

# Dead Men Tell No Lies

## Compton's Most Wanted

I been quiet for too fucking long so now its time to break the silence  
I start with the killing so fuck stopping the violence  
I got something for your monkey ass. So peep  
Better yet like a stray dog I put your ass to sleep  
No more faking and taking my snaps  
Sorry fool, Eiht goin' step 'n get the straps  
Geah, I puts my work in and fuck up your shit  
Now you gotta bow down and suck a fat dick  
Mmm. I guess thats what you get when you try to play  
Try to come up with that mutherfucking he say  
Or she say, or what the fuck did that fool say?  
Punk bitch, I'll mop that ass up anyway  
Dont misbehave, cause you'll be a slave  
Another fronting mutherfucker in a early grave  
Geah, you got over fool because your ass was sly  
But a dead nigga tell no lies Killed off the sucker right there he didn't stop  
Killed off the sucker right there he didn't stop Another fool on my shit list  
And now the punk bitch wanna play games  
No competition so I'll mention no fucking names  
Just like a rat, she likes to squeel  
But you squeeled on the E, so whats the deal?  
Geah, you spread rumours for humour G  
But the shit aint funny, so humour me  
And um, aint no more of your bullshit I'm having  
Geah, Tired of the fucking back stabbing  
Soul in the bozac, as I stack  
To your jaw I start to mack. Like a fool don't clap  
And um, it aint over till the fat bitch spit  
Well the fat bitch is about to spit shit  
To save your sorry ass from the mash  
So who really gives a fuck if I tap that but  
So um, when your ass is gone, they'll wonder why  
But a dead nigga tell no lies Killed off the sucker right there he didn't stop  
Killed off the sucker right there he didn't stop  
Killed off the sucker right there he didn't stop  
Killed off the sucker right there he didn't stop  
Ran through the rooms and went pop, pop, pop Get ready for the last mutherfucking trip  
As I pop in another mutherfucking clip  
Geah, one more busta, another mark

Fool your kinda fake, talking about you fucked the Eiht  
Damn, another sorry bitch with some street slang  
Peel his cap cause we aint from the same gang  
Talking about you'll shoot the Eiht from the top of the tree  
Nigga please, I might drop you to your fucking knees  
Try to lay low, but you know you can't escape  
Why'd you have to diss me on your underground tape  
Now you hang your shit up on a shelf  
Didn't you know, you'd be fucking your own self  
Quick draw McGraw, on the fucking draw  
As you scheme on my team I take two to your jaw  
Geah, you got over fool, but you know why  
Cause a dead nigga tell no lies Killed off the sucker right there he didn't stop  
Killed off the sucker right there he didn't stop  
Ran through the rooms and went pop, pop, pop Geah, Eihthype in a mutherfucking effect  
For the nine deuce to get loose  
My nigga Mike T is in the house. Dj Slips in the mutherfucking house  
My nigga 'Times in the house, Rick's in the house  
My nigga Chill's in the house, Boom Bams in the house  
And we outta here

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