## **Just Another Day**

It's motherfuckin' Game time!

Six pounds of chronic on my grandma coffee table That's how you remember it, that's how I remember it Yeah, dip into the liquor store, .9 in my khaki's Crips tryna get at me, my red Impala bumping like acne My city a trap me Been shot, robbed, stabbed, chased home, socked out Jabbed by esse's, cops, degenerate niggas with rags Disintegrate niggas went into me, dome shots like Kennedy Slugs trippin' with Henessey, got murderous tendencies And if you don't know where the fuck they got me from Martin Scorsese when I pull out my gun Scarface, car chase, tell me how your blood taste Ask your baby mama, she'll tell you how a blood taste Basket case, still I'm back with Dre, shit I never left Run up in Beats, "Bitch pass the safe! Compton" Produced by a billionaire in this motherfucker Still smoking, Dre we need a ceiling in this motherfucker Compton! They're killing in this motherfucker They're drilling in this motherfucker Lock the door, they're stealing in this motherfucker No chains, no reins, this my home Nigga this hub city, no fly zone Niggas pull out burners, start breaking like turbo on ozone Crack fiends on the back streets Where the tracks lean and the needles lay And switchblades, if you bitch made Put chili all on your Frito Lay's Where we dream of Montego Bay But all we got is the swap meet Where the cops meet, go bang bang Leaves blood stains on the concrete And I'm the only nigga bumping Mobb Deep Cause I mob deep down that side street I'm a west side rider, gats on collars Don't hate me, better get your dollars I be on Rosecrans with a Glock in both hands Leaning on that bro hand Flame dump like a co-tail with my name on it Another day in Compton, the thrill is high Know somebody's watching, but I don't know why

Know somebody's watching, but I don't know wh Feel the fire burning, it touches the sky Feeling coming at you, I won't die tonight So I get by, I get by I get by, I get, I get by Cause it's just another day in Compton