

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

### **"What's the Reaction"**

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"Hands got to clappin, the fingers got to snappin" ->  
PMD  
(repeat)

"Back and forth, forth and back" -> repeats in  
background under PMD

{\*Kwest starts after 19 seconds\*}

Now picture this if you will, a club on a Friday night,  
mood is chill  
Everyone in the joint is on point, ain't bout dressin to kill  
Jeans kicks boots and mega pairs of jean suits  
Shit is real, nobody tryin to act as if they too cute  
The DJ's catchin wreck, with the 1200 Tech's  
Usin skills on the wheels to create a new form of sex  
Catchin groove after groove, blendin the rough with the  
smooth  
Makin mixes so potent you got no choice but to move  
The ears stink with that good funk, of freshly burned  
skunk  
Blunts are passed in abundance, ain't no need to get  
drunk  
Niggaz ain't trippin, just out on the dancefloor rippin  
Divin and dippin as hons run to see how brothers be  
flippin  
A little scrap breaks out, but pretty soon that's dead  
And for once folks are happy hands were thrown  
instead of lead  
The line outside is about three blocks long and gone  
Security makin sure, only the right type get to go in  
Then all of a sudden, that old BOMB shit comes on  
Inside and outside, everybody and they moms mind is  
gone  
The DJ booth gets rushed, ooh that shit is too bad dad  
Whose rhymin on this record? He says, "Kwest Tha  
Madd Lad"  
The brothers go "Ahh-IGHT!" Cuties scream "Bay-bay!"  
Asked the DJ for a copy he said "May-bay!"  
I make my joints for me and you, I want mutual  
satisfaction

So when a Madd Lad piece comes on, what's the reaction?

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Now the sun is fallin, night is callin, but we all in a daze  
Mind filled with purple haze from the blunt we just  
blazed

Lines about eight deep, eat sleep and dream lyrics  
If you got no flip in your script, we ain't tryin to hear it  
The cypher's crazy tight, like an undersexed stunt  
If you got skills then don't fake funk, step up front  
Whether East or West coast set it with your best flow  
which lets those who wreck know if you're in or should  
get ghost

I play the scene in the background, watchin those who  
got the knack  
count spot, while those who ain't so hot back down  
A kid with his folks who thinks he got jokes tries to diss  
me  
But when I spoke, made smoke and he was history

{\*beat changes, mic echoes\*}  
Now ain't no need to beat around the bush punk so I'll  
be blunt  
If you had, bigger lips, you'd look just like a cunt  
I rip flows and flip shows to whip foes, and make 'em  
tiptoe away  
But hey, you don't hear me though, so ask your girl  
after the show  
Someone lied if he told you in a battle I'd be wack  
Dionne Warwick and the WHOLE Psychic Network  
couldn't see that  
So unk-fay what you eard-hay, that's word to ig-Bird-  
bay  
Rap in ig-pay atin-lay still kickin herbals, to the herb  
gate  
Niggaz run up, hopin they can, come up and smoke  
Man I leave 'em done up and broken from Ho-boken to  
Oakland  
Some one told YOU wrong when they said I was right  
for waxin  
Then backspin, look at the crowd and what's the  
reaction?  
{\*cheering\*}

"Hands got to clappin, the fingers got to snappin" ->

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{\*DJ scratches "ohh yeahh!" to the end\*}

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