

## Dr Dre

### "Nationowl(feat. Nowl)"

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(All right, is everybody ready (YEAH!))  
(Alright now, here we go)

Nationowl divides this bomb to blow  
Adios serials worldwide  
Once inside ya ride, usin the mic like a screwdriver  
to break down the speed  
While labels were sound asleep, Nowl peeped and  
creeped  
and stole the ground beneath they feet  
Far from the bail, still makin my sales  
Movin tapes like weight, we's hip-hop cartel  
takin over, no doubt  
Like thongs, they ass out but win amounts with the  
Doctor  
Dre, all day cash his cheques  
Like Play, I hittin you in the head like strays (BUU-YU-  
KOW!)  
Nationowl's defence covers my ass  
and team o' outcast niggas who're quick to blast  
Our beat's on hit, keep the peace on  
MC's couldn't find my path (Where you at niggas?)

[Chorus:]

Pledge a legiance to my team  
Let's scheme, nigga, we gots ta get CREAM  
Cos worldwide shit's outta control  
Why you can't get down with Nationowl  
Young and old, my niggas who's on parole  
Why you can't get down with Nationowl  
Bitches who own, my niggas whose heart is cold  
Why you can't get down with Nationowl

Nationowl's anthem, got'cha soul on lock  
still fully loaded, cocked the handgun  
Composed like the Phantom  
while the face of earth gets ugly, we ever lovely  
Bitches who never duck me, "Nowl loved me"  
In thinkin I must spend dough til I'm dizzy  
Assholes around like a frisby

And for satisfaction chew an MC like Wrigley  
History's about to be made, I met'cha in a way  
tryin ya hardest to delay  
My flight batterin, keep the world ringin like \*?  
Sadaran?\*

Lyrics bone shatterin  
Pretenders wantin to be Cinder-rella  
What? That shoe you tryin ta wears, not fittin  
Now we're strippin niggas like a Chippendale  
I'm rippin hell, burnin the devil and inhale

[Chorus]

In the last days, which side will you be on?  
Nationowl's on the side that I beat on  
I demand put me on  
From the door I use MC's to wipe my feet on  
My shit be bumpin like in-grown hair  
For twenty-six years trained in ghetto warfare  
Nigga, I see more green than St. Patrick  
Pro actors, game of life with no practice  
Controllin craps like I had a remote  
It's a rule, now go enter ya tomb  
No joke, much over I scold  
It's some game for all who's tryin ta split ya coats  
Best believe that these are our last years  
Prepare or get done from the rear  
As we move there, where? The final frontier  
United we stand, divided we don't have a prayer

[Chorus]

Are you wit me East Coast?  
Are you wit me West Coast?  
Are you wit me?  
Are you wit me?  
Are you wit me West Coast? Are you wit me East Coast?  
Are you wit me? Are you wit me?

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