

Forgot about Dre - Dr. Dre , Eminem Lyrics

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"Forgot about Dre"

Y'all know me, still the same O.G

But I been low-key

Hated on by most these niggas with no cheese

No deals and no G's

No wheels and no keys, no boats

No snowmobiles, and no skis

Mad at me 'cause I can finally afford

To provide my family with groceries

Got a crib with a studio and it's all full of tracks

To add to the wall, full of plaques

Hanging up in the office in back of my house like trophies

Did y'all think I'ma let my dough freeze, hoe please

You better bow down on both knees

Who you think taught you to smoke trees?

Who you think brought you the oldies?

Eazy-E's, Ice Cubes, and D.O.C's

The Snoop D-O-double-G's

And the group that said, "Motherfuck the police"

Gave you a tape full of dope beats

To bump when you stroll through in your hood

And when your album sales wasn't doing too good

Who's the Doctor they told you to go see?

Y'all better listen up closely

All you niggas that said that I turned pop

Or The Firm flopped

Y'all are the reason that Dre ain't been getting no sleep

So fuck y'all, all of y'all

If y'all don't like me, blow me

Y'all are gonna keep fucking around with me

And turn me back to the old me

Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say

But nothing comes out when they move their lips

Just a bunch of gibberish

And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre

Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say

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So what do you say to somebody you hate?

Or anyone tryna bring trouble your way

Wanna resolve things in a bloodier way

Then just study a tape of N.W.A

One day, I was walking by

With a Walkman on

When I caught a guy

Give me an awkward eye

And I strangled him up in the parking lot

With his Karl Kani

I don't give a fuck if it's dark or not

I'm harder than me tryna park a Dodge

When I'm drunk as fuck

Right next to a humongous truck in a two-car garage

Hopping out with two broken legs

Trying to walk it off

Fuck you too bitch, call the cops
I'ma kill you and them loud-ass motherfucking barking dogs

And when the cops came through
Me and Dre stood next to a burnt down house
With a can full of gas and a hand full of matches
And still weren't found out
From here on out it's the Chronic II
Starting today and tomorrow's anew
And I'm still loco enough to choke you to death with a Charleston Chew

Slim Shady, hotter then a set of twin babies
In a Mercedes Benz with the windows up
When the temp goes up to the mid-80s
Calling men ladies, sorry, Doc, but I been crazy
There's no way that you can save me
It's okay, go with him Hailie
Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say
But nothing comes out when they move their lips
Just a bunch of gibberish
And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre

Nowadays everybody wanna talk like they got something to say

But nothing comes out when they move their lips

Just a bunch of gibberish

And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre

If it was up to me

You motherfuckers would stop coming up to me

With your hands out looking up to me

Like you want something free

When my last CD was out

You wasn't bumping me

But now that I got this little company

Everybody wanna come to me like it was some disease

But you won't get a crumb from me

'Cause I'm from the streets of Compton

I told 'em all, all them little gangstas

Who you think helped mold 'em all?

Now you wanna run around talking 'bout guns

Like I ain't got none

What you think I sold 'em all?

'Cause I stay well off

Now all I get is hate mail all day

Saying, "Dre fell off"?

What? 'Cause I been in the lab with a pen and a pad

Tryin' to get this damn label off

I ain't havin' that, this is the millennium of Aftermath

It ain't gonna be nothin' after that

So give me one more platinum plaque and fuck rap

You can have it back

So where's all the Mad Rappers at?

It's like a jungle in this habitat

But all you savage cats

Know that I was strapped with gats

While you were cuddling a Cabbage Patch

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