

# 50 Cent, Forgot About Dre

(Dr.Dre)

Ya'll know me,still the same O.G.but I been low key  
Hated on by most these niggaz wit no cheese,no deals and no G's  
No wheels and no keys,no boats no snowmobiles,and no ski's  
Mad at me cause I can finally afford to provide my family wit groceries  
Got a crib wit a studio and it's all full of tracks  
to add to the wall full of plaques  
Hangin 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 bube's,and D.O.C's  
The snoop D-O-double-G's  
and the group that said mother-"Fuck Tha 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 doin too good  
who's the doctor they told you to go see?  
Y'all better listen up closely  
All you niggaz that said that I turned pop,or The Firm flopped  
Y'all are the reason that Dre ain't been gettin no sleep  
so FUCK Y'ALL,all of y'all;if you don't like me,BLOW ME  
Y'all are keep fuckin around wit me  
and turn me back to the old me

Chorus:Eminem (repeat 2x)

Nowadays everbody wanna talk like they got something to say  
but nothin comes out when they move their lips;  
just a bunch of gibberish  
And motherfuckers act like they forgot about Dre

(Eminem)

So what do you say to somebody you hate(What?)  
Or anyone tryin to bring trouble your way?  
Wanna resolve things in a bloodier way?(YUP)  
Then just study a tape of N.W.A!  
One day I was walkin by,wit a Walkman on,when I caught a guy  
give me an awkward eye(What you lookin at?)  
And strangled him off in the parkin lot,wit his Karl Kani  
I don't give a fuck if it's dark or not  
I'm harder than me tryin to park a Dodge  
when I'm drunk as fuck  
Right next to a humungous truck in a two-car garage{\*CRUNCH\*}  
Hoppin out wit two broken legs, tryin to walk it off  
"Fuck you to bitch,call the cops!"  
I'ma kill you and them loud ass motherfuckin barkin dogs  
And when the cops came through  
me and Dre stood next to a burnt down houde  
Wit a can full of gas and a hand full of matches  
And still weren't found out(RIGHT HERE)  
From here on out it's the Chronic 2  
Startin today and tomorrow's the new  
And I'm still loco enough  
To choke you to death wit a Charleston Chew  
{\*Eminem's vocal turntable\*}  
Slim shady-hotter then a set of twin babies  
in a Mercedes Benz wit the windows up  
when the temp goes up to the mid 80's  
Callin men ladies;sorry Doc but I been crazy  
There's no way that you can save me  
It's okay.go with him Hailey(Da-da?)

Chorus

(Dr.Dre)

If it was up to me, you muh'fuckers would stop comin up to me  
wit your hands out lookin up to me.like you want somethin free  
When my last CD was out,you wasn't bumpin me  
But know that I got this little company  
Everbody wanna come to me like it was some disease  
But you won't get a crump from me  
Cause I'm from the streets of (Compton,Compton)  
I told em all-all them little gangstas  
Who you think helped mold'em all?  
Now you wanna run around talkin bout guns like I ain't got none  
What you think I sold 'em all?  
Cause I stay well off  
Now I get is hate mail all day sayin Dre fell off  
What cause I been in the lab wit a pen and a pad  
tryin to get this damn label off?  
I ain't havin that;this is the millenium of Aftermath  
It ain't gon' 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 wit gats  
when you were cuddlin a Cabbage Patch

Chorus

Chorus 1/2 (after music ends)