

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

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