

# Still D.R.E.

## Deja Vu

Yeah nigga, I'm still fuckin' with ya  
Still waters run deep  
Still Snoop Dogg and D R E, '99 Nigga  
(Guess who's back?)  
Still, still doing that shit, Andre?  
Oh for sho', check me out  
It's still Dre Day nigga, A.K. nigga  
Though I've grown a lot, can't keep it home a lot  
?Cause when I frequent the spots that I'm known to rock  
You hear the bass from the truck when I'm on the block  
Ladies, they pay homage, but haters say Dre fell off  
How nigga? My last album was ?The Chronic?  
(Nigga)  
They want to know if he still got it  
They say rap's changed, they want to know how I feel about it  
If you ain't up on thangs  
Dr. Dre is the name, I'm ahead of my game  
Still, puffing my leafs, still fuck with the beats  
Still not loving police  
(Uh huh)  
Still rock my khakis with a cuff and a crease  
(Fo sho)  
Still got love for the streets, repping 213  
(Fo life)  
Still the beats bang, still doing my thang  
Since I left, ain't too much changed, still  
I'm representing for them gangstas all across the world  
(Still)  
Hitting them corners on the low-low's girl  
Still taking my time to perfect the beat  
And I still got love for the streets, it's the D R E  
Still taking my time to perfect the beat  
And I still got love for the streets, it's the D R E  
Since the last time you heard from me I lost some friends  
Well, hell, me and Snoop, we dipping again  
Kept my ear to the streets, signed Eminem  
He's triple platinum, doing 50 a week  
Still, I stay close to the heat  
And even when I was close to defeat, I rose to my feet

My life's like a soundtrack I wrote to the beat  
Treat my rap like Cali weed, I smoke 'til I sleep  
Wake up in the A.M., compose a beat  
I bring the fire 'til you're soaking in your seat  
It's not a fluke, it's been tried, I'm the truth  
It's "Turn Out the Lights" from the World Class Wreckin' Cru  
I'm still at it, after-mathematics  
In the home of drivebys and ak-matics  
Swap meets, sticky green, and bad traffic  
I dip through then I get skin, D R E  
I'm representing for them gangstas all across the world  
(Still)

Hitting them corners on the low-low's girl  
Still taking my time to perfect the beat  
And I still got love for the streets, it's the D R E  
Still taking my time to perfect the beat  
And I still got love for the streets, it's the D R E  
It ain't nothing but more hot shit  
Another classic CD for y'all to vibe with  
Whether you're cooling on a corner with your fly bitch  
Laid back in the shack, play this track  
I'm representing for the gangstas all across the world  
Still

(Hitting them corners on the low-low's girl)  
I'll break your neck, damn near put your face in your lap  
Niggas try to be the king but the ace is back  
So if you ain't up on thangs  
Dr. Dre be the name still running the game  
Still, got it wrapped like a mummy  
Still ain't tripping, love to see young blacks get money  
Spend time out the hood, take they moms out the hood  
Hit my boys off with jobs, no more living hard  
Barbecues every day, driving fancy cars  
Still gon' get mine regardless  
I'm representing for them gangstas all across the world  
(Still)

Hitting them corners on the low-low's girl  
Still taking my time to perfect the beat  
And I still got love for the streets, it's the D R E  
Still taking my time to perfect the beat  
And I still got love for the streets, it's the D R E  
I'm representing for them gangstas all across the world  
(Still)

Hitting them corners on the low-low's girl  
Still taking my time to perfect the beat

And I still got love for the streets, it's the D R E  
Still taking my time to perfect the beat  
And I still got love for the streets, it's the D R E  
I'm representing for them gangstas all across the world  
(Still)  
Hitting them corners on the low-low's girl  
Still taking my time to perfect the beat  
And I still got love for the streets, it's the D R E  
Still taking my time to perfect the beat  
And I still got love for the streets, it's the D R E  
Right back up in ya motherfucking ass  
'95 plus four pennies  
Add that shit up, D R E right back up on top of thangs  
Smoke some with your dog  
No stress, no seeds, no stems, no sticks  
Some of that real sticky icky icky  
Ooh wee, put it in the air  
Oh, you's a fool D R

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