

Compton Compton

The Game

Uhh, uhh, gangsta gangsta yeah
Uhh, uhh, it's gangsta gangsta yeah
Uhh, uhh, shit I'm livin' gangsta gangsta shit
Yeah

[Chorus: x2]

I'm from Compton, Compton, Murderville
You heard these niggers is gangsters, and they kill
Rob and steal, my niggers will peel at will
For real they real, niggers goin' feel this steel

Walk with me through the ghetto where the packs get sold
And them niggers sellin' the work ain't half as old
as the fiends and the hippies, same ones smokin' since the 60's
Everybody yellin' gimme, gimme

Every nigger in the hood, one hand on his jimmy
Other hand grip the semi, come on walk with me
Every ten houses, one got 'caine for sale
And I give you a dope track like my name Phar-rell

And you can get that stainless steel
Walk in my Chuck Taylors for a day, if you think it ain't f'real
When I buy rocks homey baguettes on my ring
And only neighborhood watch is my Tecno Marine

Keep a (Mac) on the block, I ain't talkin 'bout Beans
QB in the hood and I'm far from Queens
The boys in the hood is always hard
So come through and get smoked like a Cuban cigar

[Chorus]

I'm from Compton, Compton, a block from hell
And you can come get a bird for eleven
And we ain't got a penny for the reverend, a dime for a witness
Only (Church's) in the hood sell chicken (ba-KAW)

Every nigger in the hood sell chickens move work like city buses
You fuckin' with the Hub City Hustler

The vans on the block won't touch us, the streets my home
So I move weight on the block like I'm Moses Malone

Bring the guns anywhere I roam, go with the chrome
And I hit all my shots, like I'm in the A.I. zone
And mob like Al Capone through N.W.A.'s home
Homes like Ed Jones will cripple your team up

In the home of Dr. Dre, Venus and Serena
Where 14-year-olds pack ninas and drive Beamers
We ball up subpeonas, take niggers to the cleaners
And you know what I'm talkin' about if y'all seen where..

[Chorus]

We drug dealin', but niggers is squealin' (fuck you rats)
What more can I say, just kill 'em
Fuck 'em, the gun bust 'em, we just knock on wood
Now is this under-stood?

I mostly George when I whip, my supply is good
The man behind the bricks, I'm supplyin' the hood
Catch bodies like Pistol Pete passes on the wood
Benz parked by the fence, brick stashed in the hood

Top work by the inch, I bag it, it's gone
Ask Quik, we rock more than microphones
Some niggers ball, some niggers do what we do
And other niggers sing for Cash Money like TQ

The block will heat and sink you (hey dude)
Cali ain't all palm trees, purple haze and sea dude
Lose your life tryin' to get these jewels
I keep the 40 cal wrapped in chrome like R2-D2

[Chorus]

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