

Eminem

"Forgot About Dre"

Visit "[Forgot About Dre](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

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
With 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? Ho, 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 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 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 fucki' 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

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

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
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 than 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 Hailie

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

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 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

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

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

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

Visit [Eminem](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.