

D.O.C

"Lend Me An Ear"

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A little bit better than dopest
A brand new kid in showbiz
With knowledge I persevere
But now do me a favor, lend me an ear

And we can find the rhyme to fill in space
And drop the bass with a taste of light
Lyrical perfection, see I'm equipped to um
Open your mind like a Christmas gift
It's '89, the new school is needed
Originals, see nobody can do it like we did
The D-O to the C-O, a deuce not a trio
Me-o, mi-o, spin a chump like a gyro
Hard, dangerous, suckers angle this
Cut is raw, why? Cause they can't handle this
Loot to bring, and I take a second to rock the rhythm
And stay smooth like a prism
A Portrait of a Masterpiece, It's Funky Enough
Cause Dre told me it has to be
A little stronger, to I make not a mistake
I'm too much on the hype tip, Dre break

Circle an answer, it's a multiple choice
Who's the kid with the golden voice?
A, the brother upon this song
B and C, I don't know, but that answer's wrong
Pure simplicity, it's the D-O to the C
Most incredible, unforgettable
On a mission, the man kids want to be
Like that, cause I'm one in a mil
Hype producer, creator, maker
Making it now but I'll do it for you later
In the mix Dre put his hands on
(Scratching) Now that's a hell of a song
I show and tell what should be told
And say it with conviction and proper use of diction
So that it's easy to understand
(Who can do it better?) Huh, no one can
'88 is gone, and all you big shots
Have graduated, in other words made it
So it's a new year to start a new time
You need to know what's on my mind so lend me an ear

Hold the riff, sucker, cause we don't need that
It's so don't standing and my mic don't feed back
Break, you're broke, he got up and forgot
I drop science, and put his neck in a knot
Trying to hold what can't be held
So the punk records jam, I don't give a damn
I do it in a different class, so what's up?
You wanna break? You're all the threat of a buttercup
As knowledge coming, I'm coming never sleep or slip
I fall on the serious tip
Stop and stutter trying to think, your brain is soft
Words are clogged in your throat, you're coughing on
The boss, straight from the South
Word is bond from word of mouth
So let the nation be hip to the fact that I'm the great one
Until I sung, no damage done
Peace, a dream we all dream together
Dope forever together in a nation of one
Rising and showing no fear
Yo, lend me a motherfucking ear

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