

# Loose Cannons

Dr. Dre

All my life, I've been down to ride  
Till I kept it real and I stayed alive with no compromise  
And I fantasize about the baddest bitch and being between her thighs  
Then I woke up and realized this is my motherfuckin' real life You know where the fuck I'm from  
From that muthafuckin' legendary  
From the city where the niggas load clips and fats  
And get stabbed at home room should've skipped that class  
Shit will never change on the West Side  
Jack your shit, take your car for a test drive (Ah shit)  
Gangbanin' out the window hollering let's ride  
Gotta keep a tec by the bedside  
These niggas don't know my life  
All this pain and what I sacrificed  
And all my niggas that lost their life, you never die, you never die  
I'm in that motherfuckin' one for a minute now  
All y'all lil' niggas need to simmer down  
Shut the fuck up, I'm the one that's killing now  
Take a look who on top of the pinnacle R.I.P to KMG  
Still gotta murder rap, and don't give a fuck where the body at  
You do too much talkin' I walk in the building I just give a fuck where the money at  
They coaching the player  
They trust me it's only just one of them  
I'm callin' them shots and makin' the plays and if you get a train better fuck with him  
I keep it gangsta, y'all testin my patience  
Got me feelin' so anxious, I be lookin' so facetious  
Feel like running a capre (Wait, hold up I got next)  
(What up X)  
Spent my birthday in Dubai  
Skyrise surprise and I'm dressed like a spy  
Black tux, oh you fucks guess what, I'm ready to blow  
(Yo, oh no)  
I hang that 6-2 sideways  
Pissin' off the neighbors scrapin' bumpin' in the driveway  
You gave me the pistol told me to kill at will  
(Blow, yo, oh no)  
(I couldn't give a fuck)  
Literally, cashed out just livin' to me  
Blast it like a Kennedy beat  
Wanna get rid of 'em? Send them to me

While I'm just over here cozy holdin' these double D's  
She book smart with pornographic abilities  
(Well I don't know what you know  
But I know I got that shit)  
These motherfuckers still talking? Fuck 'em!  
That's why they bring X and the guillotine out  
To stop these bitches niggas from runnin' their mouth  
(It's bout time somebody said something)

Songwriters

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