

Dr. Dre, What's The Differences

Back when Cube - was rollin wit Lorenzo in a Benzo
I was bangin wit a gang of instrumentals
Got the pens and pencils, got down to business; but sometimes
the business end of this shit can turn your friends against you
But you was a real nigga, I could sense it in you
I still remember the window of the car that you went through
That's fucked up, but I'll never forget the shit we been through
And I'ma do whatever it takes to convince you
Cuz you my nigga Doc, and Eazy I'm still wit you
Fuck the beef, nigga I miss you, and that's just bein real wit you
You see the truth is Everybody wanna know how close me and Snoop is
And who I'm still cool wit Then I got these fake-ass niggaz I first drew with
Claimin that they non-violent, talkin like they *voice sample*
Spit venom in interviews, speakin on reunions
Move units, then talk shit and we can do this
Until then - I ain't even speakin your name
Just keep my name outta yo' mouth and we can keep it the same
Nigga, it ain't that I'm too big to listen to the rumors
It's just that I'm too damn big to pay attention to 'em That's the difference
Chorus: Phish (repeat 2X) What's the difference between me and you?
You talk a good one - but you don't do what you supposed to do
I act on what I feel and never deal wit emotions
I'm used to livin big dog style and straight coastin
[Xzibit]
Yo I stay wit it
While you try to perpetrate, play wit it
Never knew about the next level until Dre did it (YEAH)
I stay committed while you motherfuckers baby-sitted
I smash you critics like a overhand right from Riddick
(Yeah!) Come and get it, shifted on villians by the millions
I be catchin bitches while bitches be catchin feelings
So what the fuck am I supposed to do?
I pop bottles and hot hollow-points at each and all of you (Come on!)
A heartless bastard, high and plastered
My style is like the reaction from too much acid - never come down
Pass it around if you can't handle it
Hang Hollywood niggaz by they Soul Train laminates
What's the difference between me and you? (What?)
About five back accounts, three ounces and two vehicles
Until my death, I'm Bangladeshi suggest you hold yo' breath til ain't none left
Yo that's the difference
Chorus
[Eminem] Aight, hold up hold up!
STOP THE BEAT A MINUTE!! I got somethin to say
Dre; I wanna tell you this shit right now while this fuckin weed is in me
(The fuck?!) I don't know if I ever told you this, but I love you dawg
I got your motherfuckin back, just know this shit
[Dre]