Rhymes Too Funky Pt. 1 (Live an Lonzo's 1988)

Compton's Most Wanted

Who's playing all that damn loud-ass music out there?
(With the funky piano...) --> Chuck D
Turn that shit down, man
Don't you know I'm tryin to get some sleep here?
(With the funky piano...) --> Chuck D
Huh?
What you say?
I'll go upside your goddamn head, man
If you don't put that goddamn music down, man
(With the funky piano...) --> Chuck D
Woman, call 911 to get these niggas off this goddamn street
I got to sleep now(Compton's in the house)
(Yeah)[VERSE 1: MC Eiht]
Yeah, killin off suckers, it's me
You're stupid tryin to take me for some punk MC?
I'm here to tax dollars, raps not cheap
Compton's Most Wanted, punk, rollin four deep
Gats that I'm packin, sucker better put it back
I'm slappin dumb girls cause my rhymes on hit
But on the smooth tip, kickin that butt
Had too much St. Ides, and started throwin it up
Super lyricist, yeah, cold in fact
I'm sprayin all you faggot fake MC jacks
Boy, I smack and rack and pack and stack
To smash all the sucker MC's in a war-like attack
So Chill (What's up?)
Tell these punk fools that they ran out of luck
(Hey yo Eiht) What's up?
(Boy, I think you said enough)
Chill, I ain't said shit until I call a punk's bluff
Put you on to punishment, Eiht is like your father
Wanna beg? Sucker, don't bother
Last-place MC's think you can handle this?
(1-2-3) Sock em smooth through the canvas
It's time to start pumpin, know what I'm sayin
Yeah, I got the picture, I commence the sprayin[VERSE 2: Tha Chill]
Boy, hold up, Tha Chill's on the stage
C.M.W. is like a Hub City army brigade
Give no slack to no plack or no punk new jack

Get racked like that because your rhymes are wack
So hit me with your best shot, and boy, you see
How Tha Chill and the Eiht drop punk MC's
But credit's never due to you suckers that be fakin it
Call it a jack, but yo, I'm just takin it
Your money, your gold, your fortune, and your fame
So hang it up, because you got no game
So just let up, I'm gettin fed up
You're talkin trash, punk, just shut up
Leave it to Tha Chill, yeah, I take care of business
(That's bet, cause Eiht is the witness)
A super hype mellow Compton cold chillin lyricist
Like a scary movie suckers play fearin this
In fact you're a pole caught in thick asphalt
But diss my down posse, yo, I'm droppin the dogs
So just chill as Tha Chill explains
When it comes to gettin over I know all the game
So suckers don't jock me like a backstreet junkie
Cause C.M.W.'s cold runnin it, rhymes too funky

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

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