

## **Eminem**

### **"Forget About Dre"**

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{Dr. Dre}

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

{Eminem}

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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{Eminem}

So what do you say to somebody you hate (What?)  
Or anyone tryin to bring trouble your way?  
Wanna resolve things in a bloodier way? (YUP)  
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 (What  
you lookin at?)  
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  
{CRUNCH}  
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 (RIGHT HERE)  
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 (Da - da?)

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{Dr. Dre}

If it was up to me, you muh'fuckers would stop comin

up to me  
with 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, 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 millenium 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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