

Dr Dre "Light Speed - Featuring Hittman"

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Hey, yo whassup? My name is Dre
Can I blaze some Chronic witchu?
Nigga what? Fo' sho, roll that shit up

Hell yeah, still 'Always Into Somethin'
Heart still in Compton
The comp can't oppose, dope Cali platinum classical
Introduced you to my Doggs that don't love hoes

And Firm Fiascoes, assholes, fucked you up with my
last video
Tuxed up doin' a tango and cash, always in my grasp
Came up in the game wearin' khakis not kangols,
stranglin' hoes

When asked about it in most interviews I just laugh
Now I vacate with hoes with a gang of ass
One feed me mangoes, the other lightin' my hash
Rap tabloids write Dre's light in the ass

Came home uptight, ready to mash
Like a gas pedal, get on that sixty-four Chevy level
AK-47 heavy metal
Who says Dre ain't ghetto? Just whistle like a tea kettle

I throw three at you, tell me if you see devils
'Cause we rebels over here, I smell Chronic in the air
That means we takin' over this year, you hear?

Chronic, two-thousand one
That means we takin'
Over this year, you hear?

Light Speed, blazin' Chronic through the galaxy
Hydro, doja, chocolate Thai weed
Or we might be sippin' on gin or Hennessey
Fuck that, where that new shit, The Chronic Iced Teas?

I hang among hustlers, I slang and hoo-bang Bronson
When bustaz roll through, can't fuck with my bold crew
We will hold you captive and bust
'Cause gangbangin' is the active, activity

Where I be livin' B, there ain't no Liberty Statue
Hope you got your gat, don't let them catch you
Slippin', without yours, it's warfare outdoors
Ambulance, violent uproars

Trash niggaz takin' out like chores I meet whores on
tours
Jeans hot as pepper so I sip, champagne on stormy
shores
We on some hardcore, pornographic
Totin' Austrian firearms that's made out of plastic

In these drastic surroundings, it be sounding like
Lebanon, makin' fools retreat like Megatron and
Starscream
Oh yeah, I scream-on-stars
To get loot and crossover like Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

Get out your car son, that's how I came to bougie
niggaz
At bar one, it's either that or make front page stardom
I'm the Golden Child, chased by Sodom
Footsie gots my bulletproof
It's hard to shoot me, you hear?

By the time you see him
That means it's real fuckin'
Hard to shoot me, you hear?

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