

Dr.Dre

"Fame"

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featuring Group Therapy (B Real KRS One Nas RBX)

East coast *killer* West coast *killer* (repeat 8X)

Verse One: RBX

While childish MC's battle over coastal fronts
I come with no fronts and smash in monkey fronts
If you want to be evil like Knieval then jump
I guarantee your punk ass catch the speed lump
The tactics extract morbid thoughts from the mental
custom designed for instrumental
Yes indeedy, lyrical graffiti
And this one's a burner, baby
Truck, like Toyata driven
True and livin drivin with the gat
Uhh, pop the clutch, let the Cold Crush rush
Then I flush wack material
That's if I don't mash them all to mush
Hush, let me burst, dare I gush
Cock-diezel cuts
Lyrical arsenal equivalent to arsenic

East coast *killer*, West coast *killer* (repeat 4X)

Verse Two: KRS-One

Yo, why do they make me wanna ruin they career?
Before I bust your shit let's get one thing clear
Don't provoke Kris no joke this
I don't ride no rapper's nutsac yo I stay focused
Beefin without skills seekin will only weaken
The artist speakin over beats and, you be cheatin
Cacaphony of small talent rappers, claimin a coast
over instrumentals, ain't got no real street credentials
Here come the philosopher hip-hopppin ya correctly
Ignorant ass MC's continue to tempt me
Lyrics be empty like Alcatraz cellblock
Too many MC's rappin causin lyrical gridlock
Lyrical syllables interlock in my voicebox
Yet I'm still unknown like the X on Sadat

Just your typical, non-topical
Flex the optical illusion weak metaphoric style you be
usin
I check one-two's and who's in the house
Like shit your lyrics ooze out ya mouth
Whattyou think this is? KRS-One from the Bronx kid!

East coast *killer*, West coast *killer* (repeat 8X)

Welcome to the New World Order
You are now under martial law
All constituional rights have been suspended

Verse Three: B-Real

The most scandalous, cut the bad apple, we can
handle this
Coast trippin goin on through out the business
East Coast West Coast anybody killer!
I don't give a fuck where you from I'ma Killa Hill-er
I got crews on both sides together
Deeper than the ocean and down for whatever
Fool I can roll through any block
from Central to Westland Avenue, without my glock
But some niggaz can't survive on both sides
So they try and break off, eliminate ties
Fools got to get wise, better realize
True, enemy lies killin in the highrise
office, analyzing the song
Look at them red niggaz, don't even get along
Kill that noise, four niggaz bringin the skill
Mad caps get peeled if you oppose the Hill

Yeah that's right fool, you know who, the mighty Group
Therapy
The mighty mighty Aftermath brigade, letting all you
sound boys know
You're not ready to rumble or test this
Kill that noise!

East coast *killer*, West coast *killer* (repeat 8X)

Verse Four: Nas

Now when I bomb like Sadaam, the world feels The
Wrath of Khan
Desert Storm in this modern day Babylon
I be the twelve disciples strap arms
All black on running your spot hit the safe and I'm gone
Like a thief wrong, I keep the long 38 warm
Silent and calm, and blackout when the beef is on

Focus on your rap holsters, notice
I'm evil like the Exorcist to the locusts
Ferocious thoughts, are mergin at night
Like Jehovah towards the virgin in white
I'm wrapped in a turban for spite
Like a Israelite snatchin hoes up, my flow's up
When the fuckin world blows up throw your hands up
It's a holdup, frontin like you down for the real
to make a meal, but when plan fold, nigga you squeal
like Heavy Heel, but what's the fuckin deal?

East coast *killer* West coast *killer* (repeat 16X)

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