

Dr Dre "Remorse"

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[Verse 1 - Dr. Dre and Snoop]

Tonight's the night I get in some shit (yeahhh)
Deep Cover on the incognito tip
Killing motherfuckers if I have to, peeling caps too
Cause you niggas know I'm coming at you
I guess that's part of the game; but I feel for the nigga
Who think he just gonna come and change thangs
With the swiftness, so get it right with the quickness
And let me handle my business, yo
I'm on a mission and my mission won't stop
Until I get the nigga maxing at the top
(I hope you get his ass 'fore he drop)
Kingpin kicking back while his workers slang his rocks
Coming up like a fat rat
Big money, big cars, big bodyguards on his back
So it's difficult to get him
(But I got the hook up with somebody
Who knows how to get in contact with him)
Hit him like this and like that
Let em know that I'm looking for a big fat dope sack
With ends to spend, so let's rush it
If you want to handle it tonight, we'll discuss it
On a nigga's time, and a nigga's place
Take my strap just in case one of his boys recognize
my face
Cause he's a sheisty motherfucker
But I gives a fuck; cause I'm going Deep Cover

[Hook - Dr. Dre and Snoop]

Yeah, and you don't stop
(Cause it's 1-8-7 on a undercover cop)
Yeah, and you don't stop
(Cause it's 1-8-7 on a undercover cop)

[Verse 2- Snoop Doggy Dogg and Dre]

Creep with me, as I crawl through the hood
Maniac, lunatic, call me Snoop Eastwood
Kicking dust as I bust, fuck peace
And, the motherfuckin punk police
You already know I gives a fuck about a cop
So why in the fuck would you think that it would stop?
Plot, yeah, that's what we's about to do

Take yo' ass on a mission with the boys in blue
Dre (what up Snoop?) Yo, I got the feeling
Tonight's the night like Betty Wright, and I'm chilling
Killing, feeling, no remorse, yeah
So lets go straight to the motherfucking source
And see what we can find
Crooked-ass cops that be getting niggas a gang of
time
And now they wanna make a deal with me
Scoop me up and put me on they team and chill with
me
... and make my pockets bigger
They want to meet with me tonight at seven o'clock (so
what's up nigga?)
What you wanna do? (What you wanna do?)
I got the gauge, a uzi, and my motherfuckin twenty-two
So if you wanna blast, nigga we can buck 'em
If we stick 'em then we struck 'em, so fuck 'em!
("I can feel it!")

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Snoop Doggy Dogg and Dre]

Six-fo'-five was the time on the clock
When me and my homey belled in the parking lot
The scene looked strange and it felt like a set up
(Better not be, cause if it is they getting lit up!)
Oh - here they come from the back in they 'llacs
I'm checking for the Gats they strap, so what's up,
black?
(Chill, let's hear the deal
If it ain't up to what you feel then grab your steel)
Right, so, what you motherfuckers gonna come at me
with?
Hope you ain't wanting none of my grip
Cause you can save that shit (guess what they told
me?)
"We give you 20 G's if you snitch on your homey
We'll put you in a home, and make your life plush
Oh yeah, but you got to sell dope for us."
Hmmm, let me think about it
Turned my back and grabbed my gat
And guess what I told him before I shot it:
"If you don't quit, yeah, if you don't stop, yeah
I'm letting my Gat pop - cause it's 1-8-7 on a
undercover cop!"

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