## Dr. Dre - Still D.R.E

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Tom: C

A POSIÇÃO DOS DEDOS PODE SER A DESSES ACORDES

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Dm

SE REPETE POR TODA A MUSICA

Still Snoop Dogg and D-R-E (Guess who's back) Still, still doing that shit, right?

Oh for sho', check me out It's still Dre Day , A.K. Before I chrome the lot, can't keep it home a lot Cause when I frequent the spots that I'm known to rock You hear the bass from the trunk when I'm on the block Ladies, they pay homage, but haters say Dre fell off How? My last album was "The Chronic" They want to know if he still got it They say rap's changed, they want to know how I feel about it Try to be the king but the ace is back

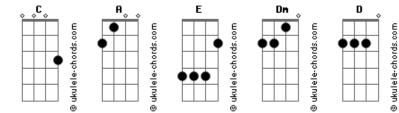
If you ain't up on pace

Dr. Dre is the name, I'm ahead of my game Still, puffing my leafs, still with the beats Still not loving police (Uh huh) Still rock my khakis with a cuff and a crease Still got love for the streets, repping 213 Still the beat bangs, still doing my thang Since I left, ain't too much changed, still

I'm representing for them gangstas all across the world 2x Still hitting them corners in them low low's girl Still taking my time to perfect the beat And I still got love for the streets, it's the D-R-E

Since the last time you heard from me I lost a friend

## Acordes



Well, hell, me and Snoop, we dipping again Kept my ear to the streets, signed Eminem He's triple platinum, doing 50 a week Still, stay close to the heat And even when I was close to defeat, I rose to my feet My life is like a soundtrack I wrote to the beat Treat my rap like Cali weed, I smoke til I sleep Wake up in the A.M., compose a beat I bring the fire til you're soaking in your seat It's not a fluke, it's been tried, I'm the troop It's "Turn Out the Lights" from the World Class Wreckin' Cru

In the home of drivebys and ak-matics Swap meets, sticky green, and bad traffic I dip through then I get skin, D-R-E

It ain't nothing but more hot shit Another classic CD for y'all to vibe with Whether you're cooling on a corner with your fly bitch Laid back in the shack, play this track I'm representing for the gangstas all across the world (Still hitting them corners in them low low's girl) I'll break your neck, damn near put your face in your lap

So if you ain't up on thangs Dr. Dre be the name still running the game Still got it wrapped like a mummy Still ain't tripping, love to see young blacks get money Spend time out the hood, take they moms out the hood Hit my boys off with jobs, no more living hard Barbeques every day, driving fancy cars Still gon' get mine regardless

Like that, right back up in ya '95 plus four pennies Add that shit up, D-R-E right back on top of thangs Smoke some with your dog No stress, no seeds, no stems, no sticks! Some of that real sticky icky A little weed, put it in the air For you's a fool D.R.E