

Still D.R.E

Dr. Dre

A POSIÇÃO DOS DEDOS PODE SER A DESSES ACORDES

A Dm

E |-----17--17--17--17--17--17--17--17--17-----17--17--17-----15--15--15--15  
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B |-----17--17--17--17--17--17--17--17--17-----17--17--17-----17--17--17--17  
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G |-----17--17--17--17--17--17--17--17--17-----16--16--16-----16--16--16--16  
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D
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A
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E
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OU

A Dm

E |-----5--5--5--5--5--5--5--5--5-----5--5--5-----3--3--3--3--3-----|  
B |-----5--5--5--5--5--5--5--5--5-----5--5--5-----5--5--5--5--5-----|  
G |-----5--5--5--5--5--5--5--5--5-----4--4--4-----4--4--4--4--4-----|  
D |-----|  
A |-----0-----2-----|  
E |-----0-----0-----|

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

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  
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

2x

Since the last time you heard from me I lost a friend  
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  
I m still at it, After-mathematic  
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  
Try to be the king but the ace is back

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