The Murda Show (With MC Eiht)

Spice 1

Damn Eiht
What the fuck we gonna do now?I don't know homeboy you know what I'm sayin' but I'll tell you like this
We gonna bust some ass for the ninety-three shot
Right, these motherfuckers don't understand we ain't from around here
That's all right you know what I'm sayin"Cause we ain't takin' no shorts you know what I'm sayin'
Compton meets the motherfuckin' bay town nigga
So step the fuck off this you know what I'm sayin'
My nigga spice get with 'emYa see I'm nothin' but a mac-10 shooter
Killer man looter on the creep with the glock
Got it cocked picidy pop
I cold shot when the cop drop m-a-money gone niggaMind of a lunatic on a steel trigger
Motherfuckin flash backs of nigga's bodies rip
From the ak blast on that ass hollow point to the tip to the toe
Creep slow and watch the blood hit the fuckin' flo'It's the goddamn murda show
Starring a nigga in black wearin' a weed hat creepin' low
And co-starring is a psycho motherfucker
He grew up in Compton bustin' caps at the cluckersHis name is MC motherfuckin' Eiht
He got the uzi weigh a ton eatin' niggas like a steak on a plate
So nigga get your popcorn and peanuts 'cause we nuts and we know
Sit back and watch a nigga murda at the murda showA to the motherfuckin' K
187 proof ass nigga from the bay
(Murda show)
Yeah, and it's the nigga from Compton that's stompin'
Raise up off my jock with the fools that I glockA to the motherfuckin' K
187 proof ass nigga from the bay
(Murda show)
Yeah, and it's the nigga from Compton that's stompin'
Raise up off my jock with the fools that I glockNigga shut your fuckin' trap, yeah your punk ass is sure
Sure that they sew when I peel your cap
The slide the slick, suck my dick
No mistaking I bring home greens, fuck the baconThe big black neck getting motherfuckers sprung
They'll be put in the trash by this Compton tongue
Eiht, Spice-1, kickin' much ass for fun
Ain't nothin' but some nigga sold the oneFools need to stay the fuck down
They can't hang when we bang from Compton and the bay town
It's like the last dance or your last chance
When I reach in for the strap in my fuckin' pantsI pump' dead then the scene is fair ain't nothin said
Even your skinny ass dead
I cant sleep 'cause its time to go

Fool or I'll be late for the murda show niggaA to the motherfuckin' K
187 proof ass nigga from the bay
(Murda show)
Yeah, and it's the nigga from Compton that's stompin'
Raise up off my jock with the niggas that I glockA to the motherfuckin' K
187 proof ass nigga from the bay
(Murda show)
Yeah, and it's the nigga from Compton that's stompin'
Raise up off my jock with the fools that I glockStep in to the torture chamber nigga let me torture
Hangers on your motherfuckin' back bring ya scorcher
Psychopathic mad man dead body chucker
Quick to pull the trigger on another motherfuckerSlangin' to the bass head bitches in the alley
Killin' for my motherfuckin' cash in recally
My nigga MC Eiht will make the getaway drive
I got the gat hangin' up out the motherfuckin' rideNiggas be getting the duck sit fuckin' with the player
Sprayer layer nigga out with the shout of the t-t-tech
Mic motherfuckin' check one stabbin' niggas
Up in the lungs plus the caps with bloody gunsMy uzi's got my back if player haters wanna jump
The motherfuckin' hollow head his chest thump, thump
And all the niggas leave his bloody body in the dust
One-nigga dead seventeen caps bustThat's how the niggas do this shit where I'm from
Red-rum leave your body numb blast of the dumb, dumb
I got the glock and I'm headin' for the liquor store
Me and Eiht are two-eleven at the motherfuckin' murda showA to the motherfuckin' K
187 proof ass nigga from the bay
(Murda show)
Yeah, and it's the nigga from Compton that's stompin'
Raise up off my jock or you might get the glockA to the motherfuckin' K
187 proof ass nigga from the bay
(Murda show)
Yeah, and you ask me to stay the fuck down
Bangin' from Compton and the bay townYeah, come on
Uh, Spice-1 and MC Eiht
And that eases the nine
You know what I'm sayin'

Songwriters
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