8 Ball (remix)

N.W.A

"Kick that sh*t!" -> Flavor Flav
{*scratched*} "City of Compton!"
{*scratched*} "City of Compton!" {*echoes*}

Cool kickin' a$$ {*scratch*} cool kickin' a$$ {*scratch*}
Cool kickin' a$$ {*scratch*} "Kick that sh*t!"

"Pull up a chair..." -> Rakim {*echoes*}

[Verse One: Eazy-E]
I don't drink brass monkey, like to be funky
Nickname Eazy-E yo' 8 ball junkie
Bass drum kickin', to show my sh*t
Rappin' holdin' my d*ck boy, I don't quit
Crowd rockin' motherf*cker from around the way
I got a six-shooter, yo' mean I'm brave
Rollin' through the hood, to find the boys
to kick dust and cuss, crank up some noise
Police on my drawers, I have to pause
40 ounce in my lap and it's freezin' my b@lls
I hook a right turn and let the boys go past
then I say to myself, "They can kiss my a$$!"
Hip to get drunk got the 8 in my lips
Put in the old tape Marvin Gaye's greatest hits
Turn the sh*t up had the bass cold whompin'
Cruisin' through the Eastside, South of Compton
See a big a$$, and I say word
I took a look at the face, and the b*tch was to the curb
Hoes on my tip for the title I'm holdin'
Eazy-E's f*cked up and got the 8 ball rollin'

I, was.. "Cool kickin' a$$"
I, was.. "Raised in L.A."
I, was.. "Cruisin' down the street in my six-fo'" -> Eazy
{"Too, much, posse!" -> Flavor Flav}

[Verse Two: Eazy-E]
Ridin' on Slausson lookin' for Crenshaw
Turned down the sound, to ditch the law
Stopped at a light and had a fit

'cause a Mexican almost wrecked my sh*t
Flipped his a$$ off, put it to the floor
Bottle was empty so I went to the store
N*gga on tilt 'cause I was drunk
See a sissy-a$$ punk, had to go in my trunk
Reached inside 'cause it's like that
Came back out with a silver gat
Fired at the punk, and it was all because
I had to show the n*gga what time it was
Pulled out the jammy and like a mirage
a sissy like that got out of Dodge
Sucka on me cause the title I'm holdin'
Eazy-E's f*cked up and got the 8 ball rollin'

"F*ck it up y'all!" -> repeat 6X
{"YEAH!!!", *guitar riff* -> Beastie Boys}

[Verse Three: Eazy-E]
Olde English 800 cause that's my brand
Take it in a bottle, 40, quart, or can
Drink it like a madman, yes I do
Fuck the police and a 502
Stepped in the party, I was drunk as hell
Three b*tches already said, "Eric yo' breath smells!"
40 ounce in hand, that's what I got
"Yo man you see Eazy earlin' in the parkin' lot?"
Stepped on your foot, cold dissed yo' hoe
Asked her to dance and she said, "Hell no!"
Called her a b*tch 'cause that's the rule
"B*tch, who you callin' a b*tch?!"
Boys in the hood tryin' to keep me cool
You tell my homeboy you wanna kick my butt
I walked in your face and we get 'em up
I start droppin' the dogs, and watch you fold
Just dumb full of cum, got knocked out cold
"Made you look sick you snotty-nosed prick!
Now your fly b*tch is all over his d*ck!"
Punk got dropped 'cause the title I'm holdin'
Eazy-E's f*cked up and got the 8 ball rollin'

"Stomp a mudhole in your a$$!" -> Flavor Flav
"Stomp a mudhole in your a$$, B*TCH!" -> Flav

[Verse Four: Eazy-E]
Pass the brew motherf*cker while I tear sh*t up

and y'all listen up close to roll call
Eazy-E's in the place I got money and juice
Rendezvous with me and we make the deuce
Dre makes the beats so godd*mn funky
Do the Olde 8, f*ck the brass monkey
Ice Cube writes the rhymes, that I say
Hail to the n*ggaz from C.I.A.
Crazy D is down and in effect
We make hardcore jams, so f*ck respect
Make a toast punky-punk to the title I'm holdin'
Eazy-E's f*cked up and got the 8 ball rollin'

{*scratched*} "City of Compton!"
{*scratched*} "City of Compton!" {*echoes*}

{*scratched*} "City of Compton!" {*scratched to end

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/