8 Ball

N.w.a.

[Intro]
"Kick that shit"
"Cold kicking ass"
"Funky fresh Eazy E"
"Pull up a chair and I'mma tear shit up"

[Verse 1: Eazy-E]
I don't drink brass monkey, like to be funky
Nickname Eazy-E yo' 8 ball junkie
Bass drum kickin, and a snag I nag
And if ain't rap, then you know it's crap
Crowd rockin sucka suckers from around the way
I got a six-shooter, yo' mean I'm brave
E rollin out,to find the boyz
To kick dust and cuss, crank up some noise
Police on my tail, I don't like jail
40 ounce in my lap and it's cold as hell
Hook a right turn and let the pigs go up
Then I say to myself,"They can kiss my butt!"
Hip to get drunk got the 8 in my lips
Put in the old tape Marvin Gaye's greatest hits
Rollin so hard had the bass cold whompin
Cruisin through the Eastside, South of Compton
See a big butt, and I say word
I took a look at her face, and the girl wasto the curb
But she was on my tip for the title I'm holdin
Eazy-E's gettin busy got the 8 ball rollin

[Hook]
I, was.. "Cold kickin ass "
I, was.. "Raised in L.A."
I, was.. "Cruisin down the street in my six-four"
"Too much posse"

[Verse 2: Eazy-E]
Ridin on Slausson lookin for Crenshaw
Turned down the sound, to ditch the law
Stopped at a light wouldn't you now
A cadillac almost wrecked the six-fo'

Flipped him off put it to the floor
Went to the store fo' more 8 ball
Actin real ill cause I was drunk
See a sucker punk, had to go in my trunk
Reach inside cause it's like that
Came back out with a silver gat
Pointed at the fool, and it was all because
I had to show the boy what time it was
When I turn around it was like a mirage
Knucklehead like that got out of dodge
Suckas be illin cause the title I'm holdin
Eazy-E's in affect and got the 8 ball rollin

[Verse 3: Eazy-E]
Olde English 800 cause that's my brand
Take it in a bottle, 40, quart or can
Drink it like a madman, yes I do
Forget the police and a 502
Stepped in the party, I was drunk as hell
Three girls already said," Eric yo' breath smells! "
8 ball in hand, that's what I got
" Yo man you see Eazy hurlin in the parkin lot?
Punked yo' lady stepped on her toe
Asked her to dance and she said," hell no! "
Called her a skizzy cause that's the rule
Boyz-n-the hood tryin to keep me cool
You tell my homeboy you wanna kick my butt
I walked in your face and we get 'em up
I started droppin the dogs, and watch you fold
Just dumb through the bum, got knocked out cold
Fool got dropped cause the title I'm holdin
Eazy-E's hardcore and got the 8 ball rollin

[Verse 4: Eazy-E]
Yo pass the brew Ren while I tear shit up
And y'all listen up close to roll call
Eazy-E's in the place I got money and juice
Ron-De-Vu with me and we make the deuce
Dre makes the beats so funk funk funky
Do the Olde 8, forget the brass monkey
Ice Cube writes the rhymes, that I say
Hail to the homiez from C.I.A
Krazy D is down and in effect
We make hardcore jams, so give us respect
Make a toast punky punk to the title I'm holdin

Eazy-E's breakin' out and got the8 ball rollin

Man I'm outta here
Yo Eazy, you forgot to tell em what city you chill in

In the city! (City of Compton)
In the city! (City of Compton)

City City City of Compton (Repeat x5)

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