

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

18/06/2026

# Keep Their Heads Ringin'

Par N.W.A.

*Album : N.W.A. Legacy Vol. 1: 1988-1998 [Explicit]*

Yeah, what up? This is Dr. Dre

The party's goin' on

Thank God it's Friday

**Buck, buck, buck, buck, booyaka shan**

**Buck, buck, buck, buck, booyaka shan**

**Buck, buck, buck, buck, booyaka shan**

**Buck, buck, buck, buck, booyaka shan**

**Keep their heads ringin'**

**(Ring, ding-dong, ring-a-ding, ding, ding-dong)**

**Keep their heads ringin'**

(Ring, ding-dong, ring-a-ding, ding, ding-dong)

Hey you, sittin' over there (say what?)

You better get up out of your chair (that's right)

And work your body down (yeah)

No time to funk around 'cause we gon'

Funk you right on up

So get up, get a move on, and get your groove on

It's the D-R-E the spectacular

In a party, I go for your neck so call me "Blacula"

As I drain a nigga's jugular vein

And maintain to leave blood stains so don't complain

Just chill, listen to the beats I spill

Keepin' it real, enables me to make another meal

Still, niggas run up and try to kill at will

But get popped like a pimple, so call me Clearasil

I wipe niggas off the face of the Earth since birth

I been a bad nigga, now let me tell you what I'm worth

More than a stealth bomber, I cause drama

The enforcer, music flows like a flying saucer

Or a 747 jet, never forget

I'm that nigga that keeps the hoes panties wet

The mic gets smoked, once you hear the beat kick

With grooves so funky, they come with a Speed Stick

**So check the flavor that I'm bringin'**

**The motherfuckin' D-R-E, I keep their motherfuckin' heads ringin'**

**(Ring, ding-dong, ring-a-ding, ding, ding-dong)**

**Keep their heads ringin'**

**(Ring, ding-dong, ring-a-ding, ding, ding-dong)**

One, two for the crew, three, four for the dough

Five for the hoes, six, seven, eight for Death Row

Mad niggas about to feel the full effect of intellect

So I can collect respect, plus a check

Now, I fin' to, get into to my mental

Will take care of this business, I need to attend to 'cause my rent's due

And this rap shit's my meal ticket

So you goddamn right I'ma kick it, or get evicted

I bring terror like Stephen King

A black Casanova, runnin' nigga over like Christine

When I rock the spot with the flavor I got

I get plenty of ass, so call me an ass-tronaut

As I blast past another nigga's ass that thought he was strong

But I smoke him like grass, just like Cheech and Chong

When I flow, niggas know, it's time to take a hike

'Cause I grab the mic and flip, my tongue like a dyke

I got rhymes to keep you enchanted

Produce a smokescreen with the funky green to keep your eyes slanted

So check the flavor that I'm bringin'

The motherfuckin' D-R-E, I keep their motherfuckin' heads ringin'

(Ring, ding-dong, ring-a-ding, ding, ding-dong)

Keep their heads ringin'

(Ring, ding-dong, ring-a-ding, ding, ding-dong) yeah, come on

If you want to get on down (uh, yeah)

You got to get on down (come on)

Just get on down (it's like that)

Debonair with flair, I scare wear and tear

Without a care, runnin' shit as if I was a mayor

But I ain't no politician, no competition

Sendin' all opposition to see a mortician

I'm up front, never in the back drop

Step on stage and get faded just like a flat-top

Your rhyme sounds like you bought 'em at Stop 'n Go

Dre came to wax you so, just call me Mop and Glo

Many tried to, but just can't rock with

I'm 6'1", 225 of pure chocolate

Your chances of jackin' me are slim, G

'Cause I rock from summer 'til Santa comes down the chimney

Ho-ho-ho and so, as I continue to flow

'Cause yo, I'm just a fly negro, so

Check the flavor that I'm bringin'

**The motherfuckin' D-R-E, I keep their motherfuckin' heads ringin'**

**(Ring, ding-dong, ring-a-ding, ding, ding-dong)**

Uh, I keep their motherfuckin' heads ringin'

**(Ring, ding-dong, ring-a-ding, ding, ding-dong)**

**I keep their heads ringin'**

**(Ring, ding-dong, ring-a-ding, ding, ding-dong)**

**I keep their heads ringin'**

(Ring, ding-dong, ring-a-ding, ding, ding-dong) uh, c'mon

**If you want to get on down**

**You got to get on down**

**Just get on down**

**If you want to get on down**

You got to get on down

Just get on down

I know you bobbin' your head

'Cause I can see you

You can't see me

Haha, yeah

Death Row, let me know you're in the house (biatch)

Haha, yeah

That's right, we're out

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