

# Fuck wit Dre Day (And Everybody's Celebratin')

## Dr. Dre

Yeah, hell yeah, know what I'm sayin'?  
Yeah Mista Busta, where the fuck ya at?  
Can't scrap a lick, so I know ya got your gat  
Your dick on hard, from fuckin' your road dogs  
The hood you threw up with, niggaz you grew up with Don't even respect your ass  
That's why it's time for the Doctor, to check your ass, nigga  
Used to be my homey, used to be my ace  
Now I wanna slap the taste out yo mouth Make you bow down to the row  
Fuckin' me, now I'm fuckin' you, little hoe  
Oh, don't think I forgot, let you slide  
Let me ride, just another homicide  
Yeah it's me so I'ma talk on  
Stompin' on the Eazy'est streets that you can walk on  
So strap on your Compton hat, your locs  
And watch your back 'cause you might get smoked, loc And pass the bud, and stay low-key  
B.G. 'cause you lost all your homeys love  
Now call it what you want to  
You fucked wit me, now it's a must that I fuck wit you Yeah, that's what the fuck I'm talkin'  
about  
We have your motherfuckin' record company surrounded  
Put down the candy and let the little boy go  
You know what I'm sayin'? Punk motherfucker Bow wow wow yippy yo yippy yay  
Doggy Dogg's in the motherfuckin' house  
Bow wow wow yippy yo yippy yay  
Death Row's in the motherfuckin' house  
Bow wow wow yippy yo yippy yay  
The sounds of a dog brings me to another day  
Play, with my bone would ya Timmy  
It seems like you're good for makin' jokes about your jimmy But here's a jimmy joke about your  
mama that you might not like  
I heard she was the 'Frisco Dyke  
But fuck your mama, I'm talkin' about you and me  
Toe to toe, Tim M-U-TY Your bark was loud, but your bite wasn't vicious  
And them rhymes you were kickin' were quite bootylicious  
You get with Doggy Dogg oh is he crazy?  
With ya mama and your daddy hollin' Bay-Bee So won't they let you know  
That if you fuck with Dre nigga you're fuckin' wit Death Row  
And I ain't even slangin' them thangs  
I'm hollin' one-eight-seven with my dick in yo mouth, beotch Yeah nigga, Compton and Long  
Beach

Together on this motherfucker  
So you wanna pop that shit  
Get yo motherfuckin' cranium cracked nigga Step on up now, we ain't no motherfuckin'  
Joke so remember the name  
Mighty, mighty D R yeah, motherfucker Now understand this my nigga Dre can't be touched  
Luke's bendin' over, so Luke's gettin' fucked  
Busta Musta, thought I was sleazy  
Or though I was a mark 'cause I used to hang with Eazy Animosity, made ya speak but ya spoke  
Ay yo Dre, whattup? Check this nigga off loc  
If it ain't another ho that I gots ta fuck with  
Gap teeth in ya mouth so my dick's gots to fit With my nuts on ya tonsils  
While ya on stage rappin' at your wack-ass concerts  
And I'ma snatch your ass from the backside  
To show you how Death Row pull off that who ride Now you might not understand me  
'Cause I'ma rob you in Compton and blast you in Miami  
Then we gon' creep to South Central  
On a Street Knowledge mission, as I steps in the temple Spot him, got him, as I pulls out my  
strap  
Got my chrome to the side of his White Sox hat  
You tryin' to check my homey, you better check yo self  
'Cause when you diss Dre you diss yourself, motherfucker Yeah, nine-deuce, Dr. Dre, dropin'  
chronic once again  
It don't stop, punishing punk motherfuckers real quick like  
Compton style nigga, Doggy Dogg in the motherfuckin' house  
Long Beach in the motherfuckin' house Straight up, really doe  
Breakin' all you suckaz off somethin' real proper like  
You know what I'm sayin'?

All these sucka ass niggaz can eat a fat dick  
Yeah, Eazy-E Eazy-E Eazy-E can eat a big fat dick  
Tim Dog can eat a big fat dick  
Luke, can eat a fat dick  
Yeah

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

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