

Lady Of Rage, Afro Puffs (Extended Version)

(Dr. Dre)

Yeah, This is Dr. Dre
Kicking back, doing what I do best
Dropping some shit that makes you wanna bob your head
I know your bobbing your head, 'cause I can see, you cant see me
But check this out I was talking to this um... nigga, the other day
And he said. Yo Dre
You know female mc's dont blow up that large in the hip-hop world
And I said you trick nigga, you better ask somebody else
'Cause the Lady of Rage is in the motherfucking house
Can you dig it?, yeah
But anyway before I be all on that bullshit
My motherfucking nigga Snoop Doggy Dogg is in the house
And we gonna drop some shit
Hit 9.2 on the ricta scale, can you dig it?
So Snoop, what we want you to do is come in, and set off a little freestyle
Before Rage comes in
And lets get this motherfucker jumping off
Can you dig it? yeah

(Snoop Doggy Dogg)

Damn look what the wind blew in
From the depths of the sea its the S-N Double O motherfucking P
In the place to be, and this time I hang with the home girl R-A-G-E
So let me begin, to slowly start the ???
And let me crab a cup of gin, then look the crow its me
Who be the D-O double to the G
I fly through the sky like a dove once again
Its Snoop Doggy Dogg, can I blend, mend
Then send more than you need
Can I have some dank so I can role up the weed
I take a glance in other words a dance
I spot myself on the dance floor taking a dance
I got a bitch on my dick, some niggas talking shit
But aint no need for me to call my clique
Cause D-P-G G-C-E be the clique that the D O Double G belong too
I wrote a song to the track thats provided by my niggga Dr. Dre
That slowly start to slide into a trance
Smooth around, I get ??? by the sounds of the pound
We got the hits that just dont stop and they dont quit
Cause once again Snoop Dogg is about to drop some shit (Byatch)
I cant stop, I pop
Never flip, I flop
Snoop Dogg got the shit that dont stop
Rock on with ya badself, its The Lady of Rage at the top of the shelf
So push the button and run for cover
Snoop Dogg is on the mic and im a dope motherfucker, yeah
You best ask somebody, about the man with the la di da di
I got the shit that makes body shake
Its time for you to stop causing a wake (A wake)
Open your eyes and stay composed
Its 1-9-9-4 I still dont love hoe's
I treat them the same
It's like the bom bam
It's Snoop Dogg, im on the mic can I slam? yes you can
And you just dont stop, come on, say what?
And you just stop, yeah
And you just dont quit
Ayo Rage could you please drop some gangster shit?

Chorus: repeat 2X

I rock rough and stuff with my Afro Puffs (RAGE!)
(Snoop) Rock on, wit cha bad self

Verse One: The Lady of Rage

I rock on with my bad self cause it's a must
It's the Lady Of Rage still kickin up dust
So umm, let me loosen up my bra strap
And umm, let me boost ya with my raw rap
Cause I'ma break it down to the nitty-gritty one time
When it comes to the lyrics I gets busy with mine
Busy as a beaver, ya best believe-a
This grand diva's runnin shit with the speed of a cheetah, meet a
lyrical murderer... I'm servin em like two scoops of chocolate
Check it how I rock it
I'm the one that's throwin bolos, ya better roll a Rolo
to find out I'm the number one solo, uhh
The capital R-A now take it to the G-E
I bring the things to light, but you still can't see me
I flow like a monthly you can't cramp my style
For those that try to punk me here's a Pamprin child
No need to say mo', check the flow
Rage in effect once mo', so now ya know

Chorus

Verse Two: The Lady of Rage

Now I'm hittin MC's like hit MC's like ("Hoo-yu-ken!") *Street Fighter sound*
Ain't no doubt about it I'm the undisputed
So what you uhh, wanna do is back on up
I'll tap that butt, wax the cuts, pass the bucks
So put your money on the bread winner
I kick lyrics so dope that the brothers call em head spinners
I got the tongue that is outdone anyone
from the rising to the setting of the sun
or the moon, I consume the room with doom
When I hear the kick of a 808 bass ... POOM
BOOM, BAM, God, DAYUMMMMMMM!
I'm hittin so hard you could say it's a grand, slam, dunk, punks
get broken off for chunk when they feel the funk
of the rhythm (fresh) that I give em
Let it hit em, split em, did it now I'm rid of em, yeah
I put that on my unborn kids
Rage in effect so you know how it is

Chorus 4X

Verse Three: The Lady of Rage

Now ever since my debut, I've continued to lay you
flat on your back from the raps that I spat, spit
Ohh shit, I'm the shit!
You can't get wit the Rage then tough tit-tie
I pi-ty the fool, that gets
with the lyrical murderer cause my shit is rude (OOOH!)
You wanna get with the wickedness? With that
big bot-ty that's kickin it, rippin it apart like Jason
You'll be, chasin a dream like Freddy
are you ready for the cream de la creme?
I'm steam pressurin those who ain't measurin up
I keep competitors stuck
in the muck with they butt up, what chu wanna nut up
like cashew, don't you know that I will mash you? For real
That's the deal, I'm straight out of Farmville, VA
(So what you gotta say?)

Chorus 4X

Huhh

I am the roughest, roughest, roughest (Say what? Say what?)

I am the toughest, toughest, toughest (RAGE!)

(repeat 4X)

Get with the uhh, roughest, roughest

Get with the uhh, toughest, toughest (RAGE!)

Get with the uhh, roughest, roughest (Yeah)

Get with the uhh, toughest, toughest (RAGE!)

Get with the uhh, wickedness, roughest

I am the uhh, wickedness (RAGE!)

Outro: Snoop Doggy Dogg

Yeah, one-nine-nine-fo'

The indo blow and the grass grow

Snoop Doggy Dogg still don't love a hoe

But you gotta give credit when credit is due

Women back down and bow down to my motherfuckin homegirl

The Lady Of Rage

She rocks rough and stuff with the Afro Puffs

Handcuffed and she busts

And trick biatch, she's guaranteed to tear shit up

Y'know what I'm sayin?