

# Ackrite

Dr. Dre

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

It's fuckin ackrite  
Question is can I get some? Know what I'm saying?  
Ack-rite, bitch  
When I see you in the spot, you just act right, you know what I'm saying?  
When I yank you by the fuckin' arm  
Don't be looking at a nigga crazy  
Just give up the digits and be the fuck out, you know what I'm saying?  
Let me break it down for y'all It was just one of those days  
When I wanted to catch sunrays  
Have fun and get blunted on a Sunday afternoon  
My nigga Babe got room, grab the gat for misbehaviors  
And the chocolate faded boom, flossin hip-hop tunes  
Zoom-zoom like the Commodores  
Wonder will we have drama or, end up clowning whores  
Around the full good-to-go girls  
Like them Barbary Coast girls, riding shotgun, baby  
I be postin all-world in the ride  
Sipping 151 that gave me too much pride to back down  
Soon as we get to The Beach I'mma put my fuckin mack down  
I'm playin lead, not the background  
It's time to put Bronson on the map now  
Walk with my hand on my Johnson, crack a smile  
Cuties peep my style, if I don't get some ackrite  
I'mma have to ack-wild Blunt in my left hand, drink in my right  
Strap by my waistline, cause niggas don't fight  
Sucker free for life, so you better think twice  
(Aight? And a give a nig' some ackrite)  
I'm the type of nigga playa-haters don't like  
Snatchin' up your honey for some late night hype  
And snobby-ass bitches get slapped out of spite  
(Aight? So give a nig' some ackrite, right) Uh drink kicking in, I'm stimulated  
For those that don't know big words: I'm fuckin' faded

Eighty-three degrees, ease to a shaded spot  
Our first spot was cool till some gangsters made it hot  
Now we plot and pose  
Plus we watchin' hoes, with lots of flesh exposed  
Getting swarmed by those type of niggas  
With no game but brown-nose  
So I impose only like pros can  
"Yo, is this your man?" "No"  
Grab the bitch's hand, "I'm Hittman"  
Bling! Gold chain gleam  
"You're very eligible for my summer league team"  
Maybe too extreme cause the sister got steamed  
Then Miss Thing tried to scream on my brethren  
I got mad, spit flame on the name  
Stefan, tattooed on her arm  
Ho you ain't the bomb, must be a dyke  
Witcho' lips swoll, and give a nig' some ackrite  
Blunt in my left hand, drink in my right  
Strap by my waistline, cause niggas don't fight  
Sucker free for life, so you better think twice  
(And a give a nig' some ackrite)  
I'm the type of nigga playa-haters don't like  
Snatchin' up your honey for some late night hype  
And snobby-ass bitches get slapped out of spite  
(So give a nig' some ackrite, right)  
Fronting on the ack-rite, causing me to act up  
Good Samaritans save that ho from getting slapped up  
My homies crack up at the scene I made  
Yo my actions ain't serene when a nigga's on fade  
If it wasn't for the one-time brigade  
I woulda sprayed at the hooker tramp  
As cops parade I'm afraid it's time to break camp  
Make tracks, where else can we go to take hoes  
From fake macks? Ayo, chase them girls  
In that black Maxima, the passenger, almost fractured her  
Neckbone, looking back at us  
Plus, they on the dick cause the Caddy's plush  
They blush, I bumrush the hush, with the largest crush  
Try to swing an ep tonight so I don't have to keep in touch  
Keep it on hush without the tip-in  
Macking interrupted by some niggas set-tripping  
Clip in the strap, I showed these niggas how to act  
Blunt in my left hand, drink in my right  
Strap by my waistline, cause niggas don't fight  
Sucker free for life, so you better think twice  
(Aight? And a give a nig' some ackrite)  
I'm the type of nigga playa-haters don't like  
Snatchin' up your honey for some late night hype

And snobby-ass bitches get slapped out of spite  
(Aight? So give a nig' some ackrite, right)

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