

# Genocide

Dr. Dre

Stone cold killers in these Compton streets  
One hand on the 9, all eyes on me  
Murder, murder, murder, murder  
Call 9-1-1, emergency  
Hands up in the air for the world to see  
It's murder, it's murder, murder, murder (Murder)

Murda dem down kill 'em dead (Yo!)  
Bullet to the dome to the head  
Murda dem down kill a yout'  
Don fe pull up on de man and  
(Hit 'em up!) What it look like?  
See murda dem down kill 'em dead (Yo!)  
Bullets come down from the air  
Murda down killa you  
Don fe pull up on de man and  
(Hit 'em up!) What it look?

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(It's been a 187 in this bitch!)  
Murder this, murder listen, hit a suburban whippin'  
Tinted windows ride at your wifey (Brrp!) and I bet you miss her  
Reload the protocols and we throw the clip in both trays  
That's one on the left and one in the right hand, Scottie Pippen both ways  
Been doin' drive-bys, got this music industry timelined  
Lookin' like Rosecrans when these niggas throw up them signs high  
I'm talkin' about that bottom where it's high crimes  
Shit, I'm just tryna get paid and keep 'em thighs high  
Sometimes I feel like I could just bury 'em, bury 'em  
Cause delirium, mass hysteria, scarier area  
I'm very aware hip hop needed somethin' to carry it  
So I married that bitch and swung down in that chariot  
Hangin' way too fuckin' close, beware the barrier  
This is hub city nigga, don't make us embarrass you  
Man, you should be realistic, these niggas 'round here ballistic  
We did the numbers and you lookin' like another statistic

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Ahh, shit!  
Recognize what lives inside these eyes I'm silent 'til the dead has risen  
Live in a project building, dodgin' the module ceilings  
I ride, I'mma ride in a stolen Jeep  
Ride with the eyes of five blind men, my vision (Corrupted)  
Mama tried counselin', five plans for Kendrick (But fuck it)  
My family's ties, had sabotaged Rosecrans existence (Abducted)

My aliens on surveillance, they paid me a visit (Disgusting)  
Our stadium's packed, raiders in black  
Curls drippin', silver bullet, palladium in my strap  
I lie on the side of a one way street  
Nowhere to go, death all I can see  
I say "Fuck is up?", I fuck 'em up, your supper's up or something's up  
I hoping all get orthotist, rope it before the double dutch broke  
Plenty ruckus with the weapon I protect it under oath  
My discretion, fuck your blessing, fuck your life  
Fuck your hope, fuck your mama  
Fuck your daddy, fuck your dead homie  
Fucked the world up when we came up, that's Compton homie!

Murder, murder  
Murder... murder  
It's all murder... murder

Murder, murder, murder, murder  
(It's been a 187 in this bitch!)