

Dr. Dre, U Better Recognize

Artist: Sam Sneed featuring Dr. Dre
Verse One: Sam Sneed (Dr. Dre)

(I heard Sam was going solo) God damn, you didn't know so,
well I can blast fast so freak an ill type of slow flow.
I'm hitting harder than Berry Boss so check the golden child,
throwing it to your ear-hole, got you going buck wild.
But truck-tracks, rhymes all day, breaking off niggaz proper,
did dirt, did West cause I clown coppers (yeah).
Do hip-hop, rap, compose 'em most, I couldn't see me,
mad advanced and my skills are all about the dollar bills.
From Pittsburgh to Cali dropping bombs like that,
was on the D.L. with the squad so I couldn't hold it back.
Black, I regulate I buzz a big gate figure,
mobbing with the ill nigga, with his finger on a bigger trigger.
Serving all (saps), hitting sevens on the (simps),
making do', eating shrimps, locing with some real pimps (yeah).
So peep game, best believe I love my peeps
that's why I make the type of music you can pump in your jeeps
(that's right).
So buck my sound, I put it down for the underground,
I got the women cause I'm slamming, jamming.
Got it going on this time for this new producer to rise,
so open your eyes, I think you better recognize.

Hook: Dr. Dre (Sam Sneed)

Once again it's the man with the masterplan,
they call him Sam and I (think you better recognize) (2x)

Verse Two: Sam Sneed (Dr. Dre)

I remember days on the blocks where I slang slung played punk cops
and mad props cause I ran with hard rocks (yeah).
From napalms to Uzi's I made G's (say what?),
them build up enough Luther by keys.
No gang affiliation, yo I stood on my own to pulling capers
I'm a sneaky slick nigga, I never had to pull the trigger (right).
I mack, and on top and that I'm used to staying wicked with just 24-7,
you can ask my ex-hooker.
But now I'm on some new improved shit,
making hits, stacking chips, now everything's legitimate.
I flipped the scrip a long time ago, on the five-o,
when I had to scope with this new way to make my cash flow (uhm).
Yes indeedy, I wasn't greedy, got my niggaz out the gutter,
now they're rolling with the Sam Sneezy.
Hip hop fanatic causing static in the industry,
these whack creators, I call 'em imitators (ah yeah).
Been trying to see me, but see I'm unexplainatory,
with the fame and glory, that's why I gotta tell my story.
With no disguise, a lot of niggaz despise,
because I'm on an uprise, so I think you better recognize.

Hook: Dr. Dre (Sam Sneed)

Once again it's the man with the masterplan,
they call him Sam and I (think you better recognize) (2x)
(Think you better recognize) (2x)

Verse Three: Sam Sneed (Dr. Dre)

Well I'm back in the mix with a bottle of hennessy,
so fire up a blunt let's have an end of the sanity.
Crazy shot outs giving pounds to all my niggaz,

hitting all the hookers by the dozen, cause they dig us (trick).
F**k what you've heard, recognize what you be seeing,
it's time to earn truth to the game human being.
I'm that little bass nigga trying to get mine, f**k a nine,
cause I'll incline with the mastermind.
I got my crew in my corner so I can't loose,
cause I'm paying mad douze in this record biz, I don't snooze.
And suckers be popping at those idiotic egosytible type of flimflam,
I can't be faded Sam-am.
Playing with the hustlers never dealing with the knucklehead bollers,
cause boys play with toys and scholars play with dollars.
I'm a mack of my own right, plus my game is tight,
baby get it right, I ain't the one, so take flight.
Bitches give my mad rep, nothing but the brazen off tempo,
thinking they can get my loot, I never trip to knock the boots.
I gotta be wise, when time to dip between the thies,
all eyes on the price, so I think you better recognize.

Hook: Dr. Dre: (Sam Sneed)

Once again it's the man with the masterplan,
they call him Sam and I (think you better recognize) (2x)
Once again it's the man with the masterplan,
they call him Sam and I (think you better recognize) (2x)