

Blue Stamp

MC Eiht

Yeah, blue stamp official
Keep it counterYeah, 8 kid to shut em down, ghetto be the pro now
Love it cause it's underground
Just like the shot lights, tell me how you seen
The hoes with the pretty face, ass extreme
Dreams of fucking a celebrity, yeah
Stuck up in the ass but them love hood did
Yeah, you know the motton, hennesy bottle
In the lap, right next to the strap, the homies follow
Ghetto, yeah so infamous, screaming innocence, with the evidence
Jail fight for the young and mean I represent
Shady promoters, niggas grown ever since
Long as the beat keep banging, niggas come
The hoes sing every word, feel good, ha
That's what a motherfucker bring
You stamped official, so let the shit bring
Get yours niggas I get mine
And everything is fine, and give it the blue stamp
Get yours niggas I get mine
We on push the line and give it the blue stamp
Get yours niggas I get mine
We run from one time and give it the blue stamp
Niggas yeah, rep your town
Bitches, yeah, rep your townYou're a customer, so the product ride
So every fucking thang gonna be so tight alright
Soon the elite go to business vary
Fight for the neighborhood I'm a missionary
Wake up everybody, we back in the place
Some real niggas and bitches invade your space
Give a fuck where you from, homes store up your fingers
A new ghetto tone for your ...ringers
Tryina bring back the sound that you missing bad
Get rid of these phoney motherfuckers drinks and fats
8 got your medicines
Yes, bomb, my bomb niggas all in, fuck with me
Some niggas loyalty is only skin deep
We straight from the street, so they talk it don't speak
I say your name so weak, it's compton everyday I rep it in my sleep
Get yours niggas I get mine

And everything is fine, and give it the blue stamp
Get yours niggas I get mine
We on push the line and give it the blue stamp
Get yours niggas I get mine
We run from one time and give it the blue stamp
Niggas yeah, rep your town
Bitches, yeah, rep your town Niggas from the hood so it's guarantee west
It's where a nigga headed, so the brain don't rest
It's no competition, the amateurs don't impress
It's money over hoes, you trick you don't mess
Gangster, gangster, heard all about
The only nigga's back in town runnin her mouth
Tryian smoke a couple palm trees
Niggas banging impala music
You know them og's
Compton, niggas where your dues pay
Sliding in my ride, house shoes, sippin coole
Who you wanna fade, compton original
Fuck it, this the west nigga, any individual
Bump a couple towns now send the residuals
Want the real west coast, nigga here it goes
Nigga make it sound so real,
The drive by music so good in your ear, come on Get yours niggas I get mine
And everything is fine, and give it the blue stamp
Get yours niggas I get mine
We on push the line and give it the blue stamp
Get yours niggas I get mine
We run from one time and give it the blue stamp
Niggas yeah, rep your town
Bitches, yeah, rep your town.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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