

Lyrical Gangbang

Dr Dre

This should be played at high volume
Preferably in a residential area
Now I'ma kick up dust, as I begin to bust
On the wick-wack, fucked up suckers, ya can't trust
When I kick up, I lick up, ya face get smacked up
When I rack up, so all you motherfuckers just pack up
Or get slapped with the swiftness
If you think you're swift with the gift, Merry Christmas
Now stuff that in your stockin'
I'm knockin' 'em out the box 'n'
Knockin' 'em out their socks 'n'
'Cause Robin is rockin'
Breakin' 'em down to the slab
Takin' 'em down on their ass
Now what you wanna do, ya wanna battle, uhh?
Send you up shit creek without a motherfuckin' paddle
Rattle that brain, I'm not that same ol' plain Jane
Roll on you like a boulder, you're nothin' more than a grain
Or a pebble, take it from the real rap rebel
Not Bushwick Bill but I can take it to 'That Other Level'
You think you got pull then pull it, uh
I got the trigger, so I figure, you'll bite the bullet
Then bite the dust and wipe the fuss
Do what I must and what I must is bust
The bubble or choose some trouble for you
So skip to my Luger, Lady of Rage is comin' through
Some cool shit
Some cool shit
Boo-yaa, spittin' out buckshots
I fears no one, I makes 'em cool off like a polar cat
Lynchin' as a hit, misses the roll of dice
Pushin' packs to make the profit
Diggy dope duck on the topic, so stop and gimme my props, kid
I'm livin' large like a fat bitch
So get back, bitch, I'm hard to Bogart for the fagots
This young black kid, a mercenary, merciless
Murderin' millions of niggaz, so who's first to diss
They say I'm bad, so you'll find none worse than this
Chewin' motherfuckers up like a Hershey Kiss

Put to sleep, lovin' the lyrics, I leave in the minds of each
Rough when flex, too complex, wrecks your mental piece
So feel the wrath, nigga, I rip in half niggaz
You're quick to talk shit, I whoop your ass nigga
Then watch me blast, nigga 'cause I'm the last nigga
You wanna fuck wit, so up your cash, nigga
I make 'em stagger, I'm skanless as Jimmy Swaggart
I'm a good tracker, scopin' your girl then watch me tag her
Pullin' steel like a stunt
Sewn like an ID card, nigga, no needs to front, so
Here to torment, I put track on crack
And I'm strapped wit a semi-tone milli-ten Mac
Yo, I breaks 'em off, I breaks 'em off, chief
Deadly as Jason on Friday the 13th
A to the motherfuckin' K
Back in the days, niggaz they use to scrap
But now in ninety-two, niggaz they pull they strap
'Cause umm, police dem come wicked and dem shoot
Niggaz, so niggaz retaliate and start to loot
Execute, boot, stompin'
Black soldier, here to teach and mold ya
The innovator, dominator, narrator
R-B to the motherfuckin' X, flex wicked
Stylee, bump and be found
And do bleed by a maniac with a gat
See nowadays niggaz is like that
I pull my trigger back, the bullets go
Bo, bo, bo, now I'm on Death Row
Fuck it, niggaz goin' wild
Every night they shoot, it's like Bei-rut
Maybe you should get a Teflon vest for your chest
Anytime steppin' through my hood
But that'll do you no good
One slug to your face, no haste
You're gettin' smoked like wood
Nasty nigga, bloody pumps face flat
On the concrete, here comes the white sheet
Mr. Coroner, cocked with some yellow tape
But the murderers escape
Audi like 5 G's
Lyrical gangbang but it's just a G thang

Lyrics provided by

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