Ackrite

Dr Dre

It's fuckin' ackrite
Question is, can I get some? Knahmsayin'?
Ackrite bitch
When I see you in the spot, you just ackrite, you knahmsayin'?
When I yank you by the fuckin' perm
Don't be lookin' at a nigga crazy
Just get with the digits and be the fuck out, you knahmsayin?
Let me break it down for y'allIt was just one of those days when I wanted to catch sunrays
Fun to get blunted on a Sunday, afternoon
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 clownin' whores
Around the full good-to-go girlsLike them Barbicose girls, ridin' shotgun, baby
I be postin' all-world in the ride
Sippin' 151 that gave me too much pride to back down
Soon as we get to the beach I'ma 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'ma have to ack-wildBlunt in my left hand, drink in my right
Strap by my waistline, 'cause niggaz 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)Drink kickin' 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 'til some gangsters made it hot
Now we plot and pose
Plus we watchin' hoes with lots of flesh exposed
Gettin' swarmed by those type of niggaz 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 brethern

I got mad, spit flame on the name Stefan, tattooed on her arm
Hoe you ain't the bomb, must be a dyke
Witcho' lips swoll, and give a nig' some ackriteBlunt in my left hand, drink in my right
Strap by my waistline, 'cause niggaz 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)Frontin' on the ack-rite, causin' me to act up
Good Samaritan save that hoe from gettin' 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 MacksAiyyo, chase them girls in that black Maxima
The passenger, almost fractured her, neckbone, lookin' 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
Mackin' interrupted by some niggaz set-trippin'
Clip in the strap, I showed these niggaz how to actBlunt in my left hand, drink in my right
Strap by my waistline, 'cause niggaz 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)Biatch{I just wanna put my dick on your shoulder
So you can put it on your mind later on
Take that dick off your shoulder
And put it in your mouth
Drink the evidence
And hide the dick behind your head
The police is comin
It's called ten
Put this dick behind your head}

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