

Dre Dr

"Keep Their Heads Ringing"

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Spoken intro:

Yeah, whattup, this is Dr. Dre

The party's goin on

Thank God it's Friday

["Buck buck buck buck booyaka shan!" - KRS One" rpt
4X]

Chorus:

Keep their headz ringin (ding ding dong, ring-gading
ding ding dong)

repeat 2X

Hey you, sittin over there

Say what?

You better get up out of your chair

That's right

And work your body down

Yeahhh...

No time to funk around, cause we gon....

Funk, you, right on up

So get up, get a move on, and get your groove on

It's the D-R-E the spectacular

In a party I go for your neck so call me Blackula

As I drain a nigga's jugular vein

and maintain to leave blood stains so don't complain

Just chill, listen to the beats I spill

Keepin it real, enables me to make another meal

Still, niggaz run up and try to kill at will

But get popped like a pimple, so call me Clearasil

I wipe niggaz off the face of the Earth since birth

I been a bad nigga, now let me tell you what I'm worth

More than a Stealth bomber, I cause drama

The enforcer, music flows like a flying saucer

Or a 747 jet, never forget

I'm that nigga that keeps the hoes' panties wet

The mic gets smoked, once you hear the beat kick

With grooves so funky, they come with a Speed Stick

So check the flavor that I'm bringin

The motherfuckin D-R-E, will keep their

motherfuckin headz ringin

Chorus

One-two for the crew, three-fo' for the dough

Five for the hoe, six-seven-eight for Death Row

Mad niggaz about to feel the full effect of intellect

So I can collect respect, plus a check

Now I fin' to, get into to, my mental will take care of this
business I need

to attend to cuz my rent's due

And this rap shit's my meal ticket

So you goddamn right I'm gonna kick it, or get evicted

I bring terror like Stephen King

A black Casanova, runnin niggaz over like Christine

When I rock the spot with the flavor I got

I kick plenty of ass, so call me an astronaut

As I blast past another nigga's ass that thought he was strong

But I smoke him like grass, just like Cheech and Chong

When I flow, niggaz know, it's time to take a hike

Cause I grab the mic and flip my tongue like a dyke

I got rhymes to keep you enchanted

Produce a smokescreen with the funky green to keep your eyes slanted

So check the flavor that I'm bringin

The motherfuckin D-R-E, will keep their motherfuckin headz ringin

Chorus

Debonair with flair, I scare wear and tear

without a care, runnin shit as if I was a mayor

But I ain't no politician, no competition

Sendin all opposition to see a mortician

I'm up front, never in the back drop

Step on stage and get faded just like a flat top

Your rhyme sounds like you bought em at Stop N Go

Dre came to wax you so, just call me Mop N Glow

Many tried to, but just can't rock with

I'm 6-1, 225, a pure chocolate

Your chances of jackin me are slim, G

Cause I rock from summer til Santa comes down the chimney

Ho ho ho, and so, as I continue to flow

Cause yo, I'm just a fly negro

So, check the flavor that I'm bringin'

The motherfuckin D-R-E will keep their motherfuckin headz ringin.

Chorus

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