

Dr. Dre

"Keep Their Headz Ringin"

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[Intro:]

Yeah, whattup, this is Dr. Dre
The party's goin on
Thank God it's Friday

"Buck buck buck buck booyaka shan!" - KRS One"
[repeat 4X]

[Chorus:]

Keep their headz ringin (ding ding dong ring-gading
ding ding dong)
[repeat 2X]

[Verse One:]

(Hey you, sittin over there) Say what?
(You better get up out of your chair) That's right
(And work your body down) Yeahhh...
(No time to funk around, cause 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 spectacular
In a party I go for your neck so call me Blackula
As I drain a niggaz 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, niggaz run up and try to kill at will
But get popped like a pimple, so call me Clearasil
I wipe niggaz off the face of the Earth since birth
I been a bad nigga, now let me tell you what I'm worth
More than a Stealth bomber, I cause drama
The enforcer, music flows like a flying saucer
Or a 747 jet, never forget
I'm that nigga that keeps the hoes panties wet
The mic gets smoked, once you hear the beat kick
With grooves so funky, they come with a Speed Stick
So check the flavor that I'm bringin
The motherfuckin D-R-E, will keep their motherfuckin
headz ringin

[Chorus]

[Verse Two:]

One-two for the crew, three-fo' for the dough
Five for the hoe, six-seven-eight for Death Row
Mad niggaz about to feel the full effect of intellect
So I can collect respect, plus a check
Now I fin' to, get into to, my mental
will 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 god damn right I'm gonna kick it, or get evicted
I bring terror like Stephen King
A black Casanova, runnin niggaz over like Christine
When I rock the spot with the flavor I got
I kick plenty of ass, so call me an astronaut
As I blast past another nigga's ass that thought he was
strong
But I smoke him like grass, just like Cheech and Chong
When I flow, niggaz know, it's time to take a hike
Cause I grab the mic and flip my tongue like a dyke
I got rhymes to keep you enchanted
Produce a smokesscreen with the funky green to keep
your eyes slanted
So check the flavor that I'm bringin
The motherfuckin D-R-E, will keep their motherfuckin
headz ringin

[Chorus]

[Verse Three:]

Debonairre 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
Step on stage and get faded just like a flat top
Your rhyme sounds like you bought em at Stop N Go
Dre came to wax you so, just call me Mop N Glow
Many tried to, but just can't rock with
I'm 6-1, 225, a pure chocolate
Your chances of jackin me are slim G
Cause I rock from summer til Santa comes down the
chimney
Ho ho ho, and so, as I continue to flow
Cause yo, I'm just a fly negro
So, check the flavor that I'm bringin
The motherfuckin D-R-E, will keep their motherfuckin

headz ringin

[Chorus]

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