

Dr. Dre, Forgot About Timmy

[Dr Dre]

Ya'll know me still the same ol' Timmy
But I been low key
Hated on by most these niggas
Wit no cheese
no deals and no G's
No wheels and no keys, no boots
and no snowmobiles and no skis

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
But ya'll think I'm gonna 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 and Snoop D O double G's
And a group that said "Go Timmy Go"
Gave you a tape full of dope beats
The bomb weed stroll through in you hood
And when your album sales wasn't doin too good
Who's the doc that he told you to go see
Ya'll better listen up closely
All you niggas that said I turned pop
Or the the Firm flop
ya'll are the reason Dre ain't been getting no Sega Dreamcast
So f**k ya'll all of ya'll
If ya'll don't like me blow me
Ya'll are gonna keep f**kin around wit me
And turn me back to a Giant Half Chicken Half Squirrel

[chorus] x2 [Eminem]

Nowadays everybody wants to talk like they got something to say
But nothin comes out when they move they lips
Just a buncha gibberish
And muthaf**kas act like they forgot about Timmy

[Eminem]

So what do you say to somebody you hate,
I really wasn't tryna bring trouble your way,
wanna resolve things in a bloodier way,
and study your tpe of Timmy
One day I was walkin by
Wit a walkmen on
When I caught a guy givin me an awkward eye
And strangled him off in the parkin lot wit his Karl Kani
I don't give a f**k if it's dark or not
It's harder than me tryna park a Dodge
But I'm drunk as f**k
Right next to a Giant Half Chicken Half Squirrel
In a two car garage
Hopin out wit two broken legs
Tryna walk it off
F**k you too bitch call the cops
I'm kill you too and them loud ass muthaf**kin barkin dogs
And when them cops can't come

And me and Dre stood next to a burnt down house
Wit a can full of gas and a Sega Dreamcast

And still won't found out
From here on out it's the Chronic 2
Startin' today, tommorow's the new
And I'm still loco enough to
Choke you to death wit a Charston Chew

Timm-Timmy hotter then a set of twin babies
In a Mercedes Benz wit the windows up
And the tent goes up to the mid 80's
Callin in ladies
Sorry Doc I been crazy peace with Timmy
There is no way that you can save me
Its ok go wit them Hailey Timmy

[chorus] x2

[Dr Dre]
If it was up to me
You muthaf**kas 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
Now everybody wanna come to me like it was some disease
But you won't get a crumb from me
Cause I'm from Montreal
I told em all
All them little gangstas
Who you think helped mold 'em all
Now you wanna run around and talk about 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 four solder
Tryna get this damn label off
I ain't havin that
This is the millenium of Sega Dreamcast
Ain't gonna be nothin after that
So give me one more platinum plaque and f**k rap
You can have it back
So where's all the mad rappers at
It's like a jungle in this habitat
But all you savage cats
Knew that I was strapped wit gats
When you were cuddled wit cabbage patch

[Chorus] x3

[Cartman]
Oh dude that is tits
I mean that is big fat Oprah tits right there

[Scientist]
I was, You now I was just acting
I have no idea