

Ackrite (Ft. Hittman)

Dr. Dre

It's fuckin ackrite
Question is can I get some? Know what I'm saying?
Ack-rite, bitch
When I see you in the spot, you just act right, you know what I'm saying?
When I yank you by the fuckin' arm
Don't be looking at a nigga crazy
Just give up the digits and be the fuck out, you know what I'm saying?
Let me break it down for y'all It was just one of those days
When I wanted to catch sunrays
Have fun and get blunted on a Sunday afternoon
My nigga Babe got room, grab the gat for misbehaviors
And the chocolate faded boom, flossin hip-hop tunes
Zoom-zoom like the Commodores
Wonder will we have drama or, end up clowning whores
Around the full good-to-go girls
Like them Barbary Coast girls, riding shotgun, baby
I be postin all-world in the ride
Sipping 151 that gave me too much pride to back down
Soon as we get to The Beach I'mma put my fuckin mack down
I'm playin lead, not the background
It's time to put Bronson on the map now
Walk with my hand on my Johnson, crack a smile
Cuties peep my style, if I don't get some ackrite
I'mma have to ack-wild Blunt in my left hand, drink in my right
Strap by my waistline, cause niggas don't fight
Sucker free for life, so you better think twice
(Aight? And a give a nig' some ackrite)
I'm the type of nigga playa-haters don't like
Snatchin' up your honey for some late night hype
And snobby-ass bitches get slapped out of spite
(Aight? So give a nig' some ackrite, right) Uh drink kicking in, I'm stimulated
For those that don't know big words: I'm fuckin' faded
Eighty-three degrees, ease to a shaded spot
Our first spot was cool till some gangsters made it hot
Now we plot and pose
Plus we watchin' hoes, with lots of flesh exposed
Getting swarmed by those type of niggas
With no game but brown-nose
So I impose only like pros can

"Yo, is this your man?" "No"
 Grab the bitch's hand, "I'm Hittman"
 Bling! Gold chain gleam
 "You're very eligible for my summer league team"
 Maybe too extreme cause the sister got steamed
 Then Miss Thing tried to scream on my brethren
 I got mad, spit flame on the name
 Stefan, tattooed on her arm
 Ho you ain't the bomb, must be a dyke
 Witcho' lips swoll, and give a nig' some ackrite
 Blunt in my left hand, drink in my right
 Strap by my waistline, cause niggas don't fight
 Sucker free for life, so you better think twice
 (And a give a nig' some ackrite)
 I'm the type of nigga playa-haters don't like
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 And snobby-ass bitches get slapped out of spite
 (So give a nig' some ackrite, right) Fronting on the ack-rite, causing me to act up
 Good Samaritans save that ho from getting slapped up
 My homies crack up at the scene I made
 Yo my actions ain't serene when a nigga's on fade
 If it wasn't for the one-time brigade
 I woulda sprayed at the hooker tramp
 As cops parade I'm afraid it's time to break camp
 Make tracks, where else can we go to take hoes
 From fake macks? Ayo, chase them girls
 In that black Maxima, the passenger, almost fractured her
 Neckbone, looking back at us
 Plus, they on the dick cause the Caddy's plush
 They blush, I bumrush the hush, with the largest crush
 Try to swing an ep tonight so I don't have to keep in touch
 Keep it on hush without the tip-in
 Mackin' interrupted by some niggas set-tripping
 Clip in the strap, I showed these niggas how to act
 Blunt in my left hand, drink in my right
 Strap by my waistline, cause niggas don't fight
 Sucker free for life, so you better think twice
 (Aight? And a give a nig' some ackrite)
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 Snatchin' up your honey for some late night hype
 And snobby-ass bitches get slapped out of spite
 (Aight? So give a nig' some ackrite, right)

Songwriters

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BRADFORD Published by

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