Killin' Nigguz (feat. C.M.W. & N.O.T.R.)

MC Eiht & N.O.T.R.

Do this muthafuckin' shit right though
We in the muthafuckin' house
Geah
In the muthafuckin' house
Niggas on the run in the muthafuckin' house
Boom bam, tha chill
Mc eiht in the house
And we know your muthafuckin' residential spots, geah[tha chill]
I'm breakin 'em off the proper chunks of the compton funk
Hoo-bangin' with a pistol grip pump
Buckin' shots in your body boy, buck
For poppin' that lip service, now your lookin' nervous, uh
Muthafuckas best to run and duck
Cause that nigga named chill still don't give a fuck
Niggas be gettin' shot up with the pistola
Call me chill but not that nigga known as a cold chiller
I got my heat on the front of the seat
Fuck a cop, anybody killa when a nigga gone off the bop gun
Niggas on the run, hah, click number 1
Got them niggas steady swangin' and the bitches straight sprung
So you best to bring your army, your posse, your gang
And we can get in the street and throw them thangs
Nigga figure he's bigger, dig a bigger ditch, ah
Fool I'm holdin' the trigger
Finger got the itch, uh, stitch
Or better yet chalk 'em up
I'm tearin' up body parts, makin' it smell like what the fuck?
Don't be thinkin' you gon' catch a nigga slippin' with your shit nigga
1-5-9 times up your head from this stone cold killin' nigga
Ain't nuthin' but them niggas that kill
We ain't nuthin' but them niggas that kill...
Boom bam in the houseWhere you from nigga?[boom bam]
I'm from the c to the o to the m to the p to the t to the o to the n
Niggas be poppin' that shit and I'll be sockin 'em once up in they chin
One hitter quitter, guaranteed sleeper
Rock-a-bye bitch nigga, shit is getting deeper
Bitch wanna know where us niggas that kill at
Well, bring your ass to the west side of compton that's where we chill at
Cause I don't give a fuck about dollars & sense

I'm backin' my nigga eiht at hundred and fifty nine percent nigga
Cause I swear to God I'm gonna kill quick
Cause when you fuck with my nigga then it's some real shit
So if you feel you wants to get something off of your back
Come to the new muthafucka, that's where you'll find me at
You best to watch your back
Cause I be creepin' through your hood
Every other night loaded with my fuckin' gat
Just hopin' that I see you
To blow a hole in your ass so big that I can peep through
Cause when we cool, we calm, we just chillin' niggas
Geah, cause we them killin' niggas
Chorus...[eiht]
Don't be slippin' on this side of town
Where the notorious, victorious, put that ass down
And i'ma clown like krusty when I bust this
You can't let off cause that shit is too rusty
Better be breakin' like trigga when I pull my trigga
Nigga how'd you figure?
You better be diggin a bigger ditch
Fo' sho' just watch that ass get popped
I'll make you jump ship then quickly sets up shop
Geah, fool
Original baby gangsta
I'ma pull
My shit
Then watch - it spit
Ooh, the fire
The hollow points flyin'
Hear the screams of your bitch
While you dyin' (geah)
Lyin' on your back
Tryin' to get ? ? ? ?
Never seen a man cry
Until he seems dead
As I pump 2 more slugs up in that ass
Better dash before your dead
By these killin' niggasChorus...Geah
In the muthafuckin' house
The eihthype thugs, uh
Just them killas niggas know I'm sayin'
? ? ? ? ? to the 9-6
We're back full of tricks for your bitch-ass nigga uh
Don't fuck around know I'm sayin'
C'mon sayin'

Geah, true blue thugs from the muthafuckin' steets

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

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