

Dr. Dre, Stranded On Death Row Dr Dre

DR DRE

"Stranded On Death Row"
(feat. Kurupt, Lady Of Rage, RBX, Snoop Doggy D)

[Intro: Bushwick Bill]

Yes, it is I says me

And although me

By morning three, cause they're weak

[laughter]

Yes, yo!, I'm in the house now for sure

Because I wanna talk about the hearts of men

Who knows what evil lurks within them

But lets take a travel down the blindside

And see what we find on this...

Path...

Called...

[Verse One: Kurupt]

Stranded on Death Row, so duck when I swing my shit

I get rugged like Rawhead Rex with fat tracks that fits

The gangsta type, what I recite's kinda lethal

Niggaz know, the flow that I kick, there's no refill

I'm murderin niggaz, Yo, and maybe because of the tone

I kicks my grip, the mic and kick shit

Niggaz can't fuck with

So remember I go hardcore, and slam

Nuff respect like a sensei, ba-bash like Van Damme

So any nigga that claim they bossin

What don't you bring your ass on over to Crenshaw and Slauson

Take a walk through the hood, and we up to no good

Slangin on things like a real ho

G should, I'm stackin and mackin and packin a ten so

When you're slippin, I slip the clip in

But ain't no steady trippin

Cause it's Death Row, rollin like the mafia

Think about whoopin some ass, but what the fuck stoppin ya

Ain't nathin but a buster

I'm Stranded on Death Row for pumpin slugs in motherfuckers

Now you know you're outdone

Feel the shotgun, Korrupt inmate cell block one

[Verse Two: RBX]

No prevention from this mention of sorts

Your're a victim, from my driveby of thoughts

No extensions, all attempts are to fail

Blinded by the light, it's time you learn braile

From the lunatic, I death like arsenic

When I kick up wicked raps

That the grain will hit the scratch

With treachery, my literary form will blast

And totally surpass the norm

Not a storm, plural, make it, many storms

When I'm vexed, I fly leg necks and arms

In this dimension, I'm the presenter

And the inventor, and the tormentor

Deranged, like the hillside strangler

MC mangler, tough like Wrangler

I write a rhyme, hard as concrete

Step to the heat and get burned like mesquite

So what you wanna do

The narrator RBX, cell block two

[Verse Three: Lady of Rage]

Rage, lyrical murderer

Stranded on Death Row

And now I'm servin a lifetime sentence

There'll be no repentence

Since it's the life that I choose to lead

I plead guilty
On all counts let the ball bounce where it may
It's just another clip into my AK
Buck em down with my underground tactics
Facts and stacks of clips on my mattress
Bed frame there's another dead pain
Layin' in with the shame, who's to blame
Me, the lady of Rage
On when I'm comin' from the D-E-A-T-H in
R-O-W takin', no shit
So flip and you're bound to get dropped
It's 187 on motherfuckers don't stop
Handcuffed as I bust there'll be no debate
It's Rage, from cell block eight
[Verse Four: Snoop Doggy Dogg]
And yo steppin' through the fog
And creepin' through the smog
It's the number one nigga from the hood, Doggy Dogg
Makin' videos, now I stay in Hollywood
Bustin' raps for my snaps now they call me Eastwood
Dre is the doctor and my homey little nigga
Warren G is my hand and my hand's on the trigger
Shootin' at the hoes with the game that I got
Sent to death row cause I wanted to make a quick one servin' my rocks
And I'm still, servin' for mines, peace
To my motherfuckin' homies doin' time
In the pen and the county jail
Mobbin' with your blues on, mad as hell
And you say yeah fuck the police
And all the homies on the streets is all about peace
And it's drivin' the cops crazy
But ain't nuttin' but a black thing bay-bee, uh-huh
No I'm not flaggin', but I'm just saggin'
I betcha don't wanna see the D-O double G
And you can't see, the D-R to the E
Or my motherfuckin' homey D.O.C.
You know you can't fuck with my motherfuckin' DJ
That's my homey and we call him Warren G
Yeah, and you don't stop
Doggy Dogg break em down with the motherfuckin' Dogg Pound
That's the only way we'll beat em man
We gotta smoke em, then choke em
Like the motherfuckin' Peter Pan
It's like three and to the two
And two and to the one
Cell block four peace Doggy Dogg's done
[Outro : Bushwick Bill]
Yo, now you know the path I'm on
You think you're strong, see if you can travel on
Cause only the weak, will try to speak
Those who are quiet, will always cause riots
There's three types of people in the world
Those who don't know what happened
Those who wonder what happened
And people like us from the streets that MAKE things happen!