

# Animals (feat. Anderson .Paak)

## Dr. Dre

These old sneakers, faded blue jeans  
No tricks no gimmicks, I be stomping down down down down down demons  
Rolling up trees in the belly of the beast  
Where the people disagree, the upper class hate  
Middle don't exist, the bottom of the beat, glad I got my sticks  
Are you jumping on a fad, laying in a ditch  
I be stomping down demons, stomping down quick, come on The police don't come around  
these parts  
They tell me that we all a bunch of animals  
The only time they wanna turn the cameras on  
Is when we're fuckin' shit up, come on Bullets still ringing, blood on the cement  
Black folks grieving, headlines reading  
Tryna pay it no mind, you just living your life  
Everyone is a witness, everyone got opinions  
Got a son of my own, look him right in his eyes  
I ain't living in fear but I'm holding him tight  
Got a son of my own, look him right in his eyes  
I ain't living in fear but I'm holding him tight  
Damn, why the fuck are they after me?  
Maybe cause I'm a bastard  
Or maybe cause of the way my hair grow naturally  
Still tryna figure out, why the fuck I'm full of rage  
I think I know this is bullshit right around the fifth grade  
Paraphernalia in my locker right next to the switch blade  
Nothing but pussy on my mind and some plans of getting paid (Ay)  
But I'm a product of the system raised on government aid  
And I knew just how to react when it was time for that raid (whoa)  
Just a young black man from Compton wondering who could save us  
And could barely read the sentences the justice system gave us  
So many rental cars with bricks, I think they probably funded Avis  
Some of us was unbalanced but some us used our talents  
Not all of us criminals but cops be yelling, "Stay back nigga!"  
We need a little bit of payback  
Don't treat me like an animal cause all this shit is flammable  
Don't fuck around cause when it's done it's done  
(Fuck you!)  
And the old folks tell me it's been going on since back in the day  
But that don't make it okay  
And the white folks tell me all the looting and the shooting's insane  
But you don't know our pain The police don't come around these parts  
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The police don't come around these parts  
They tell me that we all a bunch of animals  
The only time they wanna turn the cameras on  
Is when we're fuckin' shit up, come on Yeah, this is DJ motherfuckin' Premier  
And I'm Dr. Dre (Dr. Dre)  
What, Premo!  
Yeah we fuckin' shit up  
No, we don't play no games here  
Mother fucker please!  
Aftermath  
One of the reasons that me and you click  
We don't lose, I always win  
Let's face it you basic boy  
For realer  
Professional winners  
For realer

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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