

N.W.a, Parental Discretion Iz Advised

[Dr. Dre]
1,2,3 Kick it

[The D.O.C.]
Hey yo, Dre, what's going on, man, what's going on
Hey what'cha all gonna do for this last record
No, tell, what'cha all gonna do
Ok, you want me to do the intro, alright

Parental discretion is advised for the moment
While I'm getting candid, now understand it
Ain't too typical in any way, though the pro
On the mic is the D.O. to the C., this is an intro
I know the D.O.C. make ya want to take a valium
So buy a bucket 'cause I'm coming, it's my album
And for the record, meaning my record, check it
Listen to the single and you'll be like, yo, I gotta get it
But in the meantime, listen to the rhyme of the Dr. Dre
Played wit NWA
Yella's on the drum roll, rocking the beat
Hey yo Dre, where are you gonna take this shit man

[Dr. Dre]
Hey yo, let's take it to the street (word up)
Let 'em understand perfection
Let knowledge be the tool for suckers to stop guessing
'Cause I don't give a fuck about radio play
Observed the english I display
Lyrics for the adults, children have been barred
Scarred from listening to suckers so muthafucking hard
Dope, pumping that so much shit will never falter
Yo, it's Dre, so fuck the minor ?(minalta)?
Psycho like no other muthafucka, so
Step to me wrong, G-O for what you N-O
But be warn, never will I leave like a regular
'Cause I'm a little better then the regular competitor
I use to see 'em on stage
Earning money like a thief but without a guage
Until I got full of clocking the lane, getting pulled
(They said you was gonna get paid) no, that's bullshit
They like it stylistic
And I enchant the crowd like I'm a misfit
(C-C-C-C) C-C-C-cameras on flashing when I'm in action
A photo or fresh wit a flair for fashion
Pure simplicity, see it's elementary
To hear one of the hardest muthafuckers this century
Try to comprise a word to the wise
And the guys, parental discretion is advised

[MC Ren]
Ren is most extremely high performance
The black hat 'cause I worn this 'cause it's like enormous
Some shit, I don't take it, not even in a toilet
And shit from a sucker, put in a pot and I'll boil it
Turn up the pilot as it burns
And maybe, the muthafuckers will learn
I'm not a sub 'cause I speak sensible
Not consider a prince 'cause I'm a principal
I'm engineering the shit that you're hearing
'Cause when it comes to power, I'm power steering
Silly you say, I say you silly when you're say it
Rushing to the eject to put my shit in and play it
It's like Apollo but I'm not an amateur
And I'm not giving a fuck while I'm damaging ya

It's for the record so Ren's lyrics, I'm gonna spin it
And if there was a trophy involved, I'll win it
Possession is mine and I'm the holder
'Cause a nigga like Ren don't give a fuck 'cause I'm older
So for you to step off would be wise
And say fuck it, parental discretion is advised

[Ice Cube]

I be what is known as a bandit
You gotta hand it to me when you truly understand it
'Cause if you fail to see, read it in brail
Would it still be funky, so what's next is the flex
Of a genius, mirander stutter stepping, if you seen this
Dope, you hope that I don't really mean this
But it play, making greater high top fade
It's not my trademark when I get loose in the dark
You guess it was a test of a different style
It's just another muthafucker on the pile
Driving your ass with the floor of your tongue
You hung yourself short, be after knowledge was brung
To your attention by the hardest muthafucking artist
That is know for lenching any sucker in a minute
Stagger 'em all
When I start flowing like Niagra Falls
Ice Cube is a quick to rip shit in a battle
Move like a snake when I'm mad and then my tail rattle
I get low on a flow so let your kids know
When I bust, parental discretion is a must

[Eazy-E]

Little did they know that I would be arriving
And then surprising, rocking it from where I been
But it's the E here to take no mistake
To be made in a trade where funky ass records are being played
Fuck the regular, yo, I get better, the
Bitches wanna trick and go stupid for the dick
So I get 'em hot thinking they're gonna get it
As they sit, rubbing their legs like a cricket
To you it may be funny
But there's no type of some beef without money
So slip the C-note and you can choke
On a wind ding ding-a-ling down your throat
Foreplay to me ain't shit
When you spread them, I'm ready, then you can get the dick
Of the Eaze, if you can deal wit the size
But if you can't, parental discretion's advise...

Shut the fuck up