

## Tha Realest "Fuck Dre"

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f/ Lil C Style, Swoop G, Twist

[Skit/Intro]

(Fake Dr. Dre)

Hey what's up man?

(Aspiring rapper)

Ay yo Dre, I got some heat for you man.

I want you to check out this tape dogg.

Ya know what I'm sayin'?

I wanna be put on Aftermath, how can I be down man?

(Fake Dr. Dre)

Well you know how we get down over here

(Aspiring rapper)

Nah man, how y'all get down?

(Fake Dr. Dre)

Well, you know, you gotta un-ass some of that shoot

(Aspiring rapper)

What?

(Fake Dr. Dre)

Well, if you wanna fuck with Aftermath

(Aspiring rapper)

Ay man what the fuck you doing? \*belt\*

(Fake Dr. Dre)

Yo Mel Man, go get me the K-Y dogg

(Aspiring rapper)

Yeah man, but, that's how all y'all get down over there man?

\*dropping pants\*

(Fake Dr. Dre)

Yeah man go get the extasy pills man,

this one gonna be a wild one tonight

I wanna take this niggaz manhood and his music

(Fake Dr. Dre & Aspiring rapper)

Ugh, yeah, Ugh, yeah, Mel Man this shit good,

ohh, oh, you gettin some or what?

[Verse 1 - Tha Realest]

I give a fuck about this nigga named Alize

Leave the bitch ass dead in the alleyway, forever today

I'm lettin him know, these Death Row niggaz ain't gonna never play

Can you believe this nigga

screamin that he got that shit we call the chronic?

If he smoke the shit, he'll probably vomit

This bitch ain't never had bionic

Mother fucker who you taught to smoke in trees

Nigga bow down on your fuckin knees

In this life I lead

We kill for greed

Understand we ride for currency

I have to kill bitches like Eminem

Leave him dead just like the rest of them, still testin  
them

At the Source Awards, his bodyguards wasn't protectin  
him

Now you actin like and a nigga you and Snoop are tight

You wasn't there when he was fightin for his life

That shit ain't right

It was me, best believe

When I see your ass I'm takin flight

Now a nigga turned back to the old you

That bitch from the World Class Wreckin Cru

With your lipstick on and a dick in your ass (haha!)

Ha, Ha, yeah nigga you remember you (wooh!)

[Chorus - Twist] 2X

So what do you say to somebody you hate?

Leave your body full of holes, left in chalk and tape

Mother fuck Snoop and N.W.A.

Death Row could give a fuck about Dre

[Verse 2 - Swoop G]

If you bitch niggaz fuck with us

We got my niggaz in the cut

Ready to fuck you up

I got a pretty bad bitch that'll set you up

Take you to a penthouse and let you fuck

Then cut your nuts

Dr. Dre been soft from the very start  
Like when Eazy fucked his ass, he ain't had no heart  
He and Pac came out and he pulled apart  
Had everybody knewin that your ass was marked  
Fuck Nate Dogg, Eminem, and Snoop  
And all them bitch motherfuckers that ride with you  
I know they sided with you, they gonna hide with you  
Yeah, nigga, motherfuckers gonna die with you  
Be prepared to shoot  
Let the guns bust nigga at Tha Realest and Swoop  
Key to rockin Lil Style in tha Lexus Coupe  
Everything you write, nigga, is bullet-proof  
You know how Death Row do  
Chorus 2X  
[Verse 3 - Lil C Style]  
Y'all know you're just some mark ass  
Hooked down, bitch ass niggaz who ain't gonna blast  
When I see y'all niggaz aloud  
Can't none of y'all niggaz move my ass  
I'm Lil C Style in the Lexus Coupe  
High off weed and lots of loot  
Ain't no tellin what I'm gonna do  
When I catch that scary ass nigga Snoop  
Might blast you, harass your boo  
Cause a nigga gettin way more cash than you

Throwin up 1-9 while I'm passin you  
Got all these mother fuckers askin you  
Why Swoop and Lil Style keep smashin you?  
Got all these new niggaz dissin you  
Cause you a bitch-ass, punk-ass  
Scary ass nigga who ain't gonna blast  
I just might roll up and puff your ass  
Then smoke weed with your cousin Daz  
Tell him my nigga just blast your ass  
Young Swoop ain't gotta hit a nigga with no glass  
Cause keenin' rock puttin niggaz on they ass  
And Death Row niggaz will always mash  
Clock the cash, glock the mask  
And if you run up, I'll sock your ass  
Chorus 2X

[Verse 4 - Twist]

I'll always be Twist  
Alivay my guess  
At dispense  
So blood I split  
Like wrists and so slick  
It's Twist, 2, GDS  
Sick attributes  
And attitudes like I have to shoot  
With the heat that Slim Shady  
Had him fuckin his kid's baby

And mouth full of M-80's  
Bring him through the last circle  
Leave his ass hurtin  
And his cap lurkin  
Man, I can work you  
Stay away from the name rest, Eminem  
Cause I'm aimin for the embelin  
And I could give a fuck about Dre and Snoop  
Only mad cause the game was rapin you  
Doin 4 minus too much  
Get your groove crushed  
It's true lust  
That could make a prostitute blush  
Fuck what you heard like a dick in your ear  
Nigga beggin to disappear move Swoop from the rear  
I'm mack cappin that world class cat  
Until you drop dead  
And Dre stay gay cause 'Pac said  
And this Twist from Chaps and The Last Circle  
If you wanna know who said it motherfucker...  
Chorus 2X  
[The Realest]  
\*\*  
[Death Row nigga  
Death Row nigga

Death Row in this mother fucker

Come on] x 3 (in background)

\*\*

(talking over)

I'm poppin shit

Double R tops dropped

And the glocks cock

Bullet-Proof vests never get put to rest

Know what I mean?

For my nigga Makaveli we still ridin up in this  
motherfucker

Death Row Westside nigga

Can you niggaz see me?

The Realest aka Tenkamenin and Vigilante

The world don't understand me

The re-birth of a pitiful-ass young motherfucker

Eat a dick all day

Eat a dick all day on westside

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