

# 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 house Where 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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