

## Dr Dre

# "Puffin On Blunts And Drankin Tanqueray"

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yo, yo, let's do this shit  
Ha, ha, I thought I thaw a puddy tat  
Youse a punk-ass nigga  
Yo, yea, yo, Death Row's in the motherfuckin' house

Wreckin' shit you know what I'm sayin'?  
This is Dr. Dre in the motherfuckin' house  
Yo, I got my homeboys in the house  
The Dogg Pound's definitely in here, yeah

I got my nigga Kurupt ready to wreck some shit, yo  
You know what else I got in the house?  
Yo, so diggi-Daz step up on that ass  
Yeah, guess what's in here?

My home girl Rage, I said my home girl Rage  
Yeah, the lyrical motherfuckin' murderer's in here  
Yo, my nigga Glove behind the boards  
Yo, dropping that funky-ass bass line, yeah

You know, you know there's a lot of punk-ass niggaz  
out there  
A lot of punk-ass bitches out there  
Yo, you wanna write names?  
Yo, that nigga Eazy-E, he's a punk-ass bitch, really  
though

Yo, that nigga Tim M-U-T, he's a punk-ass beatch,  
beeatch!  
Ha ha, you know what I'm sayin'?  
Oh, oh, oh Luke, I didn't forget about you, beatch!  
Really though, yo, Death Row's in the motherfuckin'  
house

Running the 9-3, you know, yeah  
But right about now  
There's a little freestyle session going on, in the studio  
We just kickin' back gettin' fucked up and all

You know, puffin on a few blunts  
Drinkin' a little bit of that Tanqueray, Tanqueray  
Yeah, Tanqueray's definitely in the house

You know what I'm sayin'? Ha, ha, ha

'Cause I'm feelin' it, baby, I'm feelin' it, really though  
So a, right about now, ayyo Rage  
Yo Rage, yo run that shit G

All ways and forever, forever and all ways  
The rhythm will flow from now and through all days  
As long as the sun shines  
As long as Eisenours on the dime

Yo, I'll be kickin' the rhyme  
One time for ya mind, your soul, your body  
D O G's on the side of me, smooth as E & J, hard as  
Bacardi  
Smackin' those yaddy-yacks and ducks keep quackin'

Hands that are clappin', end up cracklin'  
Under the heat, the pressure from the one that's deffer  
Egyptian ruler will call me Cleo or Nefertiti, yes indeed  
Got the eyes of the beedie, body from Tahiti

Voice of the will lyrics blow, chills up ya spine that's ill  
slow  
All thoughts in ya mind drop a yo  
Came in the front but you be kicked through the back  
door  
For tryin' to step, tryin' to come incorrect

Tryin' to play the left, tryin' to start a mess  
Tryin' to cause fuss, tryin' to raise a ruckus, huh  
You'll end up ashes to ashes, dusk to dusk  
A busta you musta been fuckin' on drugs  
And alcohol back off, all a y'all up against the wall

Spread 'em, dogs go get 'em and  
Cuff 'em and stuff 'em, cold shed 'em don't let 'em  
Not a word, not another one heard  
If you try you die, visions blurred, speech slurred  
Served with a cherry on top

Rage in effect, I just begun to rock  
Yeah, rock on witcha bad self  
(Rage)  
Rock on witcha bad self  
(Rage)  
Rock on witcha bad self  
(Rage)  
Rock on witcha bad self

Yo, I'm Dat Nigga Daz who packs a tre-8 slug

A true nigga from the hood and the pound gives love  
Yo, see niggas wanna be down but never came around  
So back up off my nuts and stop sweatin' the pound

You see niggas get broke off like 1, 2, 3  
'Cause I'm the D-A to the  
(D-A-to the)  
D-A- to the Z

Now G'z pay attention to this young ass mack daddy  
In a caddy-haddy, not known about the city  
Where the niggas hang around  
So I roll 'em up and hit 'em up  
With the motherfuckin' Dogg Pound

I'm rough and rugged and up till to the dirt  
I'm from the Dogg Pound nigga so I'm puttin' in work  
I'm no joke, who the fuck you tryin' to provoke  
(1-8-7)

It's cool, how his ass got smoked?  
I don't drink no fuckin' V-S-O-P  
I drink the motherfuckin' O.G., Olde E  
I'm from the click that be kickin' the gangsta shit bitch

Real niggas, real G'z with real big dicks  
I hit 'em up with the Pound  
So what you wanna throw up  
Claimin' your cocaine or cavi when you blow up

Know what? The Pounds in the motherfuckin' house  
Back again we try to get high as we kin  
Dr. Dre be kickin' phat rhymes and produce and kick  
shit  
I gets more wicked than Beetlejuice

Motherfuckers get battered, so scatter  
Before I keep ya hostage a nigga hostage like the grim  
reaper  
So I'm comin' from my hood, what hood  
You really like to know motherfucker I thought you knew

Motherfucker, don't you know I'm stranded on the row?  
I take a look into the crowd, kick a style a flow  
I'm mashin', motherfuckers get murdered for action  
Relax kid, you're rollin' with a fuckin' assasin'

Outlasted did dirt the other day  
Betray, the roll of a G, from the D-O double G  
P-O-U-N-D, Pound so bow-bow motherfuckin' marks  
The execute the start, when the chronic gets sparked

I'm like [unverified], rough and rugged  
'Cause I'm like baldhead [unverified]

Wrecks, I flex murderous rhymes to leave you all dead  
What said is all said it's already spoke  
The dead is the dead, I ain't no fuckin' joke  
I murder motherfuckers as a hobby

One of my idols ain't no joke so why in the fuck should I  
be  
Fly me to the Bahamas, ruff rhymer  
Dramas what your kickin', wicked is how I'm a  
Approach ya, the locster, who's quick to up and smoke  
ya

You're lookin' like a smoka, grinnin' like the joker  
I yolk ya from da back like a bitch talkin' shit  
But a bitch ain't shit, 'cause a bitch ain't shit  
But a ho and trick on my dick

Flip, let's take a trip to the Dogg Pound  
Fools tried to punk me when I was young but I'm a hog  
now  
And I gets respect and I step with a tec 9  
Ready to put somethin' up in that ass to give respect  
mine

Fool, Deatrow ain't lynchin' and the Pound ain't mobbin'  
We all don't give a fuck run in your crib and start  
robbin'  
Throbbin', I'll break a nigga down in the 90's  
Maxin' at the Pound with my doggs is where you'll find  
me  
Beatch

Hell, yeah  
You niggaz can't fade this shit, you know what I'm  
sayin'?  
Death Row's in the motherfuckin' house  
The Dogg Pound's definetly in here, you know what I'm  
sayin'?  
And, ay, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, you niggaz can't fuck with  
this  
So don't even try it

Stay in the studio all you want, stay in the studio all you  
want  
'Cause you can't fuck with this  
See ya

