

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

### **"Disk and Dat"**

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Now 'earrrr dis!

Your man Kwest comin from Southside Queens

Gettin ready to hit you in the ear with a lil bit of FLA-VOR

Seen? (??)

[Chorus]

Me say, disk and dat, disk and dat

And Mr. Engineer make sure me track comes out fat

Me say, disk and dat, disk and dat

And Mr. Engineer make sure me track comes out fat

[Kwest]

Now this is on the reel to reel - or if you prefer the ADAT

You don't get what I say black? Hit rewind, then  
playback

I work mega-swiftly with an S-950

Or MPC-60, so when it's fat ideas hit me

Don't fuck with beat product', head got a built in four  
track

Use sixteen, or twenty-four tracks if I need more tracks

Run in the vocal booth and close the door so it's  
soundproof

Freein my lyrics in one take if mistakes are found POOF

They're gone with the push of a button on the board

Done by Eric Sarafin, the (?) board overlord

Slap them headphones on, raise mic levels and I'm  
gone

Won't stop spittin my shit until the monitors are blown  
(BOOM!)

Lay my verses out with punch-ins, if we hungry order  
lunch in

Take a few EQ levels and muse, while we be munchin

Make the bass smack the face while the drums kick  
your chest in

Bring the (?) here for the session

Just in case I get a urge to splurge on effects and  
reverb

Once that cue system shit hit them ears your brain's  
gonna curve

Drop the mister two inch, half inch for any edits

Radio won't play me with all that cursin but I don't sweat

it

Cause the FCC, won't mess with me  
In place of all my curses I got reverse and BLEEPs  
Make myself a cassette, to hoop in my jeep deck  
Grab the disk then dat, give my crew dap, then I jet

[Chorus]

[Kwest]

I mix my batter bigger and better cause I use batter  
butter  
But if (?) batter be bigger and butter ain't in your  
matter brother  
I better batter butter, not that batter butter that's bitter  
So your batter be better not bitter, and mad fatter  
nigga  
Not many can hit what this brother pitch  
Like a fly I'm on dis shit, dat shit, next shit, some other  
shit  
With no type of excuse I gets very loose  
And have you bounce around to my sound, like you  
drank Gummy Baby juice  
Filthy or milky I should live in a cow's udder  
If a nigga bit my script, he'd get a mouth full of butter  
Hit the spot like an ice cold Coke and what I spoke  
choked folks and left them (?), "That nigga dope!"  
I like the indo, I like the Timbos, I like them bimbos  
I like stealin your shit late at night, so lock the windows  
Whether nigga or spic I stick and think hawk quick  
Watch your chick or I may be leavin her house with a  
sore-ass dick  
Got a +Soul+ full of +Mischievous+, I'm +Casual+ when I  
rip it  
More specific, +The Homosapien's+ funky and  
+Hieroglyphic+  
That means the writing's on the wall  
Y'all who thought I would be Niagara and fall  
Play ball caddy - GET THE BALLS!  
Still, those who wanna act ill and test the skills  
(LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING!) Like Fire Marshall Bill  
Don't think someone this slick comes from Sutton or  
Van Wyck?  
You can suck mine, my dog, my brother, and all my  
man dick!  
I can't flow no more I'm wack (naw that shit's fat)  
Aight, end the track, bring back in the chorus chat

[Chorus]

[New Chorus]

Me say, disk and dat, disk and dat

And Mr. Engineer make sure me track comes out fat  
Me say, disk and dat, disk and dat  
And Mr. Engineer you did your job, that's a wrap!

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