

The D.O.C. "The Grand Finale"

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(Dr. Dre)

Check this out, we've come to the last and final record
This is Dr. Dre in full effect and we gonna kick it off a
little somethis like
this
We got my mella yella boy on the drums, We got Stan
"the Guitar Man"
dropping the rhythm. We got LA Dre on the keyboard
and I want the whole
posse in this muthafucka to rocl on this funky ass beat
we're gonna drop
Aight, So Ice Cube, you the early bird on this
muthafucka, run it

(Ice Cube)

Picture a nigga that's raw
Amplify his ass and what you see is what's on
Muthafuckas I slaughter, blow em out the water
Word to me, fuck the father
My melody is deadly as a pin in a handgrenade
5 seconds before you get played
You can't throw me, I guess you'll blow up
Ever see a sucker scatter, it'll make ya throw up
Then I take advantage, you can't manage
To get up, all you can do is sit up, I get lit up
Hit up, Ice Cube tearing shit up
Like a dude you can bet on
Collide like a head on
Collision, stutter steppin is an incision
Of a nigga saying exactly what I vision
Because I'm gone, you think I left you all
But I stay in yo' ass like cholesterol
When I blast some solid ass alcatraz
And if you escape, you better swim fast
'Cause I'll catch ya, physically and mentally
And the capital punishment's the penalty
Sitting in the electric chair, grab a hold
Pull the switch, yo' body twitch, your eye's explode
Out your skull 'cause being dull on a flow
Is an N-O, niggas didn't know that I can go
Off and show off to throw off the law
Turn, take 10 paces then draw

What's left is a muthafucka dead in the alley
Ice Cube is the shit on the grand finale

(Dr. Dre)

Yea, yea that was funky but we need the muthafucking
villian to speak
So kick it

(MC Ren)

The grand finale, yo, it's my turn to bust
So let weak muthafuckas turn to dust
If you're weak it ain't my fault
Just take a kick in the ass and get turn into a pillar of
salt
And niggas that's biting just to taste me
I make the punk muthafuckas buckle up for safety
And on the dope they caught from the flash
And swing like a bit when he's caught in a whiplash
Giving him pain 'cause I'm urgent
Rearrange the muthafucking face like a surgeon
It ain't no excuse for the torture delivering
Don't say that I scare you, I can tell 'cause your
shivering
Lyrics label wit an X and not a G
I say fuck the police, yo, so now they after me
I'm wanted by the law so I stay low
Representing the pimp, bitches making my dough
In a different stage, I must of went on a rampage
Me and the D.O.C. are always hitting the front page
For what, for stealing and stepping up to the sheriff
And when I enter the party, niggas shit in a ?(cell
pimp)?
For what, maybe 'cause I'm Ren
And when they clean up shit, yo, they do it again
So fuck it, sit back cool and relax
While Eazy busts the facts kicking the grande finale

(Dr. Dre)

Yea, y'all know what time it is. Easy muthafucking E is
in the house doing
damage

(Eazy E)

The name is Eazy for me to come off like the inforcer'
Mass murder muthafukas in a course of
An everyday situation where I would stalk by
Fuck the car, I do a muthafucking walk-by
Eazy-E and the D.O. to the C. and
Run house and there won't be no disagreeing
'Cause if there is some, you feeling staticy
Then I'm arrested (For what) assault and battery

Never outdone, only outdoing
Loving the bitches and the hoes boo hooing
Why 'cause they're addicted to my dick
The pleasure of pain, the wing-ding and flipped it
(Yea) and never forget when done in bed by
Eazy, the name of a Compton hard head
Cool but local like loc never broke
'Cause they're paid to be Ruthless, this is why I do this
I don't give a fuck about fame
I rather deal wit a number than a muthafucking name
(word)
Get me paid and then rap
'Cause all the other bullshit money ain't jack
Eazy but not that Eazy to deal wit
Especially if you're poppin bullshit
Put the E-A-Z-Y and to the E
Expression of thought on the muthafucking grand finale

(Dr. Dre)

Yea, that shit was funky, last but not least is the
muthafucking D.O.C.
This is your album, so that means you definitely got to
get funky, so run it

(The D.O.C.)

Swinging, singing a brand new rap
On a rhythm concocted by my homie in the back and
If it makes you giggle, it must be kinda funny
But to me it's kinda cool (Tell 'em why), I'm making
money
Tripping up the man wit the ?(swig tan)? movement
Proving if you're grooving then it cool when he be
doing it
Taking a second for me to blow your mind
'Cause I'm the diggy diggy D.O.C. and I would've been
down wit rock
But I was smart, the D.O. to the C. now on the formula
It's rough, I mean it's funky enuff for me
And you can have a listen after that and this and
D-O-N-'T M-O-V-E wit out permission
From the D.O. to the C., I'm just better than
The normal man and I'll be dumb if a sucker can
Ever compete wit the elite
Much less beat, it's like dancing wit 2 left feet
Never smile when the D.O.C. is in the room
Or I'm a send ya ass to the temple of doom
I got raw when I came to Cali
Now wit NWA on the muthafucking grand finale

(Dre)

Shout outs

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