
I'll break your neck, damn near put your face in your lap
Niggas try to be the king but the ace is back (So if you ain't up on thangs)
Dr. Dre be the name still running the game
Still, got it wrapped like a mummy
Still ain't tripping, love to see young blacks get money
Spend time out the hood, take they moms out the hood
Hit my boys off with jobs, no more living hard
Barbeques every day, driving fancy cars
Still gon' get mine regardless

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Still hitting them corners on the lo-lo's, girl
Still taking my time to perfect the beat

And I still got love for the streets, it's the D-R-E

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And I still got love for the streets, it's the D-R-E

Right back up in ya mothafuckin' ass, 9-5 plus four pennies!
Add that shit up, D-R-E right back up on top of thangs
Smoke some with your dog, no stress, no seeds, no stems, no sticks!
Some of that real sticky icky icky, ooh wee!
Put it in the air, oh, you's a fool DR

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