

Dr Dre

"Keep Their Heads Ringin' #153"

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Yeah, what up? This is Dr. Dre
The party's goin' on
Thank God it's Friday

Buck buck buck buck booyaka shan
Buck buck buck buck booyaka shan
Buck buck buck buck booyaka shan
Buck buck buck buck booyaka shan

Keep their heads ringin'

Ring ding dong, ring a ding ding dong
Keep their heads ringin'
Ring ding dong, ring a ding ding dong
Uh yeah

Hey you sittin'™ over there, say what?
You better get up outta your chair, that's right
And work your body down, yeah
No time to funk around cuz we gon'™

Funk you right on up
So get up, get a move on and get your groove on
It's™ the D-R-E, the spectacula
Interparty I go for your neck so call me Blackula

As I drain a nigga's jugular vein
And maintain to leave blood stains
So don't complain, just chill
Listen to the beats I spill
Keepin' it real enables me to make another meal

Still niggas run up and try to kill at will
But get popped like a pimple
So call me Clearasil
I wipe niggas off the face of the earth
Since birth I've been a bad nigga
Now let me tell ya what I'm worth

More than a stealth bomba
I cause drama, the enforcer
Music floats like a flying saucer

Or a 747 jet, never forget
I'm that nigga that keeps the hoes panties wet

The mike gets smoked
Once you hear the beat kicked
With grooves so funky, they come with a Speed Stick
So check the flava that I'm bringin'
The motherfuckin' D-R-E
I keep they motherfuckin' heads ringin'

Ring ding dong, ring a ding ding ding dong
Keep their heads ringin'
Ring ding dong, ring a ding ding ding dong

One two, for the crew
Three four, for the dough
Five, for the hoes
Six seven eight, for Death Row

Mad niggas 'bout to feel the full effect of intellect
So I can collect respect, plus a check
Now I'm fend to get into my men too
And take care of this business
I need to attend to, 'cuz my rent's due

And this rap shit's my meal ticket
So you goddamn right I'ma kick it
Or get evicted

I bring terror like Stephen King
A black Casanova, runnin' niggas over like
Christine
When I rock the spot wit the flava I got
I get plenty of ass, call me an ass-tronaut

As I blast past another nigga's ass who thought he
was strong
But I smoke him like grass just like Cheech and Chong
When I flow niggas know it's time to take a hike
'Cuz I grab the mike and flip my tongue like a dike

I got rhymes to keep you enchanted
Produce a smokescreen with the funky green
And keep your eyes slanted
So check the flava that I'm bringin'
The mothafunkin' D-R-E
A keep their motherfuckin' heads ringin'

Ring ding dong, ring a ding ding ding dong
Keep their heads ringin'
Ring ding dong, ring a ding ding ding dong

Yeah, c'mon

If you want to get on down
You gotta get on down
Just get on down

Debonair with flair I scare wear and tear
Without a care, runnin'™ shit as if I was a mayor
But I ain'™ t no politician, no competition
Sendin'™ all opposition to see a mortician

I'™ m up front, never in the back drop
I step on stage and get faded like a flattop
Your rhyme sounds like you bought â€~em at Stop-n-go
Dre came to wax you, so just call me Mop-n-glo

Many try to, but just can'™ t ride wit
I'™ m six one, two twenty-five of pure chocolate
Your chances of jackin'™ me are slim G
â€~Cuz I rock from summer â€~til Santa comes down
the chimney

Hoe hoe hoe and so as I continue to flow
â€~Cuz yo, I'™ m just a fly negro so
Check the flava that I'™ m bringin'™
The mothafuckin' D-R-E
A keep their motherfuckin' heads ringin'

Ring ding dong, ring a ding ding ding dong
I keep their motherfuckin heads ringin'
Ring ding dong, ring a ding ding ding dong
I keep their heads ringin'

Ring ding dong, ring a ding ding ding dong
I keep their heads ringin'
Ring ding dong, ring a ding ding ding dong

(Yeah, uhh, c'mon)
If you, want to, get on down
(Yeah, Death Row back up in that ass)
You gotta get on down
(For the one-nine-nine to the nickel)
Just get on down
(So all you motherfuckers out there tryin' to get with
this?)
(Don't even try it)

If you, want to, get on down
(You couldn't see us with binoculars, can you dig it?)
You gotta get on down
(Yeah, uhh, I know you're bobbin' your head)

Just get on down

'Cause I can see you

Uhh, I know you're bobbin' your head

'Cause I can see you

You can't see me, ha ha ha, yeah

Death Row, let me know you in the house, biotch

Ha ha, yeah, that's right, we out

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