

# Dr. Dre, Funky Flute

Intro:

Yeah whattup this is Dr. Dre

The party's goin on

Thank God it's Friday

[&quot;Buck buck buck booyaka shan!&quot; KRS One&quot; repeat 4X]

Chorus:

Keep their headz ringin (ding ding dong

ring gading ding ding) / repeat 2X

Verse One:

[Hey you sittin over there] Say what?

[You better get up out of your chair] That's right

[And work your body down] Yeahhh...

[No time to funk around cause we gon....]

Funk, you, right on up

So get up, get a move on, and get your groove on

It's the D-R-E the spectacular

In a party I go for your neck so call me Blackula

As I drain a niggaz jugular vein

and maintain to leave blood stains so don't complain

Just chill, listen to the beats I spill

Keepin it real, enables me to make another meal

Still, niggaz run up and try to kill at will

But get popped like a pimple, so call me Clearasil

I wipe niggaz off the face of the Earth since birth

I been a bad nigga, now let me tell you what I'm worth

More than a Stealth bomber, I cause drama

The enforcer, music flows like a flying saucer

Or a 747 jet, never forget

I'm that nigga that keeps the hoes panties wet

The mic gets smoked, once you hear the beat kick

With grooves so funky, they come with a Speed Stick

So check the flavor that I'm bringin

The motherfuckin D-R-E, will keep their motherfuckin headz ringin

Chorus

Verse Two:

One-two for the crew, three-fo' for the dough

Five for the hoe, six-seven-eight for Death Row

Mad niggaz about to feel the full effect of intellect

So I can collect respect, plus a check

Now I fin' to, get into to, my mental

will take care of this business I need to attend to, cuz my rent's due

And this rap shit's my meal ticket

So you god damn right I'm gonna kick it, or get evicted

I bring terror like Stephen King

A black Casanova, runnin niggaz over like Christine

When I rock the spot with the flavor I got

I kick plenty of ass, so call me an astronaut

As I blast past another nigga's ass that thought he was strong

But I smoke him like grass, just like Cheech and Chong

When I flow, niggaz know, it's time to take a hike

Cause I grab the mic and flip my tongue like a dyke

I got rhymes to keep you enchanted

Produce a smokesscreen with the funky green to keep your eyes slanted

So check the flavor that I'm bringin

The motherfuckin D-R-E, will keep their motherfuckin headz ringin

Chorus

Verse Three:

Debonairre with flair, I scare wear and tear

without a care, runnin shit as if I was a mayor

But I ain't no politician, no competition

Sendin all opposition to see a mortician

I'm up front, never in the back drop

Step on stage and get faded just like a flat top

Your rhyme sounds like you bought em at Stop N Go

Dre came to wax you so, just call me Mop N Glow  
Many tried to, but just can't rock with  
I'm 6-1, 225, a pure chocolate  
Your chances of jackin me are slim G  
Cause I rock from summer til Santa comes down the chimney  
Ho ho ho, and so, as I continue to flow  
Cause yo, I'm just a fly negro  
So, check the flavor that I'm bringin  
The motherfuckin D-R-E, will keep their motherfuckin headz ringin  
Chorus