

Duck Sick

Compton's Most Wanted

(You was jealous, it's all your fault) --> Milk Dee

(What's up, punk?)

(You was jealous, it's all your fault)

(Pretty soon it's a homie you're grievin)

(You was jealous, it's all your fault)

(Got beef? What a pity)

(You was jealous, it's all your fault)[VERSE 1: MC Eiht]

Back for the payback, black, you came up shorter

Geah, your ass is out, Eiht wrote a-

Nother funky rap about your jealous conflict

How you diss C.M.W, boy, you ain't said shit

Your senses should tell ya: kick it, don't be a hero

Equipped to whip is Eiht, unlike a zero

I gotta hitcha, or get witcha

Sit down, clown, I commence to paint a picture

Hm, it's kinda funny, but yet somewhat amazing

Take you serious? I think about it while I'm blazing

Only then will my reaction show

How I chill and let my tempo flow

Too sorry is the name for your rap

No competition, dissin, boy, you need to be slapped

Eiht ain't no punk, so learn it quick

Oh yes, p.s., C.M.W., and you can get my duck sick
You can get the duck sick
You can get my duck sick
You can get the duck sick[VERSE 2: Tha Chill]

I don't believe it, how the hell'd you get on wax?

Makin demos on your tape deck tracks

You did a show, and I heard it was wack

You tossed our records, think I tossed right back

You got the nerve, tryin to go down like a trooper

In better words, you go down like King Cooper

So stop your little dissing, saying that I can't handle

I put your lights out, you have to rap by a candle

Go head up punk, or sell out, I know you must've

Heard the word, new jack, I'm not a buster

Always down to bust a record, a party, know what I mean?

But unlike yourself, sucker, I do it for cream

So period, end of story, don't even bore

Me, Tha Chill MC, claim to gory

So that's it, the Eiht and Chill is the shit

(Chill) Word, and you can get the duck sick
You can get the duck sickYo, you can get my - duck sick
You can get the duck sickGeah - get the duck sick
You can get the duck sickGet the duck sick

Word upYou can get the duck sick[VERSE 3: MC Eiht]

Wait a minute, hold up, punk, I know you're kiddin

Sayin E can't hang, you're bullshittin

I'm not a rookie, meaning a beginner

If fakin was a sin, you'd be a sinner

Load up my mic and gat, start gunnin

Fresh off the Compton streets, so start runnin

You come across like a two-bit sucker

Tryin to compare with a hard mutphafucka

Punk, they call me Eiht, so give me respect

I heard you did a show on your Mom's tape deck

Fool, you fucked up smooth tryin to diss

A victim of a violent crime on the list

So wake up and smell the bud', you little pupils

Tryin to go head up, punk, you got no scruples

Conflict you pick, you're sick

You can't fade us, but yo, you can get the E's duck sick
You can get the duck sickGeah, you can get the E's
duck sickYou can get the duck sickSchool em[VERSE 4: Tha Chill]

Now, who got you hip to be a rapper?

You sorry jack-ass (You punk whipper snapper)

Just take a step back, and boy, start peepin

On Eiht and Chill (Geah, ain't no sleepin)

Quiet as it's kept, the news'll spread like AIDS

Hip-Hop, C.M.W. gets paid

Always down to dunk the funk

Or clownin down a weak-ass punk

The beef you got, to Chill, don't mean shit

Just a test I have to pass to show I'm on hit

And Tha Chill's on hit, legit

With the E I don't quit

I grab a chair and a whip

Like a lion, suckers I'm tamin

Peel a cap and snap on the mic, because I'm gamin

So watch me rip, cause you suckers is on a ego tip

Stupid suckers, yo you can get Chill's duck sick
You can get the duck sickWhat you say, E?

Get the duck sickGet the duck sickYo, who want the duck sick now?

My man Unknown want the duck sick, E

My man DJ Slip want the duck sick

Word em up, Mike we be boomin on the boards want the duck sick

My Deejays Ant see and Mike T want the duck sick
You guys are sick

Songwriters

TYLER, AARON B. / MANUEL, ANDRE P. / ALLEN, TERRY KEITHPublished by

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