

The Grand Finale

The D.O.C.

[Dr. Dre]

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 some this 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 motherfucker to rock on this funky ass beat we're gonna drop
Alright, So Ice Cube, you the early bird on this motherfucker , run it[Ice Cube]

Picture a nigga that's raw

Amplify his ass and what you see is what's on
Motherfuckers I slaughter, blow em out the water

Word to me, fuck the father

My melody is deadly as a pin in a hand grenade
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 stepping 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 motherfucker dead in the alley
Ice Cube is the shit on the grand finale[Dr. Dre]

Yea, yea that was funky but we need the motherfucking villian to speak

So kick it[MC Ren]

The grand finale, yo, it's my turn to bust

So let weak motherfuckers 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 motherfuckers 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 motherfucking 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 dough
In 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 (cell pimp)
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 finale[Dr. Dre]
Yea, y'all know what time it is. Easy motherfucking E is in the house doing
Damage[Eazy E]
The name is Eazy for me to come off like the inforcer'
Mass murder motherfuckers in a course of
An everyday situation where I would stalk by
Fuck the car, I do a motherfucking walk-by
Eazy-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 (For what) assault and battery
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 this
I don't give a fuck about fame
I rather deal wit a number than a motherfucking name (word)
Get me paid and then rap
'Cause all the other bullshit money ain't jack

Eazy but not that Eazy to deal wit
Especially if you're popping bullshit
Put the E-A-Z-Y and to the E
Expression of thought on the motherfucking grand finale[Dr. Dre]
Yea, that shit was funky, last but not least is the motherfucking D.O.C.
This is your album, so that means you definitely got to get funky, so run it[The D.O.C.]
Swinging, 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 (Tell 'em why), I'm making money
Tripping up the man wit the (swig tan) movement
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 rock
But I was smart, the D.O. to the C. now on the formula
It's rough, I mean it's funky enough for me
And you can have a listen after that and this and
D-O-N-'T M-O-V-E wit out permission
From 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 feet
Never 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 motherfucking grand finale[Dre]
Shout outs

Songwriters

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