

# Light Speed

Dr. Dre

Hey, yo whassup?  
My name is Dre  
Can I blaze some Chronic witchu?

Nigga what? FO' SHO'!  
Roll that shit up!

Hell yeah, still "Always Into Somethin'"  
Heart still in Compton  
The comp can't oppose, dope Cali platinum classics  
Introduced you to my Doggs, that don't love hoes  
and Firm Fiascoes - assholes  
Fucked you up with my last video, tuxed up  
doin a tango..  
And cash, always in my grasp  
Came up in the game wearin khakis not kangols, stranglin hoes  
When asked about it in most interviews I just laugh  
Now I vacate with hoes with a gang of ass  
One feed me mangoes, the other lightin my hash  
Rap tabloids write Dre's light in the ass (what?)  
Came home uptight, ready to mash  
like a gas pedal, get on that sixty-four Chevy level  
AK-47 heavy metal  
Who say Dre ain't ghetto? Just whistle like a tea kettle  
I throw three at you, tell me if you see devils  
cause we rebels over here, I smell Chronic in the air  
that means we takin over this year  
You hear?

Chronic, two-thousand, "ONE!" - KRS-One  
That means we takin over this year, ya hear?

Light Speed, blazin Chronic through the galaxy  
Hydro, doja, chocolate thai weed  
Or we might be sippin on gin or Hennessy  
Fuck that, where that new shit, The Chronic Iced Teas

I hang among hustlers, I slang and hoo-bang Bronson  
when bustaz roll through, can't fuck with my bold crew  
We will hold you captive and bust  
cause gangbangin is the active, activity  
where I be livin B, there ain't no Liberty Statue  
Hope you got your gat, don't let them catch you  
slippin, without yours, it's warfare outdoors  
Ambulance, violent uproars  
Trash niggaz takin out like chores I meet whores on tours  
Jeans hot as pepper so I sip, champagne on stormy shores  
We on some hardcore, pornographic  
Totin Austrian firearms that's made out of plastic  
In these drastic surroundings, it be sounding like  
Lebanon, makin fools "RETREAT!" like Megatron and Starscream  
Oh yeah I scream-on-stars  
to get loot and crossover like Kareem Abdul-Jabbar  
Get out your car son, that's how I came to bougie niggaz  
Act bad one, it's either that or make front page stardom  
I'm the Golden Child, chased by Sodom  
gots my bulletproof it's hard to shoot me you hear?

(By the time you see him (BLAM BLAM))  
That means it's real fuckin hard to shoot me, you hear?

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