

Puppet Master (feat. B-Real & Dr. Dre)

DJ Muggs

I spark like a blunt's tip, somethin cavi
Makin greene like mitch, gives rap vocals dispatch
With every attempt, to have this game shook up
When dre cook up, every thug look up
Chronic got me on tilt, eyes bloodshot, heavy built
Lay a nigga out like quilt, clear to gill
I rock for rollers, from lowriders to henny toasters
Cut off dead weight to keep my formulas kosher
Accept no imitations dre losin his stack
Is slim as chances, of michael jackson gettin his black fans back
My reputation's like a tec-9
Knock out the best in a circle, three minutes wreck time
See the hand is faster than the eye can chase it
Dre, b-real, soul assassins got potential buttons activated
No illusion I have you caught up in the rapture
Executive decisions from the motherfucking puppet masters
You are the puppet, I pull your string, I'm makin
moves
I'm the master, causing you to do what you do Puppet masters
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We're pullin strings, killin kings
Countin all pinky rings, seizin control of the whole game
I took a pull from the blunt, inhaled it
Blew the smoke from my lungs into the world of hip-hop
Civilians turn into soldiers by the millions
Assassins, we multiply, by the masses
Masters of the game (checkmate nigga!) every move you make
Through manipulation is the move I choose for you to take
You see, what I want you to see
And you turn into whatever I want you to be
Whatever it be, enemy or ally
The aftermath results in soul assassins, worldwide
From coast to coast, I got soldiers on post
Injectin you, with the high funk overdose
Dre and the hill, stayin real
All you non-believin ass niggaz, get your cap peeled

Executive order make your time shorter
Get your recorder, play it back, puff your chronic sack
Your mind body and soul have been captured
And taken captive, by the motherfuckin puppet masters You are the puppet, I pull your string, I'm makin moves
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Songwriters

Louis Freese;Isaac Hayes;Andre Young;Larry Muggerud;Alvertis Isbell;Richard Vick IiiPublished by
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