

# Lyrical Gangbang

Dr. Dre

This should be played at high volume  
Preferably in a residential area  
Now I'ma kick up dust, as I begin to bust  
On the wick-wack, fucked up suckers, ya can't trust  
When I kick up, I lick up, ya face get smacked up  
When I rack up, so all you motherfuckers just pack up  
Or get slapped with the swiftness  
If you think you're swift with the gift, Merry Christmas  
Now stuff that in your stockin'  
I'm knockin' 'em out the box 'n' Knockin' 'em out their socks 'n'  
'Cause Robin is rockin'  
Breakin' 'em down to the slab  
Takin' 'em down on their ass  
Now what you wanna do, ya wanna battle, uhh?  
Send you up shit creek without a motherfuckin' paddle  
Rattle that brain, I'm not that same ol' plain Jane  
Roll on you like a boulder, you're nothin' more than a grain  
Or a pebble, take it from the real rap rebel  
Not Bushwick Bill but I can take it to 'That Other Level'  
You think you got pull then pull it, uh  
I got the trigger, so I figure, you'll bite the bullet  
Then bite the dust and wipe the fuss  
Do what I must and what I must is bust  
The bubble or choose some trouble for you  
So skip to my Luger, Lady of Rage is comin' through  
Some cool shit  
Some cool shit  
Boo-yaa, spittin' out buckshots  
I fears no one, I makes 'em cool off like a polar cat  
Lynchin' as a hit, misses the roll of dice  
Pushin' packs to make the profit  
Diggy dope duck on the topic, so stop and gimme my props, kid  
I'm livin' large like a fat bitch  
So get back, bitch, I'm hard to Bogart for the fagots  
This young black kid, a mercenary, merciless  
Murderin' millions of niggaz, so who's first to diss  
They say I'm bad, so you'll find none worse than this  
Chewin' motherfuckers up like a Hershey Kiss  
Put to sleep, lovin' the lyrics, I leave in the minds of each  
Rough when flex, too complex, wrecks your mental piece  
So feel the wrath, nigga, I rip in half niggaz  
You're quick to talk shit, I whoop your ass nigga  
Then watch me blast, nigga 'cause I'm the last nigga  
You wanna fuck wit, so up your cash, nigga  
I make 'em stagger, I'm skanless as Jimmy Swaggart  
I'm a good tracker, scopin' your girl then watch me tag her  
Pullin' steel like a stunt  
Sewn like an ID card, nigga, no needs to front, so  
Here to torment, I put track on crack  
And I'm strapped wit a semi-tone milli-ten Mac  
Yo, I breaks 'em off, I breaks 'em off, chief

Deadly as Jason on Friday the 13th  
A to the motherfuckin' K  
Back in the days, niggaz they use to scrap  
But now in ninety-two, niggaz they pull they strap  
'Cause umm, police dem come wicked and dem shoot  
Niggaz, so niggaz retaliate and start to loot  
Execute, boot, stompin'  
Black soldier, here to teach and mold ya  
The innovator, dominator, narrarator  
R-B to the motherfuckin' X, flex wicked  
Stylee, bump and be found  
And do bleed by a maniac with a gat  
See nowadays niggaz is like that  
I pull my trigger back, the bullets go  
Bo, bo, bo, now I'm on Death Row  
Fuck it, niggaz goin' wild  
Every night they shoot, it's like Bei-rut  
Maybe you should get a Teflon vest for your chest  
Anytime steppin' through my hood  
But that'll do you no good  
One slug to your face, no haste  
You're gettin' smoked like wood  
Nasty nigga, bloody pumps face flat  
On the concrete, here comes the white sheet  
Mr. Coroner, cocked with some yellow tape  
But the murderers escape  
Audi like 5 G's  
Lyrical gangbang but it's just a G thang

Lyrics provided by

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