

# They Still Gafflin

## Compton's Most Wanted

Damn, MC Eihts back in the mutherfuckin' house  
Last year we came with the one times gaffled 'em up  
You know what I'm sayin'  
Now the whole mutherfuckin' world know They still gafflin, this young black nigga  
So why in the fuck should I sleep when they creep  
As I roll through the streets I see another raided house  
And that's why the Eiht'll be out in 5000  
And the fools won't give a chance to explain  
If you're from Compton, you either sell dope or gangbang  
Yo, those fools on my dick still trying to jack me  
I guess because I sport a hat and the khaki's And if my cars on hit, then I'm a roller  
Bust a you, hit the sirens and pull me over  
Run a make on my plates, fool they legit  
Another day for this punk ass bullshit  
I was lucky, I threw the blunt in my sock  
The first thing they say, "Who's got the gat, who's got the rocks?"  
I said, "Please officer, I'm a rap singer"  
Boy, you from Compton, you got to be a banger Where's your hood, what's your set, throw up your gang sign  
I take my hands off the hood and says I ain't got time  
He's says park it fool, time is wasting  
I said, "Fuck you", black leather glove slapped my face then  
I was pissed, it was rough, my hands was cuffed  
If I told them they stink they'd throw my ass in the clink  
So it was back to the curb and I sat  
All that time, fools didn't even find my strap  
But every day it's the same shit happening, yo  
Watch your back one times still gafflin, geah Geah, now they still on my dick  
Still all wrastling, gafflin and shit  
Can't take no more off this one time shit  
You know what I'm sayin'  
I'm ready to peel a mutherfuckers cap  
You know what I'm sayin', check this out Off to the kick it, spot to make an end  
Early in the morning, so my day can begin  
I seen the fool that tried to double cross me  
I beat the punk down smooth 'cause I'm the boss, E  
2 niggas rolling in hats, inside a Cadillac  
We start to blaze up the mutherferkin' 20 sack  
We rolled the windows up to get that contact  
One time seen the smoke, they pulled a smooth jack On top of that I was bumping big noise

It was the fucking CHP boys  
I didn't like those punk fools one bit  
'Cause they be popping that KKK shit  
So I kick back and played with the routine  
And told the grand dragon I was 17  
Tell the police the truth, then how they fuck that sound?  
'Cause if I told him the truth then I'd be county bound  
So I play with the routine, comma  
While he say, hand over the marijuana  
I said, "Officer, you must be joking  
That was a cigarette I was smoking"  
So I sat with my butt to the ground  
And kept on thinking, would the fool beat me down?  
They didn't find the gat, it was a miracle  
But they still toed my mutherfuckin' vehicle  
I might as well have packed a strap and  
Get rid of all these one times gafflin  
Geah, I'd like to send this out to all the mutherfuckin' homies  
That be getting their asses kicked by the one times  
You know what I'm sayin'  
And all my mutherfuckin' homeboys  
That's in jail locked up over this punk ass shit  
The one times be gaffling, you know what I'm sayin'  
But they can't keep a brother like the MC Eiht down  
Me and my DJ Mike T is like out 5000

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