

# Dr. Dre, Forgot About Dre (Video Version)

Dr. Dre:

Y'all know me  
Still same ol' G  
But I've been low key  
Hated on by most these {niggas} with no cheese  
No deals and no keys  
No wheels and no G's  
No boats, no snowmobiles and no skis  
Mad at me cuz I can finally afford to provide my family with groceries  
Got a crib full of studio when it's all full of tracks  
To add to the wall full of plaques  
Hangin up in the office in the back of my house like trophies  
But y'all think I'ma let my dog freeze  
{Ho} 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 and Snoop D.O. Double G's  
And the group that said {mother-Fuck} Tha Police  
Gave you a tape full of dope beats  
The bomb weed stroll through in your hood  
And when your album sales it wadn't doin to good  
Who's the doc that he told you to go see?  
Y'all better listen up closely  
All you {niggas} that said that I turned pop  
Or the firm flop  
Y'all are the reason that Dre ain't been gettin no sleep  
So {fuck} y'all  
All y'all

If y'all don't like me, {blow} me  
Y'all gon' keep {fucking} around with me  
And turn me back to the old me

Chorus: (Eminem)

Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say  
But nothing come out when they move their lips  
Just a buncha gibberish  
And {motherfuckers} act like they forgot about Dre (x2)

Eminem:

So what do you say to somebody you hate?  
Or anyone tryna bring trouble in your way  
Wanna resolve things in a {bloodier} way?  
Just study your tape of N.W.A.  
One day I was walking by with a walkman on  
When I caught a guy giving me an awkward eye  
Till I {strangled} him off in the parking lot  
With his Karl Kani  
I don't give a {fuck} if it's dark or not  
I'm harder than me tryna park a Dodge  
But I'm drunk as fuck  
Right next to a humungous truck in a two car garage

\*music stops\*

Old Woman:

Well, I know you! You are ruining my sleep and my ??  
this is a shame. I say stop do that, it's embarrassing. You  
are messing up my...

Reporter:

We are just in front of the house where a fire broke out and as  
you can see here... (My god, my god!) (She'll be alright)  
And this gentleman you seems to have upseeded all happen...  
Can you tell me your name sir?

Eminem:

Yeah, all I now is I'm upstairs, and i'm listenin to my Will Smith C.D.  
And I see all thse flames going everywhere. You no what I'm sayin.  
Hey, hold on a minute {bitch}! Yo... hold on a minute.

Detroit what! Detroit what! Detroit baby!

Reporter:

???, I'm Jane Yamamoto, back to the studio.

\*music starts\*

Eminem:

And when the cops came through me and Dre stood next to a burnt down house

With a {can full of gas} and a {hand full of matches}

And still no one found out (right here)

So from here on out it's the Cronic 2

Starting today, and tomorrows the new

But I'm still loco and nuts to choke you to {death} with a Charleston chew

\*chikichikichiki\*

Slim Shady

Hotter than a set of twin babies

In a Mercedes Benz with the windows up

And the temp goes up to the mid 80's

Callin men ladies

Sorry doc but I've been crazy

There's no way that you can save me

It's okay, go with him Hailie (da da)

Chorus

Dr. Dre:

If it was up to me, you {muh'fuckas} would stop comin up to me

With you hands out lookin up to me like it was something free

When my last CD was out you weren't bumpin me

But now that I got this little company

Everybody wanna come to me like it was some desease

But you won't get a crumb from me

Cuz I'm from the streets of ({Fucking} Compton)

I told 'em all

All them little gangsta's, who you think helped mold 'em all?

Now you wanna run around, talk about {guns} like I ain't got none

What, you think I sold 'em all?

Cuz I stay well off

Now all I get is hate mail all day sayin Dre fell off

What, cuz I've been in the lab

With a pen and a pad

Tryna get this damn label off

I ain't havin that

This is the millenium of aftermath

It ain't gon' be nothing after that

So give me one more platinum plaque and {fuck} rap

You can have it back

So where's all the Madd Rapper's at?

It's like a jungle in it's habitat

But all you savage cats knew that I was {strapped} with {gats}

When you were cuddled with a cabbage patch

Chorus (x1)

Dr Dre:

Who's next?

Hittman:

Comin in something this hit from Bronson

Echolaborating with Dre from Compton

Huh, I can't say you little something

Dre:

Hittman 2000

Hittman:

Hittman at your service

I ??? tounge tell us, make you all nervous

Y'all faking, I fall nine with my rhymes all purpose

Y'all waiting, pumpin with Dre

Y'all nervous, y'all hating

Enticipating, my arise with Califronia survived all this

Chance {shit} on any man rival this

{Assholes} any one who would rival hit

Y'all better find my {niggas}  
Dre:  
Hittman 2000