

# Forgot About Dre

## Dr Dre

Y'all know me, still the same ol' G  
But I been low key  
Hated on by most these niggas  
Wit no cheese, no deals and no G's, no wheels and no keys  
No boats, no snowmobiles and no ski's  
Mad at me  
'Cause I can finally afford to provide my family wit groceries  
Got a crib wit a studio and it's all full of tracks  
To add to the wall full of plaques  
Hangin' up in the office in back of my house like trophies  
But y'all think I'm gonna let my dough freeze  
Ho please  
You better bow down on both knees  
Who you think taught you to smoke trees?  
Who you think brought you the oldies?  
Eazy-E's, Ice cube's and D.O.C's and Snoop D O double G's  
And a group that said, "Muthafuck the police"  
Gave you a tape full of dope beats  
To bump when you stroll through in you hood  
And when your album sales wasn't doin' too good  
Who's the doc that he told you to go see?  
Y'all better listen up closely  
All you niggas that said that I turned pop  
Or the Firm flop  
Y'all are the reason Dre ain't been getting no sleep  
So fuck y'all, all of y'all  
If y'all don't like me, blow me  
Y'all are gonna keep fuckin' around wit me  
And turn me back to the old me  
Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say  
But nothin' comes out when they move they lips  
Just a buncha gibberish  
And muthafuckas act like they forgot about Dre  
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So what do you say to somebody you hate  
Or anybody tryna bring trouble your way

Wanna resolve things in a bloodier way  
Just study your tape of NWA  
One day I was walkin' by  
Wit a walkman on  
When I caught a guy givin' me an awkward eye  
And strangled him off in the parkin' lot wit his Karl Kani  
I don't give a fuck if it's dark or not  
I'm harder than me tryna park a dodge  
But I'm drunk as fuck  
Right next to a humungous truck in a two car garage  
Hoppin' out wit two broken legs, tryna walk it off  
Fuck you too bitch, call the cops  
I'm a kill you and them  
Loud ass muthafuckin barkin' dogs  
And when the cops came through me  
Dre stood next to a burnt down house  
Wit a can full of gas and a hand full of matches  
They still wouldn't found out  
From here on out it's the chronic two  
Startin' today and tomorrow's the new  
And I'm still loco enough

To choke you to death wit a Charleston chew  
Slim Shady hotter then a set of twin babies  
In a Mercedes Benz wit the windows up  
And the temp goes up to the mid 80's  
Callin' men, ladies  
Sorry Doc, but I've been crazy  
There is no way that you can save me  
It's okay, go with him Hailey  
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If it was up to me  
You muthafuckas would stop comin' up to me  
Wit your hands out lookin' up to me  
Like you want somethin' free  
When my last C.D. was out you wasn't bumpin' me  
But now that I got's new company  
Everybody wanna come to me like it was some disease

But you won't get a crumb from me  
'Cause I'm from the streets of The Compton  
I told em all  
All them little gangstas  
Who you think helped mould 'em all?  
Now you wanna run around and talk about guns  
Like I ain't got none  
What you think I sold 'em all  
'Cause I stay well off  
Now all I get is hate mail all day sayin' Dre fell off  
What 'cause I been in the lab wit a pen and a pad  
Tryna get this damn label off  
I ain't havin that  
This is the millenium of Aftermath  
It ain't gonna be nothin' after that  
So give me one more platinum plaque and fuck rap  
You can have it back  
So where's all the mad rappers at  
It's like a jungle in this habitat  
But all you savage cats  
Knew that I was strapped wit gats  
When you were cuddled in the cabbage patch  
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