

# Doctor's Advocate

## The Game

Yo Bus, I think I got.... the answer to all my problems...  
The fuck you talkin' bout, n\*\*\*a, what's that?  
Belevedere... and Banana Snapple Look.... get your fuckin' ass up, n\*\*\*a, yo  
u over here trippin' on yourself, n\*\*\*a, you get in the fuckin' car, man, we  
gotta bounce, nig!  
I'm a man... and most of these n\*\*\*as, they don't know how to be a man... I  
got a son...  
The fuck you talkin about, n\*\*\*a, come on, n\*\*\*a, let's take yo' ass to the  
crib, n\*\*\*a, you tired, n\*\*\*a. And put the drink down, n\*\*\*a! We gotta go, n  
\*\*\*a!  
One more shot....

I didn't mean to walk away,  
But I hear every word they say,  
I guess my mind just drew a blank,  
Like la, la, la....  
Now I'm sitting in this goddamn cage,  
Reminiscing about my day,  
Wit' your blood all over my slate,  
As the devil says, la, la, la...

Dre, I didn't mean to turn my back on you,  
But I'm a man, and sometimes a man do, what he gotta do,  
Remember, I'm from Compton too,  
I saw you and Eazy in 'em so I started wearing Khaki suits,  
I was 12, smoking chronic, in '92,  
I had a choice, be like Mike, or be like you,  
I made a choice, now it's be Crip, or be Piru,  
Whatever I was, I was banging Gin and Juice,  
Never knew back then, I'd be friends with Snoop,  
Now I gotta keep it gangsta cuz it's in my roots,  
So I owe you my life, when I betrayed you,  
I tried to think of what the fuck, Eminem might do.  
If every n\*\*\*a hated him, for that black bitch track,  
And n\*\*\*as stopped bumping Dre after Dee Barnes got slapped,  
When Doc say it's a wrap, it's a rap,  
It's still Aftermath, and ain't nuttin' after that!

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I never said thank you, and I took it for granted,  
You let me in your house and made me a part of your family,  
Now I'm eating with you, Eve and Busta Rhymes,  
I wasn't star-struck, I was just glad to be signed,  
And even though sometimes I run loose,  
You still my homeboy, Doc, I'd take a bullet for you,  
I'm not asking you to take my side in the beef,  
But you told me it was okay to say 'Fuck the police!'  
Now it's my turn to carry the torch,  
And I still got the chain that you wore on the cover o' The Source,

Remember when we got drunk to do Start From Scratch?  
I told you you was like a father to me, I meant that!  
Sitting here looking at my platinum plaques,  
Thinking 'What the fuck am I without a Dr. Dre track?'  
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See when the world is on your shoulders, and the stress grows bigger,  
The fire in him made it difficult to talk to the n\*\*\*a,  
Most of the time I let him know, I don't agree with what he do,  
But he a hard-head, Dre, that's why I'm talkin' to you,  
See when I first met my n\*\*\*a, son was laying in the cut,  
Type reserved, homie was quiet and kept his mouth shut,  
Until you told him to spit for me, he flippin' from the gut,  
I dug his spirit, and I thought the dude was talented as fuck,  
And as time went on, and he was working with the finest,  
I saw the pressure start to build so I gave additional guidance,  
You gave him something that could make or break a n\*\*\*a you should face it,  
So big I don't even think he was ready to embrace it,  
With the potential to be a strong n\*\*\*a with conviction,  
The only problem was our little n\*\*\*a wouldn't listen,  
But when Doc say it's a wrap, it's a rap,  
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Aiyo, Game... Aiyo Game! Wake up, n\*\*\*a!  
I'm up man, I'm up...  
We at your crib, n\*\*\*a, get the fuck outta the car, n\*\*\*a, get up, man!  
This ain't my house... my house is.... is green!  
The fuck you talk- look, come on, n\*\*\*a, let's go man, let me walk you up to  
the... come on... n\*\*\*a where the keys at, n\*\*\*a we need to open your door,  
n\*\*\*a!  
I got love for you, Bus', you my n\*\*\*a...  
Nig get in the fucking bed, n\*\*\*a, go to sleep, n\*\*\*a, you tired, n\*\*\*a. And  
don't fucking drink like that no more, man, you fucking look like Ned the W  
ino, you drunk motherfucker...  
Just goin to the studio...  
Go to sleep, n\*\*\*a...