## Dr. Dre, Str-8 Gone

(feat. King Tee)

Haa Woo

Dedicated to the up city Straight West Coast nigga, ain't no pity Put holes in niggas, real pretty Real shitty like a black Frank Nitty I give drugs to the thugs price-free Handed down the game by that nigga Ice-T No doubt players like me recognise the great King Tee, about twenty grand a ki Ah, that's that G shit, no doubt about that Statutory lyrics is how I rape the rap And get your niggas off my back and no, GOD, ya don't pull a strap, cos [gun shot] FUCK THAT! I'm very precise when I shoot straight out the roof of my Lexus coupe Ya wanna blame Tha Alkaholik group but, naw, that nigga Tela must've hit the loot Cos he's actin real loonie and I don't give a fuck cause I'm drunk and I'm a G like Spoonie The hoodrats wanna do me So if you've got'cha county cheque give it to me

## [Chorus:]

Now baby, don't trip, it's King Tee with the gangsta shit Ain't fuckin with nothin but them platinum hits And the two dog groan, a 50 gat to your dome That nigga on the mic str-8 gone [repeat]

Huh, so I guess I earned the title 'OG' Been down for ten years, this my fifth Lp I'ma get this one easy A real motherfuckin G, R-rock Tee Now all these fools talkin 'bout they some killers car stealers, big time drug dealers Bitch ass niggas keep it real, don't lie You ain't killin shit and they gon' let shit die You ask " Who the hell am I?" They call me 'Big Bone' and on my worst night I fades em all And I come thru ya hood like a locc ass G Rip any fool that calls hisself an MC It's only one way, let's have gun play I make it play, nigga, fuck what you got to say I got a mad crew of murderers, ex-burglars Puttin soft niggas outta service

## [Chorus:]

Now baby, don't trip, it's King Tee with the gangsta shit Ain't fuckin with nothin but them platinum hits And the two dog groan, all the fuckin chips blown That nigga on the mic str-8 gone Baby, don't trip, it's King Tee with the gangsta shit Ain't fuckin with nothin but them platinum hits And the two dog groan, sittin on chrome That nigga on the mic str-8 gone

My whole crew lives illegal Strapped with the bulletproof vest in the front and back Regal Smokin that sticky green grass
Hittin switches, bumpin on cuts from the past
We smoke leaf cos we live like G's
Super-soft niggas become enemies
I hit a lick on the East for ten ki's
now everything I drive is on Deez
I'ma make you believe, I gotta put it down like a real nigga should
My dope spot in every nigga's hood
I don't waste time, I need to get what's mine
Fourteen shells from behind
Leave you in the blind, str-8 paralysed from ya spine
A partner of organised crime
Ya hear it all the time but now ya gotta hear it from the truth
til my nigga Karl Phat's respect due

## [Chorus:]

Now baby, don't trip, it's King Tee with the gangsta shit Ain't fuckin with nothin but them platinum hits And the two dog groan, 50 gat to the dome That nigga on the mic str-8 gone [repeat 4X]

And I'm gone