

Dr. Dre F/ Hittman

"Get With Da Wickedness"

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From the end to the intro meaning the beginning, so
I got the microphone one-two one-two here I go again
Ready, to do damage, but just a little bit, slower
To let you know Rage is that lyrical flow blower
I'm smooth and creamy, milky silky steamy
Eyes get wet and dreamy everytime a brother see me
(cause why?)
Cause they can't understand the gift of tongues
That left em standin still and dumb
in the dust, dare I bust, what I must, and I must son
Continue to crush those that rushed, played dumb, and
got done
Yeah you played the high stakes and got baked
Tried to be icing and wound up cake, translate
meaning I broke em down to the least common
denominator
Not afraid of a sucker cause I drop em like a hot potato
? later, if you still be or wanna be a instigator
Daz cross the fader (why) cause no one is greater

I be that chick with the hits and I'm hittin it
I be that chick with the lyrics and I'm spittin it
(c'mon now)
Microphones, I'm definitely rippin it
So come come, come again, get with da wickedness

Now it's like bang to the boogie, I'm one tough cookie
(betcha what?)
Betcha bite a clit loaded wit lyrical arsenic
as I hit wit my spitfire bullets
wit licks from my tongue, so watch me pull it (uhhh!)
Take it to the hilt, I'm thick like quilt (yeah)
Raw like silk, uh-huh, or creamy like milk, ok now
Let me break it down to the slab
Silly rabbit, you can't get with da wickedness (why?)
You gots to have true grit, and feel it
from the gut, to the cut, move that butt, cause I'm
rippin shit up
Make em fall a victim to my def flow
Lyrical murderer, that's why I'm on Death Row
Lethal injection couldn't, fade me

So, Suge and Dr. Dre scooped me up and paid me
Now I'm, hah, rockin ruff and stuff with my Afro Puffs
Hah, blowin em away like the Big Bad Wolf-a
Huffin, puffin, blowin, no bluffin
When it comes to the Rage I ain't nothin nice (uhh!)
on stage or mics, lights, camera
Even Jeru calls me the Damaja!

Chorus

Now you're questioning the thought of gettin with me
I tell ya, ya pumpin that ass up for failure (why?)
I nail you to a cross (huh) hang you out to dry
Me nah worry bout dem ting dere, cause me nah gon
die, or fall
Slaughter by the daughter of God
That makes me a Goddess, the one who rocks the
hardest
Uhh uhh, definitely show and prove
Lyrics hit like left jabs as, I stick and move
so what? Back it on up like reversal
Or get broke down with flows I run like Herschel, cause
ahh
frankly my dear I don't give a damn
It's been a long time comin, and since I'm comin I'ma
slam
harder than your hardest (uh-huh), cause all that shit is
garbage
Now if you want the real deal, then step into my office
Cell block H, hold up wait, think twice
Cause if you don't it ain't gon be nuttin nice
Cause I, ain't nuttin nice turnin men to mice
Women are like, fallin all over me like I'm some type of
dyke
but uh-uh, you can take that bull and can miss me
Because when it comes to sex I'm strictly dicky
They pick me quickly (like what) like eenie meenie
I eat MC's like Marie Calendar's creamy tortellini
Now who, who be the baddest, who be the roughest
(who be)
The toughest, Afro Puffs when I bust this

Chorus 2X

I be that chick, get with da wickedness (2X)
I be that bitch chick that be spittin shit
So come come come again come come get with da
wickedness
Uhh! Get with da wickedness
Come come come again get with da wickedness
I be spittin it, microphones I'm rippin it

Get with da wickedness, hah

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