

## **Dre Dr**

### **"Nuthin But A G Thang Explicit Version"**

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One, two, three and to the fo'

Snoop Doggy Dogg and Dr. Dre is at the do'

Ready to make an entrance, so back on up

[Cause you know we're bout to rip shit up]

Gimme the microphone first, so I can bust like a bubble

Compton and Long Beach together, now you know you  
in trouble

'Cause ain't nothin' but a G thang, baaaaabay!

Two loced out niggass so we're craaaaazay!

Death Row is the label that paaaaays me!

Unfadable, so please don't try to fade this [Hell yeah]

But, uh, back to the lecture at hand

Perfection is perfected, so I'm a land 'em, understand?

From a young G's perspective

And before me dig out a bitch I have ta' find a  
contraceptive

You never know she could be earnin' her man,

Learnin' her man, and at the same time burnin' her  
man

Now you know I ain't with that shit, lieutenant

'Cause ain't no pussy good enough to get burned while  
I'm up in it [Yeah]

Now that's realer than real-deal Holyfield

And now all you hookas and ho's know how I feel  
Well if it's good enough to give 'em all a proper chunk  
I'll take a small piece of some of that funky stuff

[Chorus 1]

It's like this and like that and like this and uh

It's like that and like this and like that and uh

It's like this and like that and like this and uh

Dre., creep to the mic like a phantom

Well I'm peepin', and I'm creepin', and I'm creep-in'

But I damn near got capped, 'cause my beeper kept  
beepin'

Now it's time for me to make my impression felt

So sit back, relax, and strap on your seatbelt

You never been on a ride like this befo'

With a producer who can rap and control the maestro

At the same time with the dope rhyme that I kick

You know, and I know, I funks up on funky shit[yeah]

To add to my collection, the selection

Symbolizes dope, take a toke but don't choke

If ya' do, ya' have no clue

O' what me and my homey Snoop Dogg came to do

[Chorus 2]

It's like this and like that and like this and uh

It's like that and like this and like that and uh

It's like this, and who gives a fuck about those?

So jus' chill, 'til the next episode

[Tha' mix]

Fallin' back on that ass with a hellified gangsta' lean

Gettin' funky on the mic like a' old batch o' collard greens

It's the capital S, oh yes, the fresh N double O P

D O double G Y D O double G ya' see

Showin' much flex when it's time to wreck a mic

Pimpin' ho's and clockin' a grip like my name was Dolomite

Yeah, and it don't quit

I think they in a mood for some mothafuckin G shit  
[Hell yeah]

So Dre. [What up Dogg?]

We gotta give 'em what dey want [What's that, G?]

We gotta break 'em off somethin' [Hell yeah]

And it's gotta be bumpin' [City of Compton!]

It's where it takes place, so I'm a ask your attention

Mobbin' like a muvfucka but I ain't lynchin

Droppin' the funky shit that's makin' the suckas niggas mumble

When I'm on the mic, it's like a cookie, they all crumble

Try to get close, and ya ass'll get smacked

My mothafuckin homey Snoop Doggy Dogg has got my back

Never let me slip, 'cause if I slip, then I'm slippin'

But if I got my Nina, then you know I'm straight trippin'

And I'm a continue to put the rap down, put the mac down

And if your bitches talk shit, I have ta' put the smack  
down

Yeah, and ya' don't stop

I told you I'm just like a clock when I tick and I tock

But I'm never off, always on 'til the break of dawn

C O M P T O N, and the city they call Long Beach

Puttin' the shit together

Like my nigga D.O.C., no one can do it better

[Chorus 3]

Like this, that and this and uh

It's like that and like this and like that and uh

It's like this, and who gives a fuck about those?

So jus' chill, 'til the next episode

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Patrick Lewis

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