

## Dandy Warhols

### "A.W.O.L."

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Doc-tor Dre, do you remember you was broke  
and the whole rap industry thought ya was a joke?  
Me, D.O.C., and D.O.G., sat and made  
lyrics to replenish your name like Gatorade  
But you got thirsty for the money! Punk  
and disrespect the three that put ya back up on it  
Always talkin bout, your word good as gold  
Wash, fold, put it out to dry, cause you lie  
I put that on my momma and my mate  
and if I'm makin this up, let my momma head lay  
So fool you know I'm comin on the rizzleal  
The way you played me, you deserve a smack to Brazil  
ILL, the way you played your brother Warren G  
You best to check yourself, next time you talk about Ea-  
zy  
?Stip Wometn? the new Jerry Heller  
Dre's the company, so to me, he like Eazy  
Snoop D-O-G, is like the old D.O.C.  
Puttin all work, gettin all jerked  
Does that make me Ice Cube of the place, Steady  
Mobbin  
while Dre (Death Row) steady robbin? Ohh  
And what, fool, steady squabbin?  
Dogg Pound givin doubled up on lumps  
So here you feel froggy jumps when I rear back  
compact glock forty glock dumps  
BLAOW, how you like me now?  
But it ain't Moe Dee it's me, the X  
Now rated RBX, and yo  
If you didn't know, escape from Death Row

Chorus: RBX

Remember me step in, execution  
Remember me I have no remorse  
Remember me I'm high, powered  
Remember me I drop bombs like Hiroshima!  
(RBX is A.W.O.L.) I drop bombs like Hiroshima! [2X]  
\*cutting and scratching of Notorious B.I.G.'s "Juicy"  
'And if ya don't know... and if ya...  
And if ya don't know, now you know, nigga'\*

I killed him too quick to fuckin think about it  
RBXtra, Xtra, read about it  
Tell me what ya thought fool, huh, what?  
Now I'm pissed off in all black in the cut  
Fool walks by, eh-heh, BOOM!  
Cops said I killed him but they can only assume  
Never found no damn murder weapon, I'm steppin  
X, X, the X  
X-con, X-ecution, X mark the spot  
Flip it around, and the mark gets shot  
And I'm gon take it out with this light it's mighty  
across your face, you see the red lights  
Now you ain't got no face no more  
Bullet, rip that body, tore, collapse  
then I kick the tricky raps  
X, Xtra, Xtra X-termination  
Here is the presentation  
Haven't you ever heard of a killer?  
Killer killer illa, like Magilla Gorilla illa  
then deadly medly murder with a pen  
And you can't cross out a X, nigga  
Got my itchy itchy finger on the trigga  
BUST, bodybag, and crush  
Trust, flush, down the toilet  
In other words you ain't shit  
You be talkin that ill, you ain't a killa for real, really doe  
I know, and now I let you know (busta!)  
RBX is A.W.O.L., escape from Death Row

Chorus + 2 extra "drop bombs"

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