

Def Wish IV (Tap That Azz)

MC Eiht

[O Dawg from Menace II Society]
"Oh nigga guess what!
Word got back about the little marks who jacked you!
I know where they be kickin it at
Down with a 187?"[EIHT]
Eeerrr...
Geah
Geah
In the muthafuckin house, fool
For the 9 to the fizive-O
The Eihthype thugs in the muthafuckin house
Geah
And like my nigga E-40 say:
We got a colloseum of muthafuckas in here
Tha Eihthype thugs
C.M.W.
N.O.T.R.
Lil Hawk & Bird
Da Foel'ma hit you up with the T, so better scoot
Out the sunroof of the Coupe as I shoot
And ain't no crack, little cluck, it's just bullets that I'm slingin
Never-be-hangin, one-street-bangin
We don't be playin, fools runnin at the fuckin lip
Runnin, start runnin, you best not trip
Fast from the hip (pop pop) explodin
When the 9 mill starts unloadin
You better be watchin what you sayin
Cause niggas from 159th ain't playin
Trey's and 4's and houses start hittin your block
Mass hysteria, your bitch-ass gettin scarier
Don't wanna catch the slug
But you's a mark tryin to be a Tree Top Thug
Can't get no respect, well punk, then try this
Report your homies for domestic violence
For beatin your bitch ass up and down the block
Dash, David Gash, I'ma tap that ass[O Dawg from Menace II Society]
"Now we just gon' find these little marks and smoke 'em
Shit it ain't that hard"[EIHT]
I'ma tell you 'bout the time that we first met

The story that you told was some fake bullshit
It was me and Chill my pal
The scene was like the showdown at the O.K. Coral
It was you and then about five of y'all hangin
Standin in the center lookin like y'all was bangin
(Ain't nuthin but marks)
Approached me with your "P" hat
But I was high off the blunt, so I didn't see that
But I'm knowin I'm a nigga you love to hate
But you grab me by my shoulder and you conversate
I shouldn't've fell for it, I should've started slappin
Your eyes always dotted, you best stick to rappin
David Blake: you fake as fuck!
I mack your ass like a muthafuckin truck
I guess that eye was too black cause you still can't see me
Servin me a drink in your khaki bikini
Oh geah, just like I said before
Ain't nuthin but the ho on my dick
Little trick named Quik
Geah, quick to get fucked one time
You better be callin one-time before I pull out my nine
And nigga, checks this
Fill your Lexus full of holes as you slam into poles
Niggas should've just told me that you was a mark and
I wouldn't've hit you up with that notorious park
(You know where we from)
Can't fade it, better fear it
Got one of your little B.G.'s to write your fuckin lyrics
Playin around with the hood you get got
Nick name should be Spot for that eye you got
You and that fake muthafucka who wrote your rap
My nigga Boom Bam gon' slap with the trey-five strap
No muthafuckin truce
Get the ass cracked over the dome with the fuckin deuce-deuce
Don't make me have to act up
Cause you's a frail muthafucka with no back up
Original bangin on wax, nigga, you fake
'member One-Time Gaffled, nationwide blue tape
Original Compton representin to the T
Givin out slugs to you fake wanna-be's
Go run right through you
And before we kill off, remember the 'niew did it to you
Slick talkin, fast walkin
Nigga, how'd you figure that the E wasn't gon' stand and deliver?
You ain't worth a penny

Never had a damn eye, dotted so many
Times, two times, three times
You fall to the floor, you don't want no mo'
And if you wanna get with this you best to dash
Geah, cause I'ma tap that ass West Side
Fool, you can't fuck with the gangsta niggas
Uh
Ain't nuthin but the new style, you know?
I likes that, 'the new style' for that ass
9 to the fize-0, fool
You can't fuck with these killas
So stay the fuck back
And rounds up your little homies and shit
Cause we comes a 159 deep nigga
True Blue from the streets
Wessyyyde

Songwriters

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