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Dr Dre "Still Dre - Featuring Snoop Dogg"

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Yeah nigga, I'm still fuckin' with ya Still waters run deep Still Snoop Dogg and D R E, 99 Nigga Yes, he's back Still, still doing that shit, Andre?

Oh, fo sho', yeah, check me out It's still Dre Day nigga, A K nigga Though I've grown a lot, can't keep it home a lot 'Cause when I'm frequent the spots that I'm known to rock You hear the bass from the truck when I'm on the block

Ladies, they pay homage, but haters say, Dre fell off How nigga? My last album was 'The Chronic' They want to know if he still got it They say rap's changed, they want to know how I feel about it (If you ain't up on thangs)

Dr. Dre is the name, I'm ahead of my game Still, puffing my leafs Still fuck with the beats Still not loving police

Still rock my khakis with a cuff and a crease Still got love for the streets, repping 213 Still the beats bang, still doing my thang Since I left, ain't too much changed, still

I'm representing for the gangstas all across the world Still hitting them corners on the low-low's girl Still taking my time to perfect the beat And I still got love for the streets, it's the DRE

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Since the last time you heard from me I lost some friends

Well, hell, me and Snoop, we dipping again Kept my ear to the streets, signed Eminem

He's triple platinum, doing 50 a week Still, I stay close to the heat And even when I was close to defeat, I rose to my feet My life's like a soundtrack, I wrote to the beat

Treat my rap like Cali weed, I smoke till I sleep Wake up in the A.M., compose a beat I bring the fire till you're soaking in your seat

It's not a fluke, it's been tried, I'm the truth It's 'Turn Out the Lights' from the World Class Wreckin' Cru I'm still at it, after mathematics in the home of drivebys and arithmetics Swap meets, sticky green, and bad traffic

I dip through then I get skin, D R E

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It ain't nothing but more hot shit Another classic CD, for y'all to vibe with Whether you're cooling on a corner with your fly bitch Laid back in the shack, play this track

I'm representing for the gangstas all across the world (Still hitting 'em corners in the low-low's girl) I'll break your neck, damn near put your face in your lap Niggas try to be the king but the ace is back (So, if you ain't up on thangs)

Dr. Dre be the name Still running the game Still, got it wrapped like a mummy Still ain't tripping, love to see young blacks get money

Spend time out the hood, take they moms out the hood Hit my boys off with jobs, no more living hard Barbeques every day, driving fancy cars Still gon' get mine regardless I'm representing for the gangstas all across the world Still hitting them corners on the low-low's girl Still taking my time to perfect the beat And I still got love for the streets, it's the D R E

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Right back up in ya motherfucking ass, 95 plus four pennies Add that shit up, D R E right back up on top of thangs Smoke some with your dog, no stress, no seeds, no stems, no sticks Some of that real sticky, icky, icky, ooh wee, put it in the air Oh, you's a fool D R

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