

Thuggin' It Up

MC Eiht

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Geah
Geah
C'mon geah (right)
C'monI comes from the depths of hell
Where - killin' niggas roam
Illegal mobile phones, 4-5's and 9's: that's chrome
Abbreviated sets is where they macks
Crack sales in stacks
Government pay no taxes
If one times roll through they get hit up
No bullet proof vest protects that chest
Blood gets spit up (geah)
You can't believe it like aids with eazy
Fools be droppin when I be
Poppin 'em straight lookin' breezy (geah)
Damn why the fuck do they live like that?
How come
Every lil' park boy carry a gat? (I don't know)
Pull car jacks and drive-by's on innocent by (I don't know) standers
Intimidate niggas who can't stand us (geah)
So baby don't be caught nappin'
In clubs, we scrappin on blocks
We cappin on niggas, we straight snappin' (that's right)
The way you livin' ain't worth a fuck (geah)
We straight thuggin' it up c'mon (geah)Somebody say
Geah
Somebody say
Geah (that's right)
Somebody say
We straight thuggin' it up
C'mon niggai walks around with the glocks all day
Puttin in work that compton way (compton)

Back pocket of the khakis where the rag sticks out
One time comin fast(geah)
I hear the cluck shout, but uh...
It's too late, I done stuffed the rocks up in my ass
But I dash like the flash quick fast to get my cash
Cause ain't no future in this frontin
Corners I bend to get more ends (geah)
On fools I'm dumpin'
And to my homies I got clout
Baby black's got stack and my mom's trying to figure me out
Where the fuck you get that chain around your neck son?
Where the fuck you get your hands on that damn gun? (geah)
I said momma please
Cause I got dreams of slangin' ki's, rollin' on d's
Bear wit' me cause this live is fucked (geah)
Streih't thuggin' it up, c'mon geahSomebody say
Geah
Somebody say
Geah (that's right)
Somebody say
We straight thuggin' it up
Geah
Compton
Yeah
West side (geah)
Somebody say
We straight thuggin' it upShit ain't worked out to good
Cause jealous ass fellows got my name floatin' all through the hood
So now I rolls with the 9
Watch my back for the pack and even one time
Mom's on nervous status
Put her on tha midnight train like gladys
I see some headlights late night in the mirror
I make 2 turns, they make 2 turns now it's time to burn
I hits the pedal then I jet
Duckin' while they buckin', I'm buckin' back cause I ain't dead yet
I caught 2 slugs from his chrome (damn)
But he caught 2 slugs in his dome (pop pop)
Now it's time to take me home
And I'm lyin on my back (geah)
Spittin up blood, and I'm thinkin' to my muthafuckin self
No more livin' in this life that's fucked (geah)
Die thuggin' it up, c'mon geahSomebody say
Geah
Somebody say

Geah (that's right)
Somebody say
We straight thuggin' it up
C'mon
Compton
Somebody say
West side!
Somebody say
Geah
We straight thuggin' it up
C'mon
Straight thuggin' it up
C'mon geah
Straight thuggin' it up
C'mon sing
My homie short
Casual
Tight loc
Rest in peace

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