

## Green Day

# "The Grand Finale"

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(Dr. Dre)

Check this out, we've come to the last and final record  
This is Dr. Dre in full effect and we gonna kick it off a  
little somethis like  
this  
We got my mella yella boy on the drums, We got Stan  
"the Guitar Man"  
dropping the rhythm. We got LA Dre on the keyboard  
and I want the whole  
posse in this muthafucka to rocl on this funky ass beat  
we're gonna drop  
Aight, So Ice Cube, you the early bird on this  
muthafucka, run it

(Ice Cube)

Picture a nigga that's raw  
Amplify his ass and what you see is what's on  
Muthafuckas I slaughter, blow em out the water  
Word to me, fuck the father  
My melody is deadly as a pin in a handgrenade  
5 seconds before you get played  
You can't throw me, I guess you'll blow up  
Ever see a sucker scatter, it'll make ya throw up  
Then I take advantage, you can't manage  
To get up, all you can do is sit up, I get lit up  
Hit up, Ice Cube tearing shit up  
Like a dude you can bet on  
Collide like a head on  
Collision, stutter steppin is an incision  
Of a nigga saying exactly what I vision  
Because I'm gone, you think I left you all  
But I stay in yo' ass like cholesterol  
When I blast some solid ass alcatraz  
And if you escape, you better swim fast  
'Cause I'll catch ya, physically and mentally  
And the capital punishment's the penalty  
Sitting in the electric chair, grab a hold  
Pull the switch, yo' body twitch, your eye's explode  
Out your skull 'cause being dull on a flow  
Is an N-O, niggas didn't know that I can go  
Off and show off to throw off the law

Turn, take 10 paces then draw  
What's left is a muthafucka dead in the alley  
Ice Cube is the shit on the grand finale

(Dr. Dre)

Yea, yea that was funky but we need the muthafucking  
villian to speak  
So kick it

(MC Ren)

The grand finale, yo, it's my turn to bust  
So let weak muthafuckas turn to dust  
If you're weak it ain't my fault  
Just take a kick in the ass and get turn into a pillar of  
salt  
And niggas that's biting just to taste me  
I make the punk muthafuckas buckle up for safety  
And on the dope they caught from the flash  
And swing like a bit when he's caught in a whiplash  
Giving him pain 'cause I'm urgent  
Rearrange the muthafucking face like a surgeon  
It ain't no excuse for the torture delivering  
Don't say that I scare you, I can tell 'cause your  
shivering  
Lyrics label wit an X and not a G  
I say fuck the police, yo, so now they after me  
I'm wanted by the law so I stay low  
Representing the pimp, bitches making my dough  
In a different stage, I must of went on a rampage  
Me and the D.O.C. are always hitting the front page  
For what, for stealing and stepping up to the sheriff  
And when I enter the party, niggas shit in a ?(cell  
pimp)?  
For what, maybe 'cause I'm Ren  
And when they clean up shit, yo, they do it again  
So fuck it, sit back cool and relax  
While Eazy busts the facts kicking the grande finale

(Dr. Dre)

Yea, y'all know what time it is. Easy muthafucking E is  
in the house doing  
damage

(Eazy E)

The name is Eazy for me to come off like the inforcer'  
Mass murder muthafukas in a course of  
An everyday situation where I would stalk by  
Fuck the car, I do a muthafucking walk-by  
Eazy-E and the D.O. to the C. and  
Run house and there won't be no disagreeing  
'Cause if there is some, you feeling staticy

Then I'm arrested (For what) assault and battery  
Never outdone, only outdoing  
Loving the bitches and the hoes boo hooing  
Why 'cause they're addicted to my dick  
The pleasure of pain, the wing-ding and flipped it  
(Yea) and never forget when done in bed by  
Eazy, the name of a Compton hard head  
Cool but local like loc never broke  
'Cause they're paid to be Ruthless, this is why I do this  
I don't give a fuck about fame  
I rather deal wit a number than a muthafucking name  
(word)  
Get me paid and then rap  
'Cause all the other bullshit money ain't jack  
Eazy but not that Eazy to deal wit  
Especially if you're poppin bullshit  
Put the E-A-Z-Y and to the E  
Expression of thought on the muthafucking grand finale

(Dr. Dre)

Yea, that shit was funky, last but not least is the  
muthafucking D.O.C.  
This is your album, so that means you definitely got to  
get funky, so run it

(The D.O.C.)

Swinging, singing a brand new rap  
On a rhythm concocted by my homie in the back and  
If it makes you giggle, it must be kinda funny  
But to me it's kinda cool (Tell 'em why), I'm making  
money  
Tripping up the man wit the ?(swig tan)? movement  
Proving if you're grooving then it cool when he be  
doing it  
Taking a second for me to blow your mind  
'Cause I'm the diggy diggy D.O.C. and I would've been  
down wit rock  
But I was smart, the D.O. to the C. now on the formula  
It's rough, I mean it's funky enuff for me  
And you can have a listen after that and this and  
D-O-N-'T M-O-V-E wit out permission  
From the D.O. to the C., I'm just better than  
The normal man and I'll be dumb if a sucker can  
Ever compete wit the elite  
Much less beat, it's like dancing wit 2 left feet  
Never smile when the D.O.C. is in the room  
Or I'm a send ya ass to the temple of doom  
I got raw when I came to Cali  
Now wit NWA on the muthafucking grand finale

(Dre)

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