

Just Another Day

Dr. Dre

It's motherfuckin' Game time!

Six pounds of chronic on my grandma coffee table
That's how you remember it, that's how I remember it
Yeah, dip into the liquor store, .9 in my khaki's
Crips tryna get at me, my red Impala bumping like acne
My city a trap me
Been shot, robbed, stabbed, chased home, socked out
Jabbed by esse's, cops, degenerate niggas with rags
Disintegrate niggas went into me, dome shots like Kennedy
Slugs trippin' with Henessey, got murderous tendencies
And if you don't know where the fuck they got me from
Martin Scorsese when I pull out my gun
Scarface, car chase, tell me how your blood taste
Ask your baby mama, she'll tell you how a blood taste
Basket case, still I'm back with Dre, shit I never left
Run up in Beats, "Bitch pass the safe! Compton"
Produced by a billionaire in this motherfucker
Still smoking, Dre we need a ceiling in this motherfucker
Compton!
They're killing in this motherfucker
They're drilling in this motherfucker
Lock the door, they're stealing in this motherfucker
No chains, no reins, this my home
Nigga this hub city, no fly zone
Niggas pull out burners, start breaking like turbo on ozone
Crack fiends on the back streets
Where the tracks lean and the needles lay
And switchblades, if you bitch made
Put chili all on your Frito Lay's
Where we dream of Montego Bay
But all we got is the swap meet
Where the cops meet, go bang bang
Leaves blood stains on the concrete
And I'm the only nigga bumping Mobb Deep
Cause I mob deep down that side street
I'm a west side rider, gats on collars
Don't hate me, better get your dollars
I be on Rosecrans with a Glock in both hands
Leaning on that bro hand
Flame dump like a co-tail with my name on it

Another day in Compton, the thrill is high
Know somebody's watching, but I don't know why
Feel the fire burning, it touches the sky
Feeling coming at you, I won't die tonight
So I get by, I get by
I get by, I get, I get by
Cause it's just another day in Compton