

# Remedy

## The Game

As my, Daytons spin, lowrider sittin low  
Hittin corners so hard you can taste my rims  
Rag top six-fo', Henny in the passenger side  
Smokin chronic just (Let Me Ride)  
You would do it if my name was Dre, second comin motherfucker  
Throw it up for the king of L.A.  
I'm known for makin bitches take they clothes off  
Long as I'm from Compton, California I could never go soft  
I'm hard as a motherfuckin ounce of raw  
Dribble rock like Kobe Bryant bounce the ball  
Fuck the law!! Feedin my son is a must  
Whip it soft, whip it hard, in crack we trust  
Why Andrew Jackson look high as fuck on the 20, G answer  
Cocaine been around for centuries  
Since I'm young, black and rich, I'm the (Public Enemy)  
Ridin the bass drum, Just Blaze got the (Remedy)

"Now they got me in a cell" - Chuck D  
I got the remedy  
"Now they got me in a cell" - Chuck D  
Aftermath got the remedy  
"Now they got me in a cell" - Chuck D  
Nigga back up (back up) back up (back up)  
'Fore you get your punk-ass smoked

I ain't no joke G, so don't provoke me  
I'm from the city of angels where that Jacob watch is a trophy  
And starin at that Hollywood sign'll get you straight jacked  
(Where you from fool?) Better say you pro-black  
Causin walkin in Roscoe's wit'cha chain hangin  
is like Giuliani tryin to get rid of the gangbaners  
Now that 'Pac passed, tryin to put us on Death Row  
Get ready for the Aftermath  
I run through the city like Godzilla  
Doin mo' damage than Ice-T when he dropped (Cop Killer)  
Pull a shotty out the trunk of the Chevy  
There go another victim of a one-eight-seven  
Who's the grim reaper wit'cha life in his hand  
Even the toughest niggaz run when my gun go... blam  
So kick back and watch the bitches dance  
N.W.A. is back, now let me see your motherfuckin hands

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I'm back by popular demand and so  
All black interior on the cherry red six-fo'  
Niggaz endin they careers tryin to shut me up  
Actin like I traded in my khakis for a button up  
The West Coast still dippin  
Game still Bloodin, and Snoop still Crippin  
So what you sayin loc? Red and blue bandana

tied in a knot, as I creep through the chronic smoke  
They say it ain't good weed if you don't choke  
Shit got my head spinnin like the hundred spokes  
Three wheelin through the neighborhood  
System on blast, as the motherfuckin one-time pass  
The key to drivebys is aim steady  
Turn that Bape hoody into motherfuckin confetti  
When you cross that enemy line  
Close your eyes, (Parental Discretion Iz Advised)