I spark like a blunt's tip, somethin cavi Makin greene like mitch, gives rap vocals dispatch With every attempt, to have this game shook up When dre cook up, every thug look up Chronic got me on tilt, eyes bloodshot, heavy built Lay a nigga out like quilt, clear to gill I rock for rollers, from lowriders to henny toasters Cut off dead weight to keep my formulas kosher Accept no imitations dre losin his stack Is slim as chances, of michael jackson gettin his black fans back My reputation's like a tec-9 Knock out the best in a circle, three minutes wreck time See the hand is faster than the eye can chase it Dre, b-real, soul assassins got potential buttons activated No illusion I have you caught up in the rapture Executive decisions from the motherfucking puppet masters

You are the puppet, I pull your string, I'm makin moves I'm the master, causing you to do what you do Puppet masters

We're pullin strings, killin kings Countin all pinky rings, seizin control of the whole game I took a pull from the blunt, inhaled it Blew the smoke from my lungs into the world of hip-hop Civilians turn into soldiers by the millions Assassins, we multiply, by the masses Masters of the game (checkmate nigga!) every move you make Through manipulation is the move I choose for you to take You see, what I want you to see And you turn into whatever I want you to be Whatever it be, enemy or ally The aftermath results in soul assassins, worldwide From coast to coast, I got soldiers on post Injectin you, with the high funk overdose Dre and the hill, stayin real All you non-believin ass niggaz, get your cap peeled Executive order make your time shorter Get your recorder, play it back, puff your chronic sack Your mind body and soul have been captured And taken captive, by the motherfuckin puppet masters

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The soul assassin button has now been activated Dr. dre and b-real are providin the verbal abuse Any unauthorized duplication without the consent of my nigga muggs May be fatal...

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