

Growin' Up in the Hood

Compton's Most Wanted

Wake your punk ass up
The M.C Eiht's back in the motherfuckin' house
Kickin' the straight gangster shit, for the 9,1
You know what I'm sayin', gia Growing up in the hood, yea boy
1984, was the year my peers didn't know, what was in store
A little hard head kid came abade
Time to pay my dues, learn the tricks of the trade And at home it's the same ass story
Mom's treatin' me like she don't even know me
But my younger brother's got much clout
I can't take this shit, so, I bones the hell out And roll with the pack of wicked motherfuckers
No shorts are taken, we're down black brothers
A little nigga with no problems at all
Fucked up and killed my first 8-ball Quick up the stairs, so, little sucker stop lookin'
Stagger to the house, so, I can collect my whoopin'
But watch out 'cause a little nigga's up to no good
Growin' up in the hood Life ain't nothin but bitches and money
'Cause in the city you live and let die
Nutting but bitches and money I got hard times and will I escape, sometimes I wonder
But, it just seems that the hood, that took me under
Police sweat my tip and keep harassin'
Trying to lock me up 'cause I keep on blastin' Community tryin' to shut me out
But the money keeps flowin' and I got much clout
With the cluckers, the brother back street punk suckers
Try to break me out fool, you be a short motherfucker Always strappin', eager to peal a cap
I set up a trap, put your foot to a nap
'Cause I grew up fast on the wrong side of the law
So watch me take two to your jaw Don't enter my hood, homeboy
Not a Robocop, a robogansta, ready to destroy
I take chances 'cause life to be ain't no good
Growin' up in the hood Life ain't nothin' but bitches and money
Where I'm at, if you're soft, you're lost
Nothin' but bitches and money 1987, I'm back on the scene, out of jail, I'm legit
And I'm fuckin' up shit
I'm ready to peal a sucker's cap
And I heard that my hood was makin' snaps As I precede to make my riches
Just like the neighborhood kingpin, pimp, and all these bitches
Task force tryin' to roll deep
But, I'm playin' these punk fools cheap Niggas rolled by and try to blast, it didn't work
I seen the bullets flying and fool, I hit the dirt

Bullets fly through the window
Hits my brother, down goes my motherAs I'm rolling, I'm hitting my switches
Looking for the punk ass, sons of bitches
I found them, before I kill 'em, I said you fucked up good
Gotta handle that, growin' up in the hoodLife ain't nuttin but bitches and money
'Cause in the city you live and let die
Nothin' but bitches and money, yeahA brother's on the run, I've got a hand in my stash box
Wanted 'cause I'm serving them the potent fat rocks
And my face is like a household name
Everybody warns their kids about the dope gameBut I'm still makin' my profit
And the one time just can't stop it
So, I keep hidin' my face
No time to waste, they got me on the chaseNow, the neighborhood's on my line
'Cause some punk ass fool had drop the dime
5, O at my door, at 8 o'clock
Rush to the toilet, so, I could flush the rockOut the backdoor, freeze, I heard a shout
Am I sure, yo, I guess I got no clout
But it's murder one, I'm the victim, damn
That ain't good, growin' up in the hoodWhere I'm at, if you're soft, you're lost
Compton is the city that I claim
City that I fucked, take no shit from it, sure
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