

## **Dr. Dre F/ Snoop Dogg**

### **"Blase Blah"**

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Ursula, where you at?  
Aiyyo Dan, where you at?  
Yo, nobody in here but me and Taj  
July 23rd, watch me do it

Now.. I flips like a stack of flapjacks from IHOP, when I  
rock  
If a foe tries to flow, I cast the glow like I was Tim-ex  
Ease through MC's like a breeze through the trees  
He who disagrees please, hit the knees complain to  
deez  
Well, you know the rest but might not know Kwest,  
pleased to meet you  
If I defeat you at least you been beaten by the best  
Yo.. dammmm SKIP I be riding my own dick  
Those with that fly shit up in they head, get domes  
swollen quick  
Competition best pray for repentance, can't mention  
my name  
without one of these words in a sentence:  
Fat, Live, Lovely, Butter -- Bad Nice  
Nasty Wicked Raw yeah there's a lot of others  
Don't really know where my flow comes from yo, I just  
think  
Open my mouth and mmmmmm there it goes  
On the real to get with this you must be fast  
If your rhyme don't shine like mine, I get some bread  
for your dusty ass  
You better exit cause boy it gets hectic and I start to  
flex kid  
And wipe a big fat booger on your best shit  
I mean, how can you be expected to step up and wreck  
shit  
when the track was fat, but your raps is anorexic?  
Word to my momma bring drama and get trauma I'm a  
heavy bomber  
when I get a little bit of hit of marijuana  
Quick to let the gun smoke, no joke so don't provoke  
Ask Gimmy how the slimmy be, cause Gimmy got his  
neck broke  
Takin props non stops is how I operate, Hobbes

My words stick witcha and fuck witcha like some transit  
cops  
So I suggest you find God or somethin, cause like  
Whitney Houston said  
"You have nothing, nothing, nothing for me!"  
I kept it clean but it coulda got gory  
You bore me there's the door G period end of story  
Ooh, I like that.. now let's see what else we can get into

Now umm, A is for Apple, J is for Jacks  
but I got more flavor than that shit so go get your  
money back  
The skinny nigga's on the lam, so hold your daughter  
ma'am I WHAM!  
I slice that ass so fast you'd think it was a Christmas  
ham  
Shit gets flam when I start to rip shop, too large to drip-  
drop  
So I pour, the more, hundred proof, type umm, hip-hop  
Cute like a baby monkey lyrics got to be funky  
Long and lanky kinky never stinky don't wanna get  
chunky  
Pump me when I get out, cause without a di-doubt  
You think I'm a maniac mobster the way I put hit after  
hit out  
My A&R man tries to sham, he'll get his heart bit out  
The company must have been constipated..  
..cause it took em a long time to get my shit out!  
But now that my product's on the market, it's time  
for a new flame to spark it, and my target  
is your ear, I wanna bust lyrical nuts on your drum  
And I'll be comin on your brain cells when I come  
Word up, sometimes I swear to GOD I think I'm a nut  
The type to walk into a room full of diesel niggaz and  
scream "WHAT??!!!"  
Smoke a L, drink a Stout, then flip the fuck out  
Runnin up on homeless people askin, "Who's in the  
house?"  
Slick like Olive Oyl so tell Popeye to go up on the pu-tay  
I can get peppy or sleepy but not wimpy like Bluto  
I get scrappy with a script flipped here, a script flipped  
there  
Here a script, there a script  
til you be like, "That kid's the shit!"  
I know where my hoes goes when the hoes clothes  
goes off  
Go to a show and show my flow off for dough but never  
flow a doze-off  
Oh, wanna hear some shit that's funny? I'm SO skinny  
that if I sent my picture to Somalia, they'd send me  
money

Hula-hoop with a Cheerio and I can probably dodge  
raindrops  
If I had dreads I could be a mop, okay enough brain  
STOP  
Wear my jeans droopy cause I'm not lacking in the  
Snoopy  
Never had a hooptie already got a group of groupies  
Either catch me girl hawkin, shoppin party stalkin  
or on the phone talkin, or checkin the latest raps on my  
Walkman  
Slide up in the clubs with BUTTER shit on  
See how many hookers I can hit on  
If there's a mic I'm like, "Can I get on?"  
Finessin with no type of stressin, peeps be requestin  
Kwest  
in every session but I gotta ask a few questions  
before I get in, or I Jet-son, hey yo George  
How's the spot, is it hot, is it well done, is it raw?  
What's the four one one on hotties? Do they got  
bodies?  
Someone gettin bizem with ism or smoke is there Coke  
and Bacardi?  
Is security loose like a hoe or tighter than a virgin?  
Can I risk bringin a biscuit or can my shorty get hers in?  
Yo that's how it runs it's all about gettin loot, gun, hons  
and fun  
from down sun to up sun  
Can't forget the lyrics cause that's my bread and  
butter, I make bread  
when I'm butter and wicked like a muhhhhhhhhfucka!  
The nucca's top choice, even though I got tight-drop  
voice  
Rhymes tasty like Duncan-Hines, I puts lots of funk in  
mines  
No real reason for this rhyme, but then again it is a  
rhyme  
without reason, big up to Southside and Riker's Isle,  
guess I'll be breezin

That's how it goes, July 23rd  
I flip shit and remember alla that was off the top of the  
domepiece kid  
Big shout out to everybody from Southside, 105, 106,  
Liberty, Suston?  
Baisley? and all that, and I'm up out this piece  
Representin kid, representin

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