

Dr Dre "Ackrite - Featuring Hittman"

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It's fuckin' ackrite
Question is, can I get some? Know what I'm sayin'?
Ackrite bitch
When I see you in the spot, you just ackrite, you know
what I'm sayin'?
When I yank you by the fuckin' perm
Don't be lookin' at a nigga crazy
Just get with the digits and be the fuck out, you know
what I'm sayin'?
Let me break it down for y'all

It was just one of those days when I wanted to catch
sunrays
Fun to get blunted on a Sunday afternoon
Nigga babe got room, grab the gat for misbehaviors
And the chocolate faded boom, flossin' hip-hop tunes
Zoom-zoom like the commodores
Wonder will we have drama or end up clownin' whores
Around the full good-to-go girls
Like them barbary coast girls, riding shotgun, baby

I be postin' all-world in the ra
Sippin' 151 that gave me too much pride to back down
Soon as we get to the beach I'ma put my fuckin' mack
down
I'm playin' lead, not the background
It's time to put Bronson on the map now
Walk with my hand on my Johnson, crack a smile
Cuties peep my style, if I don't get some ackrite
I'ma have to ack-wild

Blunt in my left hand, drink in my right
Strap by my waistline 'cause niggaz don't fight
Sucker free for life, so you better think twice
Aight, and a give a nig' some ackrite
I'm the type of nigga playa haters don't like
Snatchin' up your honey for some late night hype
And snobby-ass bitches get slapped out of spite
Aight, so give a nig' some ackrite, right

Uh, drink kickin' in, I'm stimulated
For those that don't know big words, I'm fuckin' faded

Eighty-three degrees, ease to a shaded spot
Our first spot was cool till some gangsters made it hot
Now we plot and pose
Plus we watchin' hoes, with lots of flesh exposed
Gettin' swarmed by those type of niggaz
With no game but brown-nose
So I impose only like pros can

Yo, is this your man? No
Grab the bitch's hand, I'm Hittman
Bling, gold chain gleam
You're very eligible for my summer league team
Maybe too extreme 'cause the sister got steamed
Then miss thing tried to scream on my brethern
I got mad, spit flame on the name
Stefan, tattooed on her arm
Hoe you ain't the bomb, must be a dyke
Witcho' lips swoll and give a nig' some ackrite

Blunt in my left hand, drink in my right
Strap by my waistline 'cause niggaz don't fight
Sucker free for life, so you better think twice
And a give a nig' some ackrite
I'm the type of nigga playa haters don't like
Snatchin' up your honey for some late night hype
And snobby-ass bitches get slapped out of spite
So give a nig' some ackrite, right

Frontin' on the ack-rite, causin' me to act up
Good Samaritan save that hoe from gettin' slapped up
My homies crack up at the scene I made
Yo my actions ain't serene when a nigga's on fade
If it wasn't for the one-time brigade
I woulda sprayed at the hooker tramp
As cops parade I'm afraid it's time to break camp
Make tracks, where else can we go to take hoes
From fake macks

Aiyyo, chase them girls
In that black maxima, the passenger, almost fractured
her
Neckbone, lookin' back at us
Plus, they on the dick 'cause the caddy's plush
They blush, I bumrush the hush, with the largest crush
Try to swing an ep tonight so I don't have to keep in
touch
Keep it on hush without the tip-in
Mackin' interrupted by some niggaz set-trippin'
Clip in the strap, I showed these niggaz how to act

Blunt in my left hand, drink in my right

Strap by my waistline 'cause niggaz don't fight
Sucker free for life, so you better think twice
Aight, and a give a nig' some ackrite, right
I'm the type of nigga playa haters don't like
Snatchin' up your honey for some late night hype
And snobby-ass bitches get slapped out of spite
Aight, so give a nig' some ackrite, right, bitch

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