

# Stranded on Death Row

## Dr. Dre & Bushwick Bill

Intro: Bushwick Bill  
Yes, it is I says me  
And although agree  
are more than three, cause they're we  
\*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 equal  
I'm murderin niggaz, Yo, and maybe because of the tone  
I kicks when I 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 when we up to no good  
Slangin them things like a real O.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 set 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, Kurupt - 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  
Dr. Dre will kick 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 lain 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 trigga  
 Shootin at the hoes with the game that I got  
 Sent to death row cause I wanted to make a grip from 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  
 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 man  
It's like three and to the two  
And two and to the one  
Cell block four peace Doggy Dogg's done  
Outtro: 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!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>