

III tha Hood Way

MC Eiht

[ice cube]

When I hear the words: murda murda, I concern a
 Slug in your burden brain
 Niggas heard of me
 From here to eternity
 Fuck hell cause I can feel the earth burn in me
Now we can meet, we can greet, we can see, we can eat
 We can hold court in the street
 Whatcha wanna do?
 I just ate, it's a quarter to 8
 I'm in section 8 with mc eiht and a 38 (yeah)
 And I'm ready to ride for this shit
 Muthafucka done invested his life in this shit
 And we ain't losin' rather take a penitentiary chance
 And ? ? your house like some blue and red ends
 Make you dance like holyfield
 And we'll rob you like lennox lewis
 And you can't do nuthin' to us (nuthin')
 Spent my life with the west rollies
 A few of 'em still gangbangin in they 40's, what
 Violatin parolies[ice cube, mack 10 & eiht]
 Ye-ye-ye-e
 Gangstas make the world go round
 And stayin' down in the y-2-k
 That's what they say
 It's hoo-bang muthafucka and we don't play
 Eiht, cube and mack: iii tha hood way, geah
 I said...[mack 10]
Mack 10 is the lick, west side is the click (yeah)
 I can't get enough of this gangsta shit
 So I drag my 5-7 down the shores and the skate
 ? ? ? play some vibrate for humpin' section 8
 I stay g'd up and down, it's the bumper when it's late
 With my hair bitch-braid sportin' murder one shades
 It's the heat bringer, king inglewood swinger
 And fuck every nigga that ain't a hoo-banger (hoo-banger!)
 No color lines make dimes, it's color blind
 And I ain't trippin' cause your rag ain't bright as mine
 Let's rock t-birds up, sew up the place

Get on the paper chase and let us smoke our free base
I'm a straight go-getter, grinded till I'm rich
I stay down and dirty and screamin' fuck a bitch (fuck you bitch!)
Me, eiht and don mega off the hook together
It's iii tha hood way and hoo-bang forever, whatChorus...[eiht]
Three niggas, three time felons with three strikes (yeah)
Three times equal 9's, khakis and knives
Roll on swings as I bumps the flashlight
Nice off I flip to the hard, my shit's tight
Small nigga in the backseat with loc's
Tryin' to come up on cash cause we downer at last
Gun smoke, my tramp 8's start to spittin'
Put the hood I scream loud, give a fuck who I'm hittin'
West side compton, hoo-bang' fo' sho'
Put they work for my g's, six feet below
The murda show, muthafuckas ride with me
There's one life to live so I cops the key
Once upon a time in the projects with heat
Slangin' my shit: you don't work, you don't eat
You can take this boy out tha hood
But you can't take the hood out a nigga
Hand stays on the tricca, geahChorus...[cube & eiht]
Iii tha hood way ye-yey (fo' sho')
Iii tha hood way ye-yey (for the 9-9 fool)
Iii tha hood way ye-yey (you know how tha fuck we do it)
Iii tha hood way ye-yey (hoo-bangin' fo' life!)
Yeah (geah)
Geah
The compton shit
Mc eiht (tha criminal shit)
For your ass
Ice cube (dumpin' out the trey)
Dumpin' out the rag seven
Mack 10 (givin' yo' ass just what you need)
That thug shit
West side hoo-bangin' gangstas
Compton fo' life
Geah
Babeeee...