Compton 4 Death

MC Eiht

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Geah, one two, one two, uh
(Compton 4 death)
And how's the fuck we gon' doin' in this one
Y'all don't hear me up in here, geah
Half Ounce one time, stick 'em representEight years ago a friend of mine
Asked me to say some gangsta rhymes
So I said this rhyme I'm about to say
I grabbed the blunt and then it went this wayEiht bucked a nigga down to the ground
And everybody heard about the Compton sound
Criminals to drug dealers grouped with skan'less hoes
To the baby kids making the hood growCan you feel me? Gotta make my pay
To the niggas that wanna kill me I don't play
Walk this way, no foul play I'm N 2 deep
One times make a nigga wanna play for keepsSometimes makes me wanna holler
How your homies from the same game wanna tame you for your dollar?
Nuthin' to lose, I choose to get a rep
Step, yep nigga, Compton 4 death, hit meCompton 4 deathGot a thousand for you bitches tryin' to handle this
Representin' Eazy E's Compton city G's
My buckshots put holes in your truck windows
Another casket closed as the church choir blowsBitches gon' set you up on a fast trap
Niggaz gon' pull up to pull a fast cap
Gotta get your, mean green to spend
Gotta get your mean green and blow weed my friendTo the West side connect with these gangsta threats
Commence to represent them Compton streets
My 44 mag slugs guaranteed to fly
(Boom boom)
The murder I wrote with intent to dieTo the pen 'cause I'm a do you in for the killin'
Straight to hell and back, big black mack
I'm strapped
On the daily, Compton criminal, crazy just to get a repCompton 4 death
Compton 4 deathGeah, one two, one two, uh
(Compton 4 death)

And how's the fuck we gon' doin' in this one
Y'all don't hear me up in here, geah
Half Ounce one time, stick 'em representFollow E down the road to the terror dome
A wax keep totin' my fucking chrome
Takin you to the year two thou'
How you like me now?Keep servin' you with the pow
No time to think, my instinct's do or die
When I ride for the West Side nuthin' but high
Bitches don't cryIt'll be some other sad love shit
Cruise down the block, another hood rat to hit
Pay attention while I mention how I been payin' dues
Since Boulevard and Corduroys and high schoolWhen bitches talk shit we straight pump
When bloods and crips commence to chalk 'em
Givin' it to you, the real deal now you know
Chills with me, a whole greenery to straight blowSittin' on top of the world, s'yep
C.M.W. no love, Compton 4 death geahOne two one two stick 'em
Half Ounce in the house stick 'em
Compton in the house stick 'em
And all y'all butt naked lick 'emGeah and that's how the fuck we do it
Representin' the West, geah

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