

Snoop Dogg "Fuck Wit Dre Day"

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Yeah, hell yeah, knowhatl'msayin, yeah

[Verse One: Dr. Dre]

Mista Busta, where the fuck ya at?
Can't scrap a lick, so I know ya got your gat
Your dick on hard, from fuckin your road dogs
The hood you threw up with, niggaz you grew up with
Don't even respect your ass
That's why it's time for the doctor, to check your ass,
nigga
Used to be my homey, used to be my ace
Now I wanna slap the taste out yo mouth
Make you bow down to the row
Fuckin me, now I'm fuckin you, little ho
Oh, don't think I forgot, let you slide
Let me ride, just another homicide
Yeah it's me so I'ma talk on
Stompin on the 'Eazy'est streets that you can walk on
So strap on your Compton hat, your locs
And watch your back cause you might get smoked, loc
And pass the bud, and stay low-key
B.G. cause you lost all your homey's love
Now call it what you want to
You fucked wit me, now it's a must that I fuck wit you

[Break One: Dre]

Yeah, that's what the fuck I'm talkin about
We have your motherfuckin record company
surrounded
Put down the candy and let the little boy go
You knowhatl'msayin, punk motherfucker
(**We want Eazy, we want Eazy**)

[Verse Two: Snoop Doggy Dogg]

Bow wow wow yippy yo yippy yay
Doggy Dogg's in the motherfuckin house
Bow wow wow yippy yo yippy yay
Death Row's in the motherfuckin house
Bow wow wow yippy yo yippy yay
The sounds of a dog brings me to another day
Play, with my bone would ya Timmy
It seems like you're good for makin jokes about your

jimmy

But here's a jimmy joke about your mama that you
might not like

I heard she was the 'Frisco dyke

But fuck your mama, I'm talkin about you and me

Toe to toe, Tim M-U-T

Your bark was loud, but your bite wasn't vicious

And them rhymes you were kickin were quite
bootylicious

You get with Doggy Dogg oh is he crazy?

With ya mama and your daddy hollin' Bay-Bee

So won't they let you know

That if you fuck with Dre nigga you're fuckin wit Death
Row

And I ain't even slangin them thangs

I'm hollin' one-eight-seven with my dick in yo mouth,
beotch

[Break Two]

Yeah nigga, Compton and Long Beach together on this
motherfucker

So you wanna pop that shit get yo motherfuckin
crranium cracked nigga

Step on up. Now, we ain't no motherfuckin joke so
remember the name

Mighty, mighty D-R. Yeahhh, MOTHERFUCKER!

[Verse Three: Dre and Snoop]

Now understand this my nigga Dre can't be touched

Luke's bendin over, so Luke's gettin fucked, busta

Musta, thought I was sleazy

Or though I was a mark cause I used to hang with Eazy

Animosity, made ya speak but ya spoke

Ay yo Dre, whattup, check this nigga off loc

If it ain't another ho that I gots ta fuck with

Gap teeth in ya mouth so my dick's gots to fit

With my nuts on ya tonsils

While ya onstage rappin at your wack-ass concerts

And I'ma snatch your ass from the backside

To show you how Death Row pull off that whoride

Now you might not understand me

Cause I'ma rob you in Compton and blast you in Miami

Then we gon creep to South Central

On a Street Knowledge mission, as I steps in the temple

Spot him, got him, as I pulls out my strap

Got my chrome to the side of his White Sox hat

You tryin to check my homey, you better check yo self

Cause when you diss Dre you diss yourself,

MOTHERFUCKER

[Outro]
Yeah, nine-deuce
Dr. Dre, dropin chronic once again
It don't stop, Punishing punk motherfuckers real quick
like
Doggy Dogg in the motherfuckin house
Long Beach in the motherfuckin house
Compton style nigga, straight up, really doe
Breakin all you suckaz off somethin real proper like
Youknowhatl'msayin?
All these sucka ass niggaz can eat a fat dick
Yeah, Eazy-E Eazy-E Eazy-E can eat a big fat dick
Tim Dog can eat a big fat dick
Luke, can eat a fat dick
Yeah

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