

## Dr Dre "What's The Difference"

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What's the difference between me and you?  
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Back when cube was rollin' wit Lorenzo in a Benzo  
I was bangin' wit a gang of instrumentals  
Got the pens and pencils, got down to business, but  
sometimes  
The business end of this shit can turn your friends  
against you

But you was a real nigga, I could sense it in you  
I still remember the window of the car that you went  
through  
That's fucked up, but I'll never forget the shit we've  
been through  
And I'ma do whatever it takes to convince you  
'Cuz you my nigga doc, and eazy I'm still wit you  
Fuck the beef, nigga I miss you, and that's just bein'  
real wit you  
You see the truth is everybody wanna know how close  
me and snoop is  
And who I'm still cool wit

Then I got these fake ass niggaz I first drew with  
Claimin' that they non-violent talkin' like they  
Spit venom in interviews, speakin' on reunions  
Move units, then talk shit and we can do this  
Until then I ain't even speakin' your name  
Just keep my name outta yo' mouth and we can keep it  
the same  
Nigga, it ain't that I'm too big to listen to the rumors  
It's just that I'm too damn big to pay attention to 'em  
That's the difference

What's the difference between me and you?  
You talk a good one but you don't do what you  
supposed to do  
I act on what I feel and never deal wit emotions  
I'm used to livin' big dog style and straight coastin'

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Yo I stay wit it  
While you try to perpetrate, play wit it  
Never knew about the next level until Dre did it  
(Did it)  
I stay committed while you motherfuckers baby sited  
I smash you critics like a overhand right from riddick  
(Yeah)  
Come and get it, shifted on villains by the millions  
I be catchin' bitches while bitches be catchin' feelings  
So what the fuck am I supposed to do?  
I pop bottles and hot hollow points at each and all of  
you  
(Come on)

A heartless bastard, high and plastered  
My style is like the reaction from too much acid, never  
come down  
Pass it around if you can't handle it  
Hang Hollywood niggaz by they soul train laminates  
What's the difference between me and you?  
(What?)  
About five back accounts, three ounces and two  
vehicles  
Until my death, I'm Bangladesh  
I suggest you hold yo' breath till ain't none left  
Yo that's the difference

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Aight, hold up hold up  
Stop the beat a minute! I got somethin' to say  
Dre, I wanna tell you this shit right now  
While this fuckin' weed is in me  
(The fuck!)  
I don't know if I ever told you this, but I love you dawg  
I got your motherfuckin' back, just know this shit  
Right? Slim, I don't know if you noticed it

But I've had your back from day one, nigga let's blow  
this bitch  
I mean it dawg, you ever need somebody offed who's  
throat is it?  
Well if you ever kill that Kim bitch, I'll show you where  
the ocean is

Well that's cool, and I appreciate the offer  
But if I do decide to really murder my daughter's  
momma  
I'ma sit her up in the front seat and put sunglasses on  
her  
And cruise around wit her for seven hours through  
California  
And have her wavin' at people then drop her off on the  
corner  
(Hi!)  
At the police station and drive off honkin' the horn for  
her  
Raw dawg, get your arm gnawed off  
Drop the sawed off and beat you wit the piece it was  
sawed off of

Fuck blood, I wanna see some lungs coughed up  
Get shot up in the hot tub til the bubbles pop up  
And they nose and cough snot up, mucus in hot water  
That's for tryin' to talk like the chronic was lost product  
That's for even thinkin' of havin' them thoughts thought  
up  
You better show some respect whenever the doc's  
brought up!  
So what's the difference between us? We can start at  
the penis  
Or we can scream, "I just don't give a fuck" and see  
who means it

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