

# Thuggin' It Up (feat. C.M.W.)

## MC Eiht

Geah

Geah

C'mon geah (right)

C'mon I comes from the depths of hell

Where - killin' niggas roam

Illegal mobile phones, 4-5's and 9's: that's chrome

Abbreviated sets is where they macks

Crack sales in stacks

Government pay no taxes

If one times roll through they get hit up

No bullet proof vest protects that chest

Blood gets spit up (geah)

You can't believe it like aids with eazy

Fools be droppin when I be

Poppin 'em straight lookin' breezy (geah)

Damn why the fuck do they live like that?

How come

Every lil' park boy carry a gat? (I don't know)

Pull car jacks and drive-by's on innocent by (I don't know) standers

Intimidate niggas who can't stand us (geah)

So baby don't be caught nappin'

In clubs, we scrappin on blocks

We cappin on niggas, we straight snappin' (that's right)

The way you livin' ain't worth a fuck (geah)

We straight thuggin' it up c'mon (geah) Somebody say

Geah

Somebody say

Geah (that's right)

Somebody say

We straight thuggin' it up

C'mon nigga I walks around with the glocks all day

Puttin in work that compton way (compton)

Back pocket of the khakis where the rag sticks out

One time comin fast (geah)

I hear the cluck shout, but uh...

It's too late, I done stuffed the rocks up in my ass

But I dash like the flash quick fast to get my cash

Cause ain't no future in this frontin

Corners I bend to get more ends (geah)

On fools I'm dumpin'  
And to my homies I got clout  
Baby black's got stack and my mom's trying to figure me out  
Where the fuck you get that chain around your neck son?  
Where the fuck you get your hands on that damn gun? (geah)  
I said momma please  
Cause I got dreams of slangin' ki's, rollin' on d's  
Bear wit' me cause this live is fucked (geah)  
Streih't thuggin' it up, c'mon geah  
Somebody say  
Geah  
Somebody say  
Geah (that's right)  
Somebody say  
We straight thuggin' it up  
Geah  
Compton  
Yeah  
West side (geah)  
Somebody say  
We straight thuggin' it up  
Shit ain't worked out to good  
Cause jealous ass fellows got my name floatin' all through the hood  
So now I rolls with the 9  
Watch my back for the pack and even one time  
Mom's on nervous status  
Put her on tha midnight train like gladys  
I see some headlights late night in the mirror  
I make 2 turns, they make 2 turns now it's time to burn  
I hits the pedal then I jet  
Duckin' while they buckin', I'm buckin' back cause I ain't dead yet  
I caught 2 slugs from his chrome (damn)  
But he caught 2 slugs in his dome (pop pop)  
Now it's time to take me home  
And I'm lyin on my back (geah)  
Spittin up blood, and I'm thinkin' to my muthafuckin self  
No more livin' in this life that's fucked (geah)  
Die thuggin' it up, c'mon geah  
Somebody say  
Geah  
Somebody say  
Geah (that's right)  
Somebody say  
We straight thuggin' it up  
C'mon  
Compton  
Somebody say  
West side!

Somebody say  
Geah  
We straight thuggin' it up  
C'mon  
Straight thuggin' it up  
C'mon geah  
Straight thuggin' it up  
C'mon sing  
My homie short  
Casual  
Tight loc  
Rest in peace

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