

# Parental Discretion Iz Advised

## N.W.A.

One, two, three, kick it Ayyo Dre, what's goin on, man? What's goin on?  
Ay what ch'all gonna do for this last record?  
Nah tell me what cha'all gonna do?  
Okay, you want me to do the? Aight! Parental discretion is advised for the moment  
While I'm getting candid, now understand it  
Ain't too typical in any way, though the pro  
On the mic is the D.O. to the C. this is an  
I know the DOC makes you want to take a valium  
So buy a bucket, cause upcomin is my album  
And for the record, meanin my record, check it  
Listen to the single and you'll be like, yo, I gotta get it  
But in the meantime, listen to the rhyme  
of the Dr. Dre, played wit N.W.A.  
Yella's on the drum roll, rockin the beat  
Ayyo Dre, where're you gonna take this shit, man?  
Ayyo, let's take it to the street (WORD UP!), let 'em understand perfection  
Let knowledge be the tool for suckers to stop guessin  
Cause I don't give a fuck about a radio play  
Observed the english I display  
Lyrics for the adults, children have been barred  
And scarred from listenin to somethin so motherfuckin HARD  
Dope, pumpin that's so my shit will never falter  
Yo, it's Dre, so fuck the "Mind of Minolta"  
Psycho, like no, other motherfucker  
So step to me wrong, G-O for what you N-O  
But be warned, never will I leave like a regular  
Cause I'm a little better than the regular competitor  
I use to see 'em on stage  
Earnin money like a thief, but without a gauge  
Until I got full, of clockin the lame gettin pull  
(They said you wasn't gon' get paid) Nah that's bullshit!  
They like it stylistic  
And I enchant the crowd like I'm a mystic  
(C-C-C-C) C-C-C-cameras are flashin, when I'm in action  
A photo, or fresh with a flair for fashion  
Pure simplicity, see it's elementary  
You hear one of the hardest motherfuckers this century  
Try to comprise a word to the wise and the guys  
Parental discretion is advised  
Ren is most extremely high performance  
The black hat cause I worn this, cause it's like enormous  
Some shit I don't take it, not even in a toilet

And shit from a sucker, put in a pot and I'll boil it  
 Turn up the pilot as it burns  
 And maybe, the motherfuckers will learn  
 I'm not a sub, cause I speak sensible  
 Not considered a prince, cause I'm a principal  
 I'm engineerin the shit that you're hearin  
 Cause when it comes to power, I'm power steerin  
 Silly you say, I say you're silly when you say it  
 Rushin to the eject, to put my shit in and play it  
 It's like Apollo, but I'm not an amateur  
 And I'm not givin a fuck, while I'm damagin ya  
 It's for the record, so Ren's lyrics is gonna spin it  
 And if there was a trophy involved, I'll win it  
 Possession is mine and I'm the holder  
 Cause a nigga like Ren don't give a fuck cause I'm older  
 So for you to step off would be wise  
 And say fuck it, parental discretion is advised I be what is known as a bandit  
 You gotta hand it to me when you truly understand it  
 Cause if you fail to see, read it in braile  
 It'll still be funky - so what's next is the flex  
 Of a genius, my rapid-stutter-steppin if you seen this  
 dope, you hope that I don't really mean this  
 But if played, made the grade or high-top fade  
 It's not my trademark when I get loose in the dark  
 You guess it was a test of a different style  
 It's just another motherfucker on the pile  
 Drivin your ass with the flow of your tongue  
 You hung yourself short, the after-knowledge was brung  
 To your attention, by the hardest motherfuckin artist  
 that is know for lynchin any sucker in a minute  
 Stagger 'em all  
 When I start flowin like Niagara Falls  
 Ice Cube is equipped to rip shit in a battle  
 Move like a snake when I'm mad, and then my tail rattle  
 I get low on the flow so let your kids know  
 When I bust, parental discretion is a must Little did they know, that I would be arrivin  
 And it's surprisin, rockin it from where I been  
 But it's the E here to take, no mistake to be made  
 In the trade where funky ass records are bein played  
 Fuck the regular, yo as I get better the  
 Bitches wanna trick and go stupid up on the dick  
 So I get 'em hot, thinkin they're gonna get it  
 As they sit, rubbin their legs like a cricket  
 To you it may be funny, but  
 There's no service of beef, without money  
 So slip the C-note, and you can choke  
 On a wing-ding-ding-a-ling down your throat  
 Foreplay to me ain't shit  
 When you spread 'em I'm ready, then you can get the dick

Of the Eaze, if you can deal with the size  
But if you can't, parental discretion's advised! Shut the fuck up!!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>