

## **Marshall Mathers**

### **"Forgot About Dre"**

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[Dr. Dre]

Y'all know me, still the same O.G., but I been low key

Hated on by most these niggaz wit no cheese, no deals  
and no G's

No wheels and no keys, no boats no snowmobiles, and  
no ski's

Mad at me cause I can finally afford to provide my  
family wit groceries

Got a crib wit a studio and it's all full of tracks

to add to the wall full of plaques

Hangin up in the office in back of my house like  
trophies

Did y'all think I'ma let my dough freeze? Hoe please

You better bow down on both knees

Who you think taught you to smoke trees?

Who you think brought you the oldies?

Eazy-E's, Ice Cube's, and D.O.C's

The Snoop D-O-double-G's

and the group that said mother-"Fuck Tha Police"

Gave you a tape full of dope beats

to bump when you stroll through in your hood

And when your album sales wasn't doin too good

who's the Doctor they told you to go see?

Y'all better listen up closely

All you niggaz that said that I turned pop, or The Firm  
flopped

Y'all are the reason that Dre ain't been gettin no sleep

so FUCK Y'ALL, all of y'all; if y'all don't like me, BLOW  
ME!

Y'all are gonna keep fuckin around wit me

and turn me back to the old me

Chorus:

Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got somethin  
to say

but nothin comes out when they move their lips;

just a bunch of gibberish

And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre

(x2)

[Eminem]

So what do you say to somebody you hate (What?)

Or anyone tryin to bring trouble your way?

Wanna resolve things in a bloodier way? (YUP)

Then just study a tape of N.W.A.!

One day I was walkin by, wit a Walkman on, when I  
caught a guy

give me an awkward eye (What you lookin at?)

And strangled him off in the parkin lot, wit his Karl Kani

I don't give a fuck if it's dark or not

I'm harder than me tryin to park a Dodge

when I'm drunk as fuck

Right next to a humungous truck in a two-car garage  
{\*CRUNCH\*}

Hoppin out wit two broken legs, tryin to walk it off

"Fuck you too bitch, call the cops!"

I'ma kill you and them loud ass motherfuckin barkin  
dogs

And when the cops came through

me and Dre stood next to a burnt down house

Wit a can full of gas and a hand full of matches

And still weren't found out (RIGHT HERE)

From here on out it's the Chronic 2

Startin today and tomorrow's the new

And I'm still loco enough

To choke you to death wit a Charleston Chew

{\*Eminem's vocal turntable\*}

Slim shady - hotter then a set of twin babies

in a Mercedes Benz wit the windows up

when the temp goes up to the mid 80's

Callin men ladies; sorry Doc but I been crazy

There's no way that you can save me

It's okay, go with him Hailey (Da-da?)

Chorus

[Dr. Dre]

If it was up to me, you muh'fuckers would stop comin  
up to me

wit your hands out lookin up to me, like you want  
somethin free

When my last CD was out, you wasn't bumpin me

But now that I got this little company  
Everybody wanna come to me like it was some disease  
But you won't get a crumb from me  
Cause I'm from the streets of (Compton, Compton)  
I told em all - all them little gangstas  
Who you think helped mold 'em all?  
Now you wanna run around talkin bout guns like I ain't  
got none  
What you think I sold 'em all?  
Cause I stay well off  
Now all I get is hate mail all day sayin Dre fell off  
What cause I been in the lab wit a pen and a pad  
tryin to get this damn label off?  
I ain't havin that; this is the millenium of Aftermath  
It ain't gon' be nothin after that  
So give me one more platinum plaque  
and fuck rap! You can have it back  
So where's all the Madd Rappers at?  
It's like a jungle in this habitat  
But all you savage cats, know that I was strapped wit  
gats  
when you were cuddlin a Cabbage Patch  
Chorus  
Chorus 1/2 (after music ends)

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