

# Wanted

## Compton's Most Wanted

Just like a prisoner, because I'm brown with some black skin  
A fugitive, running cause I just won't give in  
And its hard when it's black on black  
Gotta blast another brother trying to scheme on my stack  
For me to be a busta, oh no  
Police is hunting a brother like an animal  
So I play my cards right, watch my back  
Because the enemy is scheming, trying to kick a rat pack  
Straight up, a gangsta, ain't got time for faking  
Label me a pusher, dead presidents I'm making  
A brother who's young, got the neighborhood sprung  
Police riding my tip, if they catch me I'm hung  
But no, I don't sleep as they creep. Take a peep out the scene  
Cause they trying to stop the flow of my green  
So I keep stepping, and bailing hard because a brother is up on it  
Catch me if you can cause fool, Eiht is wanted I lace up my kicks, because a brother's on the run  
Chase me down with a gun, because my lyrics weigh a ton  
Now I'm sweating cause you're sweating me big time  
Hang me up by a rope for my murder rhyme  
No shorts given, that's how I'm living in the ninety-one  
Slide my car in, and smoking with my Mike gun  
Pop off two lyrics so they can slack up  
If it gets too deep Mike's got the back up  
Packin' tools, droppin' fools, I'm from Compton  
So that should be your first rule  
Here comes the pick of the weak, so don't sneak  
If you do, Eiht'll take two to your cheek  
So don't get uptight if you a victim  
Got a gang of gangsta rhymes so let me kick em  
Geah, I can't be stopped, cause I'm up on it  
And a brother like Eiht's still wanted So now I break faster, not because I want to, cause I got ta  
Now your homies after me because I grabbed my mike and shot a-  
Nother sucker dead, lyrics straight to your head  
Cannot bite, no. The Compton psycho  
Quick on the gank, so you might get shanked  
And I don't need a gat just to jack your bank  
Another stick-up kid just got crazy  
Try to double cross the Eiht you'll be pushing up daisies  
Or you can get the backwash

From the forty that's poured on the ground, so I clown  
So your mad, but your bad and you press your luck  
But you still wanna nag, yeah you'll get stuck  
So who's got the Compton funk?  
And it's illegal if you bump it too loud in your trunk  
So now you know that Eiht's your top rap dealer  
But you a punk ass New Jack squealer  
That's why I'm wanted The odds against me. So now its time to break  
Seconds tick off the clock so I don't fake  
I gots to keep on steppin', don't run outta breath  
Cause if I slow down punk it might spell death  
I confuse the mark, throw him off the trail  
This ain't no picnic punk you picked hell  
Better known as Rambro, not afraid  
Mike T starts the gat, Eiht's a hand grenade  
And who's got the four-one-one?  
Just can't do me punk your getting done  
Eiht is the nigga eating them up  
Yeah that's my cue so I start kicking but  
And you don't want to witness the Compton rage  
Trapped just like a rat in a snake cage  
Boy you dis the crew, geah you flaunt it  
Now I hunt you down because your wanted

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