

## **Dr. Dre Feat. Eminem "Forgot About Dre"**

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Y'all know me, still the same O.G. but I been low key  
Hated on by most these niggaz wit no cheese, no deals  
and no G's  
No wheels and no keys, no boats, no snowmobiles and  
no ski's  
Mad at me 'cause I can finally afford to provide my  
family wit groceries

Got a crib wit a studio and it's all full of tracks to add  
To the wall full of plaques  
Hangin' up in the office in back of my house like  
trophies  
Did y'all think I'ma let my dough freeze? Hoe please  
You better bow down on both knees

Who you think taught you to smoke trees?  
Who you think brought you the oldies?  
Eazy E's, Ice Cube's and D.O.C's, The Snoop D O double  
G's  
And the group that said mother "Fuck Tha Police"

Gave you a tape full of dope beats  
To bump when you stroll through in your hood  
And when your album sales wasn't doin' too good  
Who's the Doctor they told you to go see?

Y'all better listen up closely  
All you niggaz that said that I turned pop, or the Firm  
flopped  
Y'all are the reason that Dre ain't been gettin' no sleep  
So fuck y'all, all of y'all, if y'all don't like me, blow me  
Y'all are gonna keep fuckin' around wit me  
And turn me back to the old me

Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got  
somethin' to say  
But nothin' comes out when they move their lips  
Just a bunch of gibberish  
And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre

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So what do you say to somebody you hate  
Or anyone tryin' to bring trouble your way?  
Wanna resolve things in a bloodier way?  
Then just study a tape of N.W.A.

One day I was walkin' by, wit a Walkman on  
When I caught a guy give me an awkward eye  
And strangled him off in the parkin' lot wit his Karl Kani  
I don't give a fuck if it's dark or not

I'm harder than me tryin' to park a Dodge when I'm  
drunk as fuck  
Right next to a humungous truck in a two car garage  
Hoppin' out wit two broken legs, tryin' to walk it off  
"Fuck you too bitch, call the cops"

I'ma kill you and them loud ass motherfuckin' barkin'  
dogs  
And when the cops came through me  
And Dre stood next to a burnt down house  
Wit a can full of gas and a hand full of matches  
And still weren't found out

So from here on out it's the Chronic 2  
Startin' today and tomorrow's the new  
And I'm still loco enough to choke you to death wit a  
Charleston Chew  
Slim Shady, hotter then a set of twin babies

In a Mercedes Benz wit the windows up  
When the temp goes up to the mid 80's  
Callin' men ladies, sorry Doc but I been crazy  
There's no way that you can save me, it's okay, go with  
him Hailey

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If it was up to me, you muh'fuckers would stop comin'  
up to me  
Wit your hands out lookin' up to me, like you want  
somethin' free  
When my last CD was out, you wasn't bumpin' me

But now that I got this little company  
Everybody wanna come to me like it was some disease  
But you won't get a crumb from me  
'Cause I'm from the streets of Compton

I told 'em all, all them little gangstas  
Who you think helped mold 'em all?  
Now you wanna run around talkin' 'bout guns like I ain't  
got none  
What you think I sold 'em all? 'Cause I stay well off

Now all I get is hate mail all day sayin' Dre fell off  
What 'cause I been in the lab wit a pen and a pad  
Tryin' to get this damn label off?  
I ain't havin' that, this is the millennium of Aftermath

It ain't gon' be nothin' after that  
So give me one more platinum plaque  
And fuck rap, you can have it back  
So where's all the Madd Rappers at?

It's like a jungle in this habitat  
But all you savage cats  
Know that I was strapped wit gats  
When you were cuddlin' a Cabbage Patch

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