

Dr. Dre, Nuthin' But A G Thang

One, two, three and to the four.
Snoop Doggy Dogg and Dr. Dre is at the door
Ready to make an entrance, so back on up.
[Cause you know we're 'bout to rip shit up!]
Gimme the microphone first, so I can bust like a bubble.
Compton and Long Beach together, now you know you in trouble.

Ain't nothin' but a G thang, baaaaabay!
Two loce'd out niggaz so we're craaaaazay!
Death Row is the label that paaaaays me!
Unfadable, so please don't try to fade this. [Hell yeah...]

But, uh, back to the lecture at hand.
Perfection is perfected, so I'mma let 'em understand
From a young G's perspective.
And before me dig out a bitch I have to find a contraceptive.

You never know she could be earnin' her man,
And learnin' her man, and at the same time burnin' her man.
Now you know why I ain't with that shit, lieutenant:
Ain't no pussy good enough to get burned while I'm up in it. [Yeah]

And that's realer than real-deal Holyfield.
And now you hookers and hoes know how I feel.
Well if it's good enough to break 'em off a proper chunk
I take a small piece of some of that funky stuff.

It's like this and like that and like this and uh
It's like that and like this and like that and uh
It's like this and like that and like this and uh
Dre, creep to the mic like a phantom...

Well I'm peepin', and I'm creepin', and I'm creep-in'.
But I damn near got caught, 'cause my beeper kept beepin'.
Now it's time for me to make my impression felt,
So sit back, relax, and strap on your seatbelt.

You never been on a ride like this before,
With a producer who can rap and control the maestro
At the same time with the dope rhyme that I kick.
You know, and I know, I flow some old funky shit

To add to my collection this selection
Symbolizes dope. Take a toke but don't choke.
If ya do, you have no clue
Of what me and my homie Snoop Dogg came to do...

It's like this and like that and like this and uh
It's like that and like this and like that and uh
It's like this, and we don't got no love for thugs
So just chill, till the next episode...

Fallin' back on that ass with a hellified gangsta lean
Gettin' funky on the mic like a old batch of collard greens.
It's the capital S, oh yes, the fresh N double O P
D O double G Y D O double G ya' see.

Showin' much flex when it's time to wreck a mic.
Pimpin' hoes and clockin' a grip like my name was Dolomite.
Yeah, and it don't quit.
I think they in a mood for some motherfuckin G shit... [Hell yeah...]

So Dre. [What up Dogg?]
Gotta give 'em what they want. [What's that, G?]

We gotta break 'em off somethin'. [Hell yeah]
And it's gotta be bumpin'. [City of Compton!]

It's where it takes place, so we ask your attention.
Mobbin' like a motherfucker, but I ain't lynchin'.
Droppin' the funky shit that's makin' the sucka niggaz mumble.
When I'm on the mic, it's like a cookie, they all crumble.

Try to get close, and your ass'll get smacked.
My motherfuckin homie Doggy Dogg has got my back.
Never let me slip, 'cause if I slip, then I'm slippin'.
But if I got my nina, then you know I'm straight trippin'.

And I'mma continue to put the rap down, put the mac down.
And if your bitches talk shit, I have to put the smack down.
Yeah, and you don't stop.
I told you I'm just like a clock when I tick and I tock.

But I'm never off, always on till the break of dawn.
C - O - M - P - T - O - N and the city they call Long Beach
Puttin' the shit together.
Like my nigga D.O.C., no one can do it better

Like this, that and this and uh
It's like that and like this and like that and uh
It's like this, and who gives a fuck about those?
So just chill, till the next episode...