

# Dr. Dre, Str-8 Gone

(feat. King Tee)

Haa  
Woo

Dedicated to the up city  
Straight West Coast nigga, ain't no pity  
Put holes in niggas, real pretty  
Real shitty like a black Frank Nitty  
I give drugs to the thugs price-free  
Handed down the game by that nigga Ice-T  
No doubt players like me  
recognise the great King Tee, about twenty grand a ki  
Ah, that's that G shit, no doubt about that  
Statutory lyrics is how I rape the rap  
And get your niggas off my back  
and no, GOD, ya don't pull a strap, cos [gun shot] FUCK THAT!  
I'm very precise when I shoot  
straight out the roof of my Lexus coupe  
Ya wanna blame Tha Alkaholik group  
but, naw, that nigga Tela must've hit the loot  
Cos he's actin real loonie  
and I don't give a fuck cause I'm drunk and I'm a G like Spoonie  
The hoodrats wanna do me  
So if you've got'cha county cheque give it to me

[Chorus:]

Now baby, don't trip, it's King Tee with the gangsta shit  
Ain't fuckin with nothin but them platinum hits  
And the two dog groan, a 50 gat to your dome  
That nigga on the mic str-8 gone  
[repeat]

Huh, so I guess I earned the title 'OG'  
Been down for ten years, this my fifth Lp  
I'ma get this one easy  
A real motherfuckin G, R-rock Tee  
Now all these fools talkin 'bout they some killers  
car stealers, big time drug dealers  
Bitch ass niggas keep it real, don't lie  
You ain't killin shit and they gon' let shit die  
You ask "Who the hell am I?"  
They call me 'Big Bone' and on my worst night I fades em all  
And I come thru ya hood like a locc ass G  
Rip any fool that calls hisself an MC  
It's only one way, let's have gun play  
I make it play, nigga, fuck what you got to say  
I got a mad crew of murderers, ex-burglars  
Puttin soft niggas outta service

[Chorus:]

Now baby, don't trip, it's King Tee with the gangsta shit  
Ain't fuckin with nothin but them platinum hits  
And the two dog groan, all the fuckin chips blown  
That nigga on the mic str-8 gone  
Baby, don't trip, it's King Tee with the gangsta shit  
Ain't fuckin with nothin but them platinum hits  
And the two dog groan, sittin on chrome  
That nigga on the mic str-8 gone

My whole crew lives illegal  
Strapped with the bulletproof vest in the front and back Regal

Smokin that sticky green grass  
Hittin switches, bumpin on cuts from the past  
We smoke leaf cos we live like G's  
Super-soft niggas become enemies  
I hit a lick on the East for ten ki's  
now everything I drive is on Deez  
I'ma make you believe, I gotta put it down like a real nigga should  
My dope spot in every nigga's hood  
I don't waste time, I need to get what's mine  
Fourteen shells from behind  
Leave you in the blind, str-8 paralysed from ya spine  
A partner of organised crime  
Ya hear it all the time but now ya gotta hear it from the truth  
til my nigga Karl Phat's respect due

[Chorus:]

Now baby, don't trip, it's King Tee with the gangsta shit  
Ain't fuckin with nothin but them platinum hits  
And the two dog groan, 50 gat to the dome  
That nigga on the mic str-8 gone  
[repeat 4X]

And I'm gone