

# Medicine Man

Dr. Dre

Doc, doc, you gotta give us some good news  
(Yeah, about that...)

Don't let me find out, the bitch in you  
Don't let me find out, the snitch in you

Fame and fortune, it's not your forte  
Fuck the world now, I'm done with foreplay  
Doctor's orders: go fuck yourself  
Take two of these in the morning, overdose and kill yourself  
Doctor's orders...

Listen, this is my evaluation  
This shit over saturated, y'all can get evacuated  
Kids sipping Actavis and they ain't even activated  
Married to the internet, stuck in place, salivating  
Ain't nobody graduating  
Don't nobody love this shit the way I love it  
That's why I gotta hate it  
Everybody out for fame, that ain't no exaggeration  
Damn I'm getting aggravated, fuck, I'm getting agitated  
Teachers so underpaid in these fucking schools  
The police got our name in all they databases  
Girls be thirteen acting twenty-two  
Niggas be forty-four acting half they ages  
Somebody tell me, what the fuck is going on?  
These niggas in tight shit, I'm in the fucking Matrix  
It's looking like a sign of the revelation  
'Bout time of the return of the fuckin' greatest  
I got all these patients man  
How come they ain't patient with me?  
They just think I want the money, why?  
When I can't take it with me  
Y'all don't do it for the love, for the love not  
They gon' find out who you are, just admit 'fore you get admitted

Say, what you living about, fuck you gon' tell me  
Do you remember how you started out though  
You looking lost now (You want a pass, oh damn)  
Fake it 'til you make it, take your little paper book  
When you look in the mirror your credibility's gone now  
I'd rather be hated on for who I am  
Than to be loved for who I'm not, that's word to Doc

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In the beginning a few of the people who had a problem  
I was this good, scoffed, I just shook off  
Probably reminded you of the first time you saw Tiger Woods golf  
Never thought about how much my race and nationality meant  
But based on how I ascended, see how plain it was now, they want me to jet  
No one really gave a fuck about my descent, 'till I took off  
Mistook me because I look soft  
But I stood tall, I just follow the (Doctor's orders)

So I rose and grew balls, told these hoes to screw off  
Decided opposing you is what I'm 'posed to do alls  
I did was say what I'm feeling when the vocal booth calls  
And had you on pins and needles when I spoke to you all  
You felt my pain, it's almost like I poked voodoo dolls  
And I hope my spirit haunts the studios when I'm gone  
My picture jumps off a poster and just floats through the halls  
And fucking goes through the walls like the ghost of Lou Rawls  
Karma's headed for Armageddon, the trauma center, I'm going in  
Already got an arm and head in, whoever said words are just words  
Ain't heard me word them, I give a fuck  
Even if my image ends up taking a personal hit  
Whoever I hurt or whatever bridges I burned in this bitch  
And whatever bitches feel like they didn't deserve what they get  
And whatever consequences come with every verse, it's worth it  
So Doc turn the beat on, whose turn is it to get murdered on it?  
And here's to all the years I spent toeing a line to overtime  
As sure as a mole is blind, in my mind  
I'm still underground as a groundhog and I'mma go for mine  
Like a whole furrow just tryna dig up some gold and diamonds and coal to find  
No signs of slowing and these lines full of nines  
I just load up the most rhymes and open fire with a closed mind  
All I needed was someone to co-sign, been a (Doctor's)  
Assault rifle with the sniper scope for this whole time  
Day one, set with the blasters, give me the orders, I spray (Uh)  
Pain in the ass and get shot in the ass with a paint gun  
Ain't no one safe from, non-believers there ain't none  
I even make the bitches I rape cum  
I'm waiting on someone to say something  
Dre make the bass pump and let the tape run for old time's sake  
I spit it straight through, this is take one  
The moment you're waiting for has come but the...

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