

## **The Game f/ Busta Rhymes**

### **"Doctor's Advocate"**

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[Verse One: Game]

Dre, I ain'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 wearin' khaki  
suits  
I was 12 smokin' chronic, in '92  
I had a choice.. be like Mike, or be like you  
I made a choice, now its be Crip or be Piru  
Whatever I was, I was bangin' 'Gin & Juice'  
Never knew back then, I'd be friends with Snoop  
Now I gotta keep it gangsta, cause its 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 nigga hated him, for the 'Black Bitch' track  
And niggas stopped bumpin' Dre after ?DeBars? got  
slapped  
When Doc say its a wrap.. (its a wrap)  
Its still Aftermath, and ain't nothing after that

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Game]

I never said 'Thank You', and I took for granted  
You let me in your house, and made me a part of your  
family  
Now I'm eatin' with you, Eve, and Busta Rhymes  
I wasn't starstruck, 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 askin' you to take my side in the beef  
But you told me it was okay to say "Fuck The Police"  
Now its my turn to carry the torch..  
And I still got the chain that you wore on the cover of  
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  
Sittin' here lookin' at my platinum plats  
Thinkin' what the fuck am I without a Doctor Dre track

When Doc say its a wrap.. (its a wrap)  
Its still Aftermath..  
and ain't nothing after that...

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Busta Rhymes]

See when the world is on your shoulder.. and the stress  
grows bigger  
The fire in 'em, made it difficult to talk to the nigga  
Most of the time I let 'em know.. I dont agree wit' what  
he do  
But he a hardhead Dre.. thats why I'm talkin' to you  
See.. when I first met my nigga.. son was layin' in the  
cut  
Type reserve, homie was quite 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  
As time went on, now he was workin' with the finest  
I saw the pressure started to build, so I gave 'em  
additional guidance  
You gave him something that can make or break a  
nigga.. you should face it  
So big, I don't even think he was ready to embrace it  
With the potential to be a strong nigga with conviction  
The only was.. our little nigga wouldn't listen  
But when Doc say its a wrap (its a wrap)  
Its still Aftermath  
And ain't nothing after that...

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