

Endoness (feat. C.M.W.)

MC Eiht

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Geah, uh
In the muthafuckin' house
Back for the 9 to the 6, geah, uh
Ain't nuthin' but the Eihthype thugs nigga
Geah
(Stick 'em)
Compton in this bitch
Check it out, geahI'm giving you that funky funky ass shit
That you gots to fuck with, uh
So stand back cause I don't want my funk to rub off
On your silly billy ass, yeah you too soft, uh
I'm giving that brain a little tickle
You better than a bitch licking on your pop sicle
Uh fool, you know I'm too cold
I'll leave that ass hanging
Dangling like a bitch on hold (stick 'em)
Gets off my thing
You cling like static
I spits like a fucking automatic (brrr)
Classy bitches, I'm in 'em, uh
I'm deadly like poison, fucking snakes venom
Your parents say don't do me (uh uh)
But I'm the bomb so they run right to me (run run run)
As you inhale everything seems right
Ready to take you on that late night hype (get em)
The endonessWestside
Geah, c'mon uh
The endoness, uh (stick em)Damn, must be the shit
Hitting at last as you burn them finger tips (damn)
Must be the chronic
Invincible like Steve Austin dddddddddd bionic
I touch the brains of many

The more you want the more you get (geah), no shit
You'll find all kinds but none like this
 You need this
 The shit - that seedless
 A brand new trip
Exciting as your cells do back flips (c'mon uh)
 I might just fuck up your sinus
 And put that ass to sleep like Linus
So hit me, hit me again, hit me three times
 That ass is mine, geah
 I'ma take you through
 Virtue - reality, it won't hurt you
The endonessAaah, come on, uh geah
 Eihthype in the house, nigga
 Eihthype in the house, get 'em
 Uh, Eihthype in the house, nigga
 We funky, we funky, geah, stick 'em
Compton, nigga c'monWatch out now don't hit it too long
 Just save a little for your friends and get some more
 If they got ends (what up erb)
 Get it from the Hub and take no chances
 Smoked out no doubt your brain enhances
 Put your brain on drugs (that's right)
 Hypnotised by the Eihthype thugs
Want beach blonde muthafuckas in nappy-head dreads
 No stress take the boo-ya bomb instead
 And I'm the only one that got it
You fucking with that bullshit baby, we gon' spot it
 Out of your lungs comes blow up (oh yeah)
You shouldn't've fucked on that weed now you throw up
 Paranoid and you twitching
 Heat waves, wake up nigga start switching
 Because we just can't fuck with that stress
We take you on that late nite hype to the endonessAaahh, geah
 Eihthype in the house, nigga
 Eihthype in the house, nigga
 Geah
 Eihthype in the house nigga geah
 West Side, we funky
 Eastside, we funky
Or whatever side you from nigga
 We funky now
 We funky
 Uh, Eihthype in this bitch
 Compton in this bitch

We funky now
Geah

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