

Dre Dr

"Nigga Witta Gun"

Visit "[Nigga Witta Gun](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Chorus:

Who is the man with the masterplan?

A Nigga Witta muthafuckin' Gun!

[Dr. Dre]

44 reasons come to mind

Why you muthafuckin' brothas hard to find.

He be walkin' on the streets and fuckin' with mine.

Stupid punk can't fuck with a mastermind.

See I never take a step on a Compton block

Or LA without the AK ready to pop.

'Cause them punk muthafuckas in black and white

Ain't the only muthafuckas I gots to fight.

I think it's better to retellin' the facts than cuffed up

And jacked and fucked up.

What you niggas lookin at? You do in...

Goddamn, 'cause it's the city.

And for a youth to survive a nigga gotta be a gangster.

And I'm a nigga you can't remove.

Took out a lot of muthafuckas for tryin' to prove

To their homies they can hang by dealin' with me.

But once again in the end they D-E-A-D.

I never did time on a murder yet.

'Cause I relax and back do a job and jet.

Yo, I know you understand my flow,

So here we go when Death Row

Come. Let a motherfucker know...

(Chorus: 2x)

[Dr. Dre]

D-R-E! A motherfucker who's known for carryin' gats

And kick raps that make snaps.

Adapts to anything violent that I'm located at.

If you see me on the solo moves believe that I'm
strapped.

44, .38 or AK 47.

'Cause Mo' live with Charlie Sheen.

You want a stairway to heaven?

Just put my finger on the trigger and pull back

And lay a punk motherfucker flat.

As he wonder what popped before he got popped,

I told you I was Dre and you know it don't stop.

Now I know you understand my flow,

So here we go when Death Row

Come. Let a motherfucker know...

(Chorus: 4x)

[Dr. Dre]

I break some off. I break some off.

Yeah, I break some off. I break some off.

Yeah, I break some off.

But I ain't speakin' about between the thighs.

I'm talkin' about cockin' a guage in between your eyes.

That'll make you drop to your knees, 'cause you realise

That a gat will make any nigga civilised.

Old buster ass nigga talkin' bullshit.

Don't know that I'm the wrong nigga to fuck with.

Get lit or hit up by the doctor.

A nigga to break some off properly.

Real G.

So don't doubt it.

I'm the one who's doin' it

While these other niggas talk about it.

And if mutherfuckers come at me wrong

I straight put my 44 Desert Eagle to his muthafuckin' dome.

And show him why they call me the notorious one.

The name is Dre, E's ward when I'm packin' a gun.

You don't believe me, wants to pop and give it a try.

And if you die you's a buster 'cause real niggas don't die.

But some still don't hear me though.

You're too ninny not to hear me, yo.

So now you know...

(Chorus: 4x

