# Blunt Time

## Dr Dre

Dead
(Blunt time-pull out your philly)
Ha ha, mighty aftermath
(Sip a glass of 'gnac, reload your nine milli)
Whose soul ever contest, dead
In me ear Dre, you hear me now? Dead
(Blunt time-pull out your philly)
(Sip a glass of 'gnac, reload your nine milli)
Thought they were moving in and now they wanna cut us wrong
Room for moving in but that was only mine
They will shake the hand, never really seen and only heard
They will shake the hand, he is only to heard l-oo-oo-ng
Knick-knack, paddy wack, give a dog a bone
Long Beach City, I wreck is my zone
I be the solo rollo which means I rule alone
You droop first blood,mother thought you was the lone
Fool, now break for ya two
It's called the ol'Rambo, catch ambush
I wish you wouldn't moosh like ya wanna come push
I'll dump ya and leave ya stankin' in the forest, you Gump
Long Beach City, firmly represented
Narrator X is representor
Lyrical the kick make me ya mentor
Freeze MCs, don't ent-or
I'll take like Anne Arden's new chips in wint-or
Or since I'm Sun, I'll melt the metaphor
The meatphors are meltin' ,style is beltin'
I heard a dog yelpin' but no helpin'
Blunt time-pull out your philly
Sip a glass of 'gnac,reload your nine milli
Dancin', puffin', sippin' or set trippin'
Dimes keep on flippin', flippin'
Blunt time-pull out your philly
Sip a glass of 'gnac,reload your nine milli
Dancin', puffin', sippin' or set trippin'
Dimes keep on flippin', flippin'
Dre's bad beats they rat-rat-rat-rat
X flex lyric they can't come back
Fact, el-elevant, elegant and eloquent, no shit

I boots hits, throw tantrums like Ella Fitz
Nah, the member X but you'll remember X indeedy
Now remember don't contest the
[Unverified]Got you in spot like Lindscrafter but you try to diss
I burn you like Backdrafter
After that you'll get nothing from me but laughter
Similar to this, ha, what's the repertoire-kick deadly with lyrics
Shot your punk ass like ELEC now it's
Mighty aftermath
Once again, can't hold us back
Refuse, refuse
(Dead)
You lose
(Dead)
DEAD
(Indeed)
Attempts will be futile, it's way to brutal
Hear me now, Narrator-to-the-X, tellin' anyone who contest
The mighty aftermath posse
(Who? Who?)
Dead
(Murder)
Exclamation point
(I)
(Blunt time)
Ha
(Blunt time)
Mighty aftermath to the 9-7
(Sip a glass of 'gnac my friend, dont'cah friend)
(Rowl, I don't wanna fight no more, no no,ooh)
(Blunt time, blunt time, blunt, blunt, yep)

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