

**Dre Dr****"Stranded On Death Row featuring Kurupt Lady Of R"**

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Intro: Bushwick Bill

Yes, it is I says me

And although me

By morning three, cause they're weak

\*laughter\*

Yes, yo!, I'm in the house now for sure

Because I wanna talk about the hearts of men

Who knows what evil lurks within them

But lets take a travel down the blindside

And see what we find on this...

Path...

Called...

Verse One: Kurupt

Stranded on Death Row, so duck when I swing my shit

I get rugged like Rawhead Rex with fat tracks that fits

The gangsta type, what I recite's kinda lethal

Niggaz know, the flow that I kick, there's no refill

I'm murderin niggaz, Yo, and maybe because of the  
tone

I kicks my grip, the mic and kick shit

Niggaz can't fuck with

So remember I go hardcore, and slam

Nuff respect like a sensei, ba-bash like Van Damme

So any nigga that claim they bossin

What don't you bring your ass on over to Crenshaw and  
Slauson

Take a walk through the hood, and we up to no good

Slangin on things like a real ho

G should, I'm stackin and mackin and packin a ten so

When you're slippin, I slip the clip in

But ain't no steady tripppin

Cause it's Death Row, rollin like the mafia

Think about whoopin some ass, but what the fuck  
stoppin ya

Ain't nathin but a buster

I'm Stranded on Death Row for pumpin slugs in  
motherfuckers

Now you know you're outdone

Feel the shotgun, Korrupt inmate cell block one

Verse Two: RBX

No prevention from this mention of sorts

Your're a victim, from my driveby of thoughts

No extensions, all attempts are to fail

Blinded by the light, it's time you learn braile

From the lunatic, I death like arsenic

When I kick up wicked raps

That the grain will hit the scratch

With treachery, my literary form will blast

And totally surpass the norm  
Not a storm, plural, make it, many storms  
When I'm vexed, I fly leg necks and arms  
In this dimension, I'm the presenter  
And the inventor, and the tormentor  
Deranged, like the hillside strangler  
MC mangler, tough like Wrangler  
I write a rhyme, hard as concrete  
Step to the heat and get burned like mesquite  
So what you wanna do  
The narrator RBX, cell block two  
Verse Three: Lady of Rage  
Rage, lyrical murderer  
Stranded on Death Row  
And now I'm servin a lifetime sentence  
There'll be no repentence  
Since it's the life that I choose to lead  
I plead guilty  
On all counts let the ball bounce where it may  
It's just another clip into my AK  
Buck em down with my underground tactics  
Facts and stacks of clips on my mattress  
Bed frame there's another dead pain  
Layin lain with the shame, who's to blame  
Me, the lady of Rage  
On when I'm comin from the D-E-A-T-H in

R-O-W takin, no shit

So flip and you're bound to get dropped

It's 187 on motherfuckers don't stop

Handcuffed as I bust there'll be no debate

It's Rage, from cell block eight

Verse Four: Snoop Doggy Dogg

And yo steppin through the fog

And creepin through the smog

It's the number one nigga from the hood, Doggy Dogg

Makin videos, now I stay in Hollywood

Bustin raps for my snaps now they call me Eastwood

Dre is the doctor and my homey little nigga

Warren G is my hand and my hand's on the trigga

Shootin at the hoes with the game that I got

Sent to death row cause I wanted to make a quick one  
servin my rocks

And I'm still, servin for mines, peace

To my motherfuckin homies doin time

In the pen and the county jail

Mobbin with your blues on, mad as hell

And you say yeah fuck the police

And all the homies on the streets is all about peace

And it's drivin the cops crazy

But ain't nuttin but a black thing bay-bee, uh-hh

No I'm not flaggin, but I'm just saggin

I betcha don't wanna see the D-O double G

And you can't see, the D-R to the E  
Or my motherfuckin homey D.O.C.  
You know you can't fuck with my motherfuckin DJ  
That's my homey and we call him Warren G  
Yeah, and you don't stop  
Doggy Dogg break em down with the motherfuckin  
Dogg Pound  
That's the only way we'll beat em man  
We gotta smoke em, then choke em  
Like the motherfuckin peter man  
It's like three and to the two  
And two and to the one  
Cell block four peace Doggy Dogg's done  
Outtro : Bushwick Bill  
Yo, now you know the path I'm on  
You think you're strong, see if you can travel on  
Cause only the weak, will try to speak  
Those who are quiet, will always cause riots  
There's three types of people in the world  
Those who don't know what happened  
Those who wonder what happened  
And people like us from the streets that MAKE things  
happen

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