

Dr Dre "Forgot About Dre Ft. Eminem"

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Y'all know me, still the same O.G but I been low key
Hated on by most these niggas with no cheese
No deals and no G's, no wheels and no keys
No books, no snowmobiles and no ski's

Mad at me 'cause
I can finally afford to provide my family with groceries
Got a crib with 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'm 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 and Snoop D O double
G's
And the group that said mother, "Fuck the 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 niggas that said that I turned pop or the the
Firm flopped
Y'all are the reason that Dre ain't been getting 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 with me
And turn me back to the old me

Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got
something to say
But nothin' comes out when they move their lips
Just a buncha gibberish
And muthafuckas act like they forgot about Dre

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So what do you say to somebody you hate
Or anyone tryin' to bring trouble your way?
Wanna resolve things in a bloodier way?
Then study a tape of N.W.A.!

One day I was walkin' by with a Walkman on
When I caught a guy givin' me an awkward eye
And strangled him off in the parkin' lot with his Karl
Kani

I don't give a fuck if it's dark or not
I'm harder than me tryna park a Dodge
When I'm drunk as fuck
Right next to a humongous truck in a two car garage

Hopin' out with two broken legs, tryna walk it off
Fuck you too bitch, call the cops
I'ma kill you too and them loud ass muthafuckin' barkin
dogs

And when them cops came through me
And Dre stood next to a burnt down house
With 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, tomorrow's the new
And I'm still loco enough
To choke you to death with a Charleston chew

Slim shady, hotter than a set of twin babies
In a Mercedes Benz with the windows up
When the temp goes up to the mid 80's

Callin' men ladies
Sorry Doc but I been crazy
There is no way that you can save me
It's okay, go with them, Hailey

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If it was upto me
You muthafuckas would stop comin' upto me
With your hands out lookin' upto me
Like you want somethin' free
When my last CD was out, you weren'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

I told 'em all, all them little gangstas
Who you think helped mold 'em all
Now you wanna run around, talking about 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 with a pen and a pad
Tryna get this damn label off

I ain't havin' that, this is the millennium of Aftermath
It ain't gonna 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 with
gats
When you were cuddling a cabbage patch

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