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RBX "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 rizzeal 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 Eazy ?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?

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!

If you didn't know, escape from Death Row

But it ain't Moe Dee it's me, the X

Now rated RBX, and yo

(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

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