

Compton

The Game

Gangster boogie, gangster boogie, gangster boogie
Compton

[Chorus]

It's a home of America's gangsta rap
Th place of danger where
The gangster boogie, the gangster boogie
The gangster boogie, the gangster boogie
Where the cops is crooked
And them, and them hold it down like black guerrillas
Where the gangster boogie, the gangster boogie, the gangster boogie
Compton

Yeah, the game on fire, check the gold wired
Hip hop on lock like some motherfuckin' pliers
Me and Will.I.Am, yeah we take niggas higher
Niggas talkin' shit, get your fuckin' mouth wired
Walkin' through Compton, Eazy still alive
Raider hat to the back, throw your dubs in the sky
My floetry wicked, sit back while I kick it
And do it like Dre did it, N.W.A. did it
I cook crack like the first nigga that ever bought a brick
From a ese, nigga I could write a essay
About all the gangsta niggas that I seen lowridin'
In the Chevys with bitch ridin' shotgun, reppin' L.A.
Homes goin' loco
My glock to me is like Ice Cube and Yo-Yo
Sittin' in a low-low, on chrome spinners
Nobody drop nothin' this winter, nigga I'm from Compton

[Chorus]

I smoke chronic, ain't shit changed
Since Young MC and Eazy-E was rappin' we all in the same gang
Some niggas chain hang, other niggas gang bang
I do both cause I'm the king of the motherfucking West Coast
Kick the door open, Will, let's go
Flow like Esco', New York niggas say I'm the best, yo
Hard like Timbos, blowin' on endo
Niggas try to play me get stretched out like a limo

I was shoppin' crack when Dre was bangin' my demo
And all you old niggas is washed up like N.O.
Don't take it the wrong way, I got love for my kinfolk
Can I get a moment of silence? Will, bang the instrumental
I spit for my niggas in the line-up
That'll never see the sun again, so I close my blinds up
First album, sold 'em out, Impalas, rolled 'em out
Cause the whole motherfucking world wanna know about Compton

[Chorus: x2]

Welcome to the city of G's
Where we eat friend chicken, rice and black-eyed peas
Fans got us Interscope, like Jimmy Lovine
Cause we ruthless like will before the Black Eyed Peas
Fuck all rappers, look at all the hate I see
I'm sick, you can't get rid of me, I'm HIV
Get another job, hip hop is not hirin'
I'm the reason Dre fell comfortable retirin'
I just might put out detox myself
Smoke so much, I check in detox myself
One man army, took out Reebok's myself
.45 in my khakis, gotta watch my health
I'm so hard, nigga 17 quick draw nigga
Like the old me, 17, sippin' malt liquor
All black khaki suit, all black Converse
Nigga keep on stompin', comin' straight out of Compton

[Chorus: x2]

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