

# 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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