

I Gots Ta Get Over

Compton's Most Wanted

Stiggety step right up here goes your pusher
Dressed in black, dealing from bud to crack
But the pusher don't know that I'm trying to scheme
And if he let me get to close I might dope fiend
Making snaps as he serves to the cluck bitches
Rush your spot because I need the mutherfucking riches
He don't know me, but geah I know the fool name
Hooked him up with a hoodrat, y'all know the game
Call me a sneaky little devil
Rush his ass to the spot as I clock him with a shovel
don't want to do it but I gots to kick down my kid
And if I ain't got what you got, I'm putting in my bid
Jack you, jack your crew in your territory
Crazy mutherfucker but its just another gang story
Make the hit as I creep in the Nova
Mutherfucker, cause I gots to get overFirst come, first serve
Peel a nigga's cap if you got the nerve
Geah, you don't work you don't eat is what the [huh?] say
Don't want to be broke so I work every damn day
Jacking fools, hour after hour
Like my homie Scarface I got the money and the power
Dig in your ass, making that cash faster than a jack
Give it up smooth or to your jaw I start to mack
I needs the mutherfuckin snaps
And since I grew up in a down hood, I gots to peel caps
Call me a dark man, because I'm like a night creeper
Clean up your set as I spray you with the street sweeper
Too much hard times and I'm tired of taking
I needs the mutherfucking green and I ain't faking it
You can run but can't hide, because I know ya
And pretty soon, I'm a have to get over5-0 trying to run a fake jack move
One times too dumb, I play it real smooth
Out the back door a nigga belling
"Freeze", as they cock the gats, is what they yelling
can't let them catch up because they'll ruin
So I hops the fence in my fucking Patrick Ewing's
Punk Eiht fool, that's a damn dud
Can't get beat down with no damn billy clubs
Shorter than short, gaffle me up

Cause I'm too quick to let a sorry fool step on my dick
Geah. Getting over on niggas real speedy
In the city where everybody's greedy
And now I'm at the end of my rope
Police done caught me with an ass full of dope
No more luck. I guess it's true
In the end you get fucked, no more getting over

Songwriters

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Published by
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