

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

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Y'all know me still the same ol' G  
But I been low key, hated on by most these niggas  
With 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 with 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

But y'all think I'm gonna 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 and Snoop D O double  
G's  
And a group that said, "Motherfuck the  
police"  
Gave you a tape full of dope beats  
To bump when you stroll through in you hood  
And when your album sales wasn't doin' too good

Who's the doc that he told you to go see  
Y'all better listen up closely  
All you niggas that said that I turned pop  
Or the Firm flop

Y'all are the reason 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 with me  
And turn me back to the old me

Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they  
Got something to say but nothin' comes out  
When they move they lips, just a buncha gibberish  
And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre

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So what do you say to somebody you hate  
(What)  
Or anybody tryna bring trouble your way  
Wanna resolve things in a bloodier way  
Then just study your tape of NWA

One day I was walkin' by with a Walkman on  
When I caught a guy givin' me an awkward eye  
(What you lookin' at?)  
And strangled him off in the parkin' lot with his Karl  
Kani

I don't give a fuck if it's dark or not  
I'm harder than me tryna park a Dodge  
But I'm drunk as fuck, right next  
To a humongous truck in a two car garage

Hoppin' out with two broken legs, tryna 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  
With a can full of gas and a hand full of matches  
And still weren't found out  
(Right there)

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 with a Charleston chew

Slim shady hotter then a set of twin babies in a  
Mercedes Benz  
With the windows up and the temp goes up to the mid  
80's  
Callin' men ladies, sorry Doc but I been crazy, there is  
no way  
That you can save me, it's okay, go with him Hailey  
(Da, da)

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If it was up to me, you muthafuckas 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 gots new 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 and talk about 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  
With a pen and a pad, tryna get this damn label off  
I ain't havin' that, this is the millennium of Aftermath

It ain't gonna be nothin' after that, so give me one  
more  
Platinum plaque and fuck rap, you can have it back  
So where's all the mad rappers at, it's like a jungle  
In this habitat but all you savage cats knew that I was  
strapped  
With gats when you were cuddled with cabbage patch

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