Light Speed

Model 500

Hey, yo whassup?
My name is Dre
Can I blaze some chronic witchu?
Nigga what? Fo' sho'
Roll that shit up
Hell yeah, still 'Always into somethin', heart still in Compton
The comp can't oppose, dope Cali platinum classicals
Introduced you to my dogs, that don't love hoes and firm fiascoes
Assholes, fucked you up with my last video, tuxed up doin' a Tango
And cash, always in my grasp
Came up in the game wearin' khakis not kangols, stranglin' hoes
When asked about it in most interviews I just laugh
Now I vacate with hoes with a gang of ass
One feed me mangoes, the other lightin' my hash
Rap tabloids write Dre's light in the ass
Came home uptight, ready to mash, like a gas pedal
Get on that sixty-four chevy level, AK-47 heavy metal
Who say Dre ain't ghetto? Just whistle like a tea kettle
I throw three at you, tell me if you see devils
'Cause we rebels over here, I smell chronic in the air
That means we takin' over this year, you hear?
Chronic, two-thousand
That means we takin' over this year, ya hear?
Light speed, blazin' chronic through the galaxy
Hydro, doja, chocolate thai weed
Or we might be sippin' on gin or Hennessey
Fuck that, where that new shit, the chronic iced teas?
I hang among hustlers, I slang and hoo-bang Bronson
When bustaz roll through, can't fuck with my bold crew
We will hold you captive and bust 'cause gangbangin' is the active
Activity, where I be livin' B, there ain't no Liberty Statue
Hope you got your gat, don't let them catch you
Slippin', without yours, it's warfare outdoors
Ambulance, violent uproars
Trash niggaz takin' out like chores I meet whores on tours
Jeans hot as pepper so I sip, champagne on stormy shores
We on some hardcore, pornographic
Totin Austrian firearms that's made out of plastic
In these drastic surroundings, it be sounding like

Lebanon, makin' fools retreat like Megatron and Starscream
Oh yeah, I scream-on-stars that get
Loot and crossover like Kareem Abdul Jabbar
Get out your car son, that's how I came to bougie niggaz
Act bad one, it's either that or make front page stardom
I'm the golden child, chased by Sodom
Newenze gots my bulletproof, it's hard to shoot me you hear?
By the time you see him
That means it's real fuckin' hard to shoot me, you hear?
Light Speed, blazin' chronic through the galaxy
Hydro, doja, chocolate thai weed
Or we might be sippin' on gin or Hennessey
Fuck that, where that new shit, the chronic iced teas?

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