

Tough Guyz

MC Eiht

Yo
Geah
Yo
Half ounce in the house, what?
Check it out, check it out
Don't be comin' around my way with that tough guy shit
Only west side allowed and we won't get hit, geah
We got the ho's locked down
Half ounce in the house
It's like this
Mon diggi
Yo
Stick 'em[mon-diggi]
My visions outta focus cause I lit the hocus-pocus
All I'm leavin' for you vultures is a couple of cockroaches
Mon-diggi split your wiggy - probably incidental
When I rape your instrumental but we gon' keep that confidential
I really can keep a secret but you tellin' lies
Hesitant to represent
You like a bitch in disguise
Talkin' about you need a trend so you can wet the tough guyz
And suspense is your evidence, lay it to scuff guys
Must I - do the cappin', I would love to keep rappin'
But I heard you always packin' and bitch-made when it come to scrappin'
Mon-d, sinister m.c. is x-fac'in'
Lookin' for your captain so I can smack and p.d. wack him
My tactics are more than just bad bitches and back
Shiiit, jackie chan would fuck around and get his ass blasted
Stupid bastard - diggi blessed the session
Niggas in my section are lookin' for some new direction[eiht]
Don't be comin' around my way with that tough guy shit
Only west side allowed and we won't get hit
We gots the ho's locked down from town to town
And we keep on payin', don't give a fuck what you sayin'
Don't be comin' around my way with that tough guy shit
Only west side allowed and we won't get hit
We gots the ho's locked down from town to town
And we keep on playin', so fuck what you sayin', geah[boom bam]
We got problems that you wouldn't believe

The world is filled with hatred, player haters and greed (geah)
 And I can't lie - cause we all done took part in it
 And ain't no pointin' no muthafuckin' fingers of who done started it
 You gotta be down for your get down
 You gotta be ready to put your hit down
 Then ready to split your grip down (geah)
 The middle - gotta be fair
 Signs posted in the hood, all niggas beware, now check it
 (check it out)
 One time can't maintain no order
 They the ones gettin' checked, need a restrainin' order (chin chin)
 Against niggas like me that's on the warpath
 So get your umbrellas ready because the forecast is gloomy
 My extra large t-shirt be roomy
 For the gat that I pack, new jacks that wanna do me
 L.a. is the place where punks die quick
 (half ounce is the click you can't fuck with)[eiht]
 Don't be comin' around my way with that tough guy shit
 Only west side allowed and we won't get hit
 We got the ho's locked down from town to town
 And we keep on playin' so fuck what you sayin'...Criminal minded's the kingpin, I starts my lootin'
 Killin' these bitch-ass niggas when I starts my shootin'
 Hundred miles and runnin' stops from the cops
 In the back seat hops as I starts to pop
 Givin' a fuck, got the extra clip in the under cover
 Blast with the ski mask, blame it on another
 Old dirty e from the c-p-t
 Still kill from c to shine m.c.
 Deadly catastrophe
 Competition, compete it's costly
 Killing you softly
 Holes in your body with the shotty (boom boom)
 Where's the party, it's killin' any - body (geah)
 Ho's turn silly like the ? ? ?
 Evil stunts like ? ? ? packs my piece
 Before I escape, uh
 Eiht ain't done yet
 Kill 'em all
 And ride into the sunset
 Don't be comin' around my way with that tough guy shit
 Only west side allowed and we won't get hit
 We got the ho's locked down from town to town
 And we keep on playin' so what you sayin'
 Don't be comin' around my way with that tough guy shit
 Only west side allowed and we won't get hit
 We got the ho's locked down from town to town

And we keep on playin' so fuck what you sayin'Geah

Come on

Half ounce in the house

Half ounce in your mouth bitch

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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