

Lyrical Gangbang

Dr. Dre

Now I'ma kick up dust
As I begin to bust
On the wick-wack, fucked up suckers you can't trust
When I pick up I lick up, ya face get smacked up
when I rack up, so all you motherfuckers just pack up
Or get slapped with the swiftness
If you think you're swift then forget Merry Christmas
Now stuff that in your stocking
I'm knockin em out the box 'n'
Knockin em out their sock 'n'
Cuz Robin is rockin
Breakin em down to the slab
Takin em down on their ass
Now what you wanna do? Ya wanna battle, huh?
See ya watch and creak without a motherfuckin paddle
Rattle that brain, I'm not that same ol' plain Jane
We're on you like a border, you're nothin more than a crane
Or a pebble, take it from the real rap rebel
Not Bushwick Bill but I can take it to that other level
You think you got pull then pull it, uhh!
I got the trigger so I figure you'll bite the bullet
Then bite the dust and wipe the fuck
Do what I must and what I must is bust
The bubble or choose some trouble, forty-due's
So stick to my Luger, Lady of Rage is comin thru

I fears no one, I makes em cool off like a ploar cap
Lynchin as I hits, misses the ?rollin back?
Pushin packs to make a profit
Diggy dope stuck on the topic so stop and gimme my pops, kid
I'm livin large like a fat bitch
So get back, bitch, I'm hard to broke art so the faggots
This young black kid, I'm mercenary, merciless
Murderin mega some niggas so who's first to diss
They say I'm bad so you'll find none worst than this
Chewin motherfuckers up like a Hershey Kiss
Put to sleep, rippin the lyrics I'm leavin ??? ???
Rough wind flex too complex, wrecks, then I'm peace
So feel the wrath, nigga, I rip in half niggas
Ya quick ta talk shit I whip your ass nigga
So watch me blast, nigga, cuz I'm the last nigga
ya wanna fuck wit, so up your cash, nigga
I make stagger, ob' skills and jimmy ragged
Home in and drag her, sit wit ya girl and watch me tag her
Pullin steel like a stunt
Sold like an ID card, nigga, no needs ta front, so
here to torment up a track on crack
and I'm strapped witta semi-toll milli-ten Mac
Yo, I breaks em off, I breaks em off cheap
Deadly as Jason on Friday The 13th

Back in the days, niggas they use to scrap
but now in ninety-due', niggas they pull they strap
Cuz, umm, police dem come wicked and dem shoot
Niggas, so niggas retaliate and start to loot
Execute, boom, stompin black soldier
Here ta teach and mould ya

The ennerator, dominator, narrator RB to the motherfuckin X
Flex wicked styl-e, bompin be found into greed by a
Maniac with a gat
See nowadays niggas is like that
I pull my trigger back, the bullets go
BOP BOP BOP now I'm on Death Row
Fuck it, niggas goin wild, everynight they shoot
It's like Beirut
Maybe you should get a teflon vest for your chest
Anytime ya step into my hood
But that'll do you know good
One slug to ya face, no hate, you gettin smoked like wood
Nasty nigga but he pumps, face back on the concrete
Here comes the white sheet
Mr. Coroner cocked with some yellow tape
But the murderers escape
Audi lane 5 G's
Lyrical gangbang but it's just a G thang