

Dre Dr

"Wit Dre Day Explicit"

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Album: The Chronic

[Fuck] Wit Dre Day

[Intro...]

[Dr.Dre]

Yeah.

Hell yeah

Know what I'm saying

Hell yeah

[main song]

[Dr.Dre]

Mr. Buster,

Where the fuck you at?

Can't scrap a lick,

So I know you got your gatt!

Your dick on "hard"

>From fucking your own dogs:

The Hoods you threw up with.

Niggaz you grew up with

Don't even respect your ass.

That why its time for the doctor

To check your ass, Nigga.

Used to be my hommie;

Used to be my ace.

Now I want to slap the taste out-cha mouth.

Make you bow-down to the Row!

Fucking me? Naaah,

Fucking you little ho!

Oh, don't think I forgot...

Let you slide...

Let me ride...

Just another homicide!

Yeah, it's me, so I'm'a talk on;

Stompin' on the EZ-est streets that you can walk on!

So strap on your Compton hat,

Your locs, and watch your back,

Cause you might get smoked loc.

And pass the Bud.

It's stay low-key

B.G.

Cause you lost all your hommies love.

(A)nd call it what you want to --

You fucked with me;

Now it's a must that I fuck with you.

[side out 1]

Yeah,

That's the fuck that I'm talking about.

We have your mother-fuckin' record company
surrounded.

Put down the candy and let the little boy go.

You know what I'm saying!

Punk mother-fucker.

[Snoop Dogg]

Bow wow wow yippee yo yippee yeah,

Dogggy Dogg's in the mother-fuckin' house.

Bow wow wow yippee yo yippee yeah.

Death Row's in the mother-fuckin' house.

Bow wow wow yippee yo yippee yeah.

The sounds of a dog brings me to another day.

Play with my bone would you Timmy!?!

It seems like you're good

for making jokes about your Jimmy.

Well here's a Jimmy joke about your momma

That you might not like;

I heard she was a Frisco Dike!

But fuck your momma.

I'm talking about you and me--

Toe to toe

Tim M_U_T

Your bark was loud,

But your bite wasn't vicious.

And them rhymes your were kicking

Were quite booty-licious.

You get with Doggy Dogg--

"Oh is he crazy"

With your mamma and your daddy hollerin',

"Baby".

So what that let you know?

That if you fuck with Dre, Nigga,

You fuckin' with Death Row!

And I ain't even swingin' them things.

I'm hollerin' "1-8-7"

With my dick in your mouth, Bitch!

[side-out 2]

[Dre]

Yeah Nigga,

Compton and Long Beach

Together on this mother-fucker.

So you wanna pop that shit,

Get your mother-fuckin' cranium cracked, Nigga,

Step on up!

Now, we ain't no mother-fuckin' joke,

So remember the name

Mighty, Mighty DR!

Yeah, mother-fucker.

[Snoop]

[Dre.]

Now understand this, my Nigga Dre can't be touched.

Luke's bendin' over...

So Luke's gettin' fucked, Buster!

Musta thought I sleezy.

I thought I was a mark

Cause I used to hang with EZ. {EaZy-E}

Animosity made you speak what you spoke.

Yeah.

Hey yo Dre.

What up!

Trip this Nigga off loc!

If it ain't another ho

That I gotta fuck with;

Gap'd teeth in your mouth

So my dick's got to fit!

With my nuts on your tonsles,

While you on stage rappin'

At your wack-ass concert.

And I'ma snatch your ass from the back side,

To show you how Death Row('ll)

Pull off that Hoo-ride.

Now you might not understand me

'Cause I'ma rob you in Compton

And blast you with Miami.

Then we gon(na) creep to South Central

On a street-knowledge mission?

As I steps in the temple.

Spot him!

Got him!

As I pulls out my strap.

Got my chrome to the side of his white-sox hat!

You try'na check my hommie--

You bes' check yourself!

Cause when you diss Dre,

You diss yourself!

Mother-fucker

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