

Project G%B

"Forgot About Dre"

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[Dr. Dre]

Y'all know me, still the same O.G., but I been low key
Hated on by most these niggaz wit no cheese, no deals
and no G's
No wheels and no keys, no boats no snowmobiles, and
no ski's
Mad at me cause I can finally afford to provide my
family wit groceries
Got a crib wit a studio and it's all full of tracks
to add to the wall full of plaques
Hangin up in the office in back of my house like
trophies
Did y'all think I'ma let my dough freeze? Hoe please
You better bow down on both knees
Who you think taught you to smoke trees?
Who you think brought you the oldies?
Eazy-E's, Ice Cube's, and D.O.C's
The Snoop D-O-double-G's
and the group that said mother-"Fuck Tha Police"
Gave you a tape full of dope beats
to bump when you stroll through in your hood
And when your album sales wasn't doin too good
who's the Doctor they told you to go see?
Y'all better listen up closely
All you niggaz that said that I turned pop, or The Firm
flopped
Y'all are the reason that Dre ain't been gettin no sleep
so FUCK Y'ALL, all of y'all; if y'all don't like me, BLOW
ME!
Y'all are gonna keep fuckin around wit me
and turn me back to the old me

Chorus: Eminem (repeat 2X)

Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got somethin
to say
but nothin comes out when they move their lips;
just a bunch of gibberish
And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre

[Eminem]

So what do you say to somebody you hate (What?)
Or anyone tryin to bring trouble your way?
Wanna resolve things in a bloodier way? (YUP)
Then just study a tape of N.W.A.!
One day I was walkin by, wit a Walkman on, when I
caught a guy
give me an awkward eye (What you lookin at?)
And strangled him off in the parkin lot, wit his Karl Kani
I don't give a fuck if it's dark or not
I'm harder than me tryin to park a Dodge
when I'm drunk as fuck
Right next to a humungous truck in a two-car garage
{*CRUNCH*}
Hoppin out wit two broken legs, tryin to walk it off
"Fuck you too bitch, call the cops!"
I'ma kill you and them loud ass motherfuckin barkin
dogs
And when the cops came through
me and Dre stood next to a burnt down house
Wit a can full of gas and a hand full of matches
And still weren't found out (RIGHT HERE)
From here on out it's the Chronic 2
Startin today and tomorrow's the new
And I'm still loco enough
To choke you to death wit a Charleston Chew
{*Eminem's vocal turntable*}
Slim shady - hotter then a set of twin babies
in a Mercedes Benz wit the windows up
when the temp goes up to the mid 80's
Callin men ladies; sorry Doc but I been crazy
There's no way that you can save me
It's okay, go with him Hailey (Da-da?)

Chorus

[Dr. Dre]
If it was up to me, you muh'fuckers would stop comin
up to me
wit your hands out lookin up to me, like you want
somethin free
When my last CD was out, you wasn't bumpin me
But now that I got this little company
Everybody wanna come to me like it was some disease
But you won't get a crumb from me
Cause I'm from the streets of (Compton, Compton)
I told em all - all them little gangstas
Who you think helped mold 'em all?
Now you wanna run around talkin bout guns like I ain't
got none
What you think I sold 'em all?
Cause I stay well off

Now all I get is hate mail all day sayin Dre fell off
What cause I been in the lab wit a pen and a pad
tryin to get this damn label off?
I ain't havin that; this is the millenium of Aftermath
It ain't gon' be nothin after that
So give me one more platinum plaque
and fuck rap! You can have it back
So where's all the Madd Rappers at?
It's like a jungle in this habitat
But all you savage cats, know that I was strapped wit
gats
when you were cuddlin a Cabbage Patch

Chorus

Chorus 1/2 (after music ends)

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