

## Caution

MC Eiht

Gyeah  
Gyeah  
We can take it to the streets with the crips and the bloods  
These real cpt g's please show no love  
Compton  
Compton  
In this bitch  
Somebody told me  
Mc eiht is back with that thug shit  
Compton  
Check it out

My mindstate too late it's been gone  
Tryina take me out of the hood you're dead wrong  
I hustle all day to the fuckin break of dawn  
Sendin niggas' bodies to hell like sadam  
Appetite for destruction corruption  
To the highest degree my gat steady dumpin  
Always into something you heard of me  
Killer for reala my nigga another tragedy  
Pops in the clip and slips the automatic  
Anybody killer I gat it stay tatted  
Fucks them high class I like em hoodratted  
When the shells slide they panic  
Nigga straight static  
Catastrophe caught in monopoly you copy  
Defy you mock me you're gettin sloppy  
I rolls through goes through such and such  
The angel of death meets you time to touch  
Mind of a lunatic quick to handle  
Sackin muthafuckas like I was john randall  
I blows out your spot like a candle  
I fucks you up muthafucka like I was rambo

Easy as it comes I can handle the drama  
I bucks givin a fuck and high off marihuana  
Sendin your body through some muthafuckin trauma  
I can dump the damn body you can scream for mama  
Common sense you make your ass hit the fence  
Run fast or catch the consequence  
My straight aim I got it with confidence  
The sticky situation I make it intense  
The instigator the muthafuckin regulator  
The quick to dump the shells in the ass of a infiltrator  
The violator the muthafucka with heat  
Let me see if you can beat it from across the street  
I'ma knock your damn noodles cos your talk is cheap  
I'm a rockabye nigga cos your ass asleep  
I'ma show you the way let these real g's play  
Stick and move with the working clock like sugar ray

Y'all know what the song and dance is get the flows up  
Y'all know when the fuckin cash drawer your hands goes up  
Close up shop nigga the hood's in town  
Hand over the money and don't make a sound  
Doomsday no parlay no politickin  
We packs up with extra clips and steady dippin

Niggas in black coats with black nines  
Dig into your body and catch the flatline  
Your mama cry over your body at funeral time  
Gang related one-time reported the usual signs  
Hot crimes killin who dropped dimes  
Smokin chronic reefer listen to gang rhymes  
Y'all know the time it's now the pow-wow  
The big payback have a nigga lay down  
Anyway you bring it I want it  
Gun-totin killin muthafucka from compton's most wanted  
Lifestyles of the ghetto foul  
Music to driveby in my dash when I style  
100% gangsta steady servin  
Me and my homie dub-c curb servin  
Gyeah