

# Growin' Up In the Hood

## Compton's Most Wanted

Wake your punk ass up  
The M.C Eiht's back in the motherfuckin' house  
Kickin' the straight gangster shit, for the 9,1  
You know what I'm sayin', gia Growing up in the hood, yea boy  
1984, was the year my peers didn't know, what was in store  
A little hard head kid came abade  
Time to pay my dues, learn the tricks of the trade And at home it's the same ass story  
Mom's treatin' me like she don't even know me  
But my younger brother's got much clout  
I can't take this shit, so, I bones the hell out And roll with the pack of wicked motherfuckers  
No shorts are taken, we're down black brothers  
A little nigga with no problems at all  
Fucked up and killed my first 8-ball Quick up the stairs, so, little sucker stop lookin'  
Stagger to the house, so, I can collect my whoopin'  
But watch out 'cause a little nigga's up to no good  
Growin' up in the hood Life ain't nothin but bitches and money  
'Cause in the city you live and let die  
Nutting but bitches and money I got hard times and will I escape, sometimes I wonder  
But, it just seems that the hood, that took me under  
Police sweat my tip and keep harassin'  
Trying to lock me up 'cause I keep on blastin' Community tryin' to shut me out  
But the money keeps flowin' and I got much clout  
With the cluckers, the brother back street punk suckers  
Try to break me out fool, you be a short motherfucker Always strappin', eager to peal a cap  
I set up a trap, put your foot to a nap  
'Cause I grew up fast on the wrong side of the law  
So watch me take two to your jaw Don't enter my hood, homeboy  
Not a Robocop, a robogansta, ready to destroy  
I take chances 'cause life to be ain't no good  
Growin' up in the hood Life ain't nothin' but bitches and money  
Where I'm at, if you're soft, you're lost  
Nothin' but bitches and money 1987, I'm back on the scene, out of jail, I'm legit  
And I'm fuckin' up shit  
I'm ready to peal a sucker's cap  
And I heard that my hood was makin' snaps As I precede to make my riches  
Just like the neighborhood kingpin, pimp, and all these bitches  
Task force tryin' to roll deep  
But, I'm playin' these punk fools cheap Niggas rolled by and try to blast, it didn't work  
I seen the bullets flying and fool, I hit the dirt

Bullets fly through the window  
Hits my brother, down goes my mother  
As I'm rolling, I'm hitting my switches  
Looking for the punk ass, sons of bitches  
I found them, before I kill 'em, I said you fucked up good  
Gotta handle that, growin' up in the hood  
Life ain't nuttin but bitches and money  
'Cause in the city you live and let die  
Nothin' but bitches and money, yeah  
A brother's on the run, I've got a hand in my stash box  
Wanted 'cause I'm serving them the potent fat rocks  
And my face is like a household name  
Everybody warns their kids about the dope game  
But I'm still makin' my profit  
And the one time just can't stop it  
So, I keep hidin' my face  
No time to waste, they got me on the chase  
Now, the neighborhood's on my line  
'Cause some punk ass fool had drop the dime  
5, O at my door, at 8 o'clock  
Rush to the toilet, so, I could flush the rock  
Out the backdoor, freeze, I heard a shout  
Am I sure, yo, I guess I got no clout  
But it's murder one, I'm the victim, damn  
That ain't good, growin' up in the hood  
Where I'm at, if you're soft, you're lost  
Compton is the city that I claim  
City that I fucked, take no shit from it, sure  
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