

# Def Wish IV (Tap That Azz) [feat. C.M.W.]

## MC Eiht

[o dawg from menace ii society]  
"oh nigga guess what!  
Word got back about the little marks who jacked you!  
I know where they be kickin it at  
Down with a 187? "[eiht]  
Eeerrr...  
Geah  
Geah  
In the muthafuckin house, fool  
For the 9 to the fizive-o  
The eihthype thugs in the muthafuckin house  
Geah  
And like my nigga e-40 say:  
We got a colloseum of muthafuckas in here  
Tha eihthype thugs  
C.m.w.  
N.o.t.r.  
Lil hawk & bird  
Da foeI'ma hit you up with the t, so better scoot  
Out the sunroof of the coupe as I shoot  
And ain't no crack, little cluck, it's just bullets that I'm slingin  
Never-be-hangin, one-street-bangin  
We don't be playin, fools runnin at the fuckin lip  
Runnin, start runnin, you best not trip  
Fast from the hip (pop pop) explodin  
When the 9 mill starts unloadin  
You better be watchin what you sayin  
Cause niggas from 159th ain't playin  
Trey's and 4's and houses start hittin your block  
Mass hysteria, your bitch-ass gettin scarier  
Don't wanna catch the slug  
But you's a mark tryin to be a tree top thug  
Can't get no respect, well punk, then try this  
Report your homies for domestic violence  
For beatin your bitch ass up and down the block  
Dash, david gash, i'ma tap that ass[o dawg from menace ii society]  
"now we just gon' find these little marks and smoke 'em  
Shit it ain't that hard"[eiht]  
I'ma tell you 'bout the time that we first met

The story that you told was some fake bullshit  
It was me and chill my pal  
The scene was like the showdown at the o.k. coral  
It was you and then about five of y'all hangin  
Standin in the center lookin like y'all was bangin  
(ain't nuthin but marks)  
Approached me with your "p" hat  
But I was high off the blunt, so I didn't see that  
But I'm knowin I'm a nigga you love to hate  
But you grab me by my shoulder and you conversate  
I shouldn't've fell for it, I should've started slappin  
Your eyes always dotted, you best stick to rappin  
David blake: you fake as fuck!  
I mack your ass like a muthafuckin truck  
I guess that eye was too black cause you still can't see me  
Servin me a drink in your khaki bikini  
Oh geah, just like I said before  
Ain't nuthin but the ho on my dick  
Little trick named quik  
Geah, quick to get fucked one time  
You better be callin one-time before I pull out my nine  
And nigga, checks this  
Fill your lexus full of holes as you slam into poles  
Niggas should've just told me that you was a mark and  
I wouldn't've hit you up with that notorious park  
(you know where we from)  
Can't fade it, better fear it  
Got one of your little b.g.'s to write your fuckin lyrics  
Playin around with the hood you get got  
Nick name should be spot for that eye you got  
You and that fake muthafucka who wrote your rap  
My nigga boom bam gon' slap with the trey-five strap  
No muthafuckin truce  
Get the ass cracked over the dome with the fuckin deuce-deuce  
Don't make me have to act up  
Cause you's a frail muthafucka with no back up  
Original bangin on wax, nigga, you fake  
'member one-time gaffled, nationwide blue tape  
Original compton representin to the t  
Givin out slugs to you fake wanna-be's  
Go run right through you  
And before we kill off, remember the 'niew did it to you  
Slick talkin, fast walkin  
Nigga, how'd you figure that the e wasn't gon' stand and deliver?  
You ain't worth a penny

Never had a damn eye, dotted so many  
Times, two times, three times  
You fall to the floor, you don't want no mo'  
And if you wanna get with this you best to dash  
Geah, cause i'ma tap that ass West side  
Fool, you can't fuck with the gangsta niggas  
Uh  
Ain't nuthin but the new style, you know?  
I likes that, 'the new style' for that ass  
9 to the fizive-0, fool  
You can't fuck with these killas  
So stay the fuck back  
And rounds up your little homies and shit  
Cause we comes a 159 deep nigga  
True blue from the streets  
Wessyyyde

Songwriters

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