

Cpt Mf'z

MC Eiht

"Let 'em in"

"Johnson, you're different from the other colors in here"

"You read books, play chess, write poetry"

"But I don't believe you have any regret whatsoever for taking a man's life"

"Man recognizes his mistakes is ready to seek God's forgiveness"

"Yeah, I read your bible, warden"

"And?"

[Verse 1: MC Eiht]

I was raised in compton, What the fuck, Cause?
A nigga in the hood is always stuck
I'm tryin ta chase dead prez like Larenz Tate
But do it in dog mind-state
It's 187 on whoever don't stop
Throw away the strap right after the pop pop
Then ride shotgun, Pass me the handgun
I still yell out compton, Shoot and run
2 is double the trouble
Double up the work on game gon bubble
Couple of loco's from the westside, Homes
Dope in the coolo, Hand on chromes
One-time, Hoodrats, And beef wit the enemy
Niggaz puffin so much, We smoke like a chimney
Little b.g.'s mane, Givin us the scoop
4 deep, Tryin to creep, Lights off in the coupe
[There they go, There they go]
We squash that in a jiffey
Creep up and shoot in the car just like 50
Click go empty, And it's back to the block
Cause CPT boys so hard knock
Lock up the work, Sell what it's worth
From the days of way back, The days of my birth
I'm so damn cold
One blunt in my hand, My bitch in a chokehold
The hood taught me lessons that can't be told
Whatever you push out, I'll come back eightfold
Sold out? Never, It's compton forever
No one can do it better
Geah, I doubt that
When the guns come out, Y'all could go flat
Now you could fuck all the chat and get a rat-a-tat-tat
Pat down ya pockets like we did in high school
You represent the hood, Always the first rule
I been all around the globe
Hop doggin for the hub like my name was kobe
Sirens, Flashlights, stroll lights
One-time, They never stop at a gunfight
2 compton motherfuckers

[Chorus 1: MC Eiht]

Geah, G-g-g-geah
It's 2 compton motherfuckers, 2 compton muh'fuckas
Geah, G-g-g-geah, G-g-g-geah, Nigga
It's 2 compton motherfuckers
G-g-geah, G-g-geah, 2 compton motherfuckers

[Verse 2: MC Eiht]

Strapped, Come out, Fall to ya knees
A blunt get lit then you beg a nigga please
One squeeze, I could silence the weeds
Another victim how the story reads
I needs no praise, Compton I was raised
Just bump some of my shit bitch and just blaze
Gimme a hit, Tilt, Yeah nigga what's crackin?
Some play too big, Nigga what's the actin?
I start callin out names
And commence to rob yo ass like Jess James
Me and Tha Chill backseat Boom Bam
3 the hood way, So nigga god damn
Slam, Dub dub dub
Let the gangstas run it in the fuckin hub
Wit a slug nose, a little penleton
Gauranteed to shoot the club up right before it close

[Chorus 2: MC Eiht]

It's compton muh-fucka, G-g-geah, G-g-g-geah
It's compton muh-fucka, Geah, It's compton, G-g-geah, G-g-g-geah
It's compton muh-fucka, Geah
Want it gang, G-g-g-geah, It's compton muh-fucka
Gotta fuckin get it, Geah, G-g-g-geah

[Verse 3: Big2daboy]

I'm comin straight outta compton most wanted grimy nigga wit a attitude
6 shots still standing, I'm well known for mashin fools
I get in the blues with or without the true
Bitches screws loose and I just use from outta ya shoes
Busta, ya street punks ain't ready for Big
2 D-A and MC Eiht, You're under dig
2 compton muh'fucka from compton muh'fucka
This to the westside these boys poppin muh'fucka
Like german pistols gon be rippin through ya tissue
It's real in the city, Little homies'll get you
Fuckers, When the guns come out, Y'all niggaz better run
Cause i'm a soldier at war and this is where i'm from
The land of the lost wit me, Gotta protect ya own
And get hit wit the buck thangs, Homie
Drive through dealin at the funeral home
Call Adams or Palmer, ya dead and ya gone
Muh'fucka

[Chorus 3: MC Eiht]

2 compton muh'fuckaz, Geah, G-g-g-geah
It's 2 compton muh'fuckaz, G-g-g-geah
G-g-geah, 2 compton muh'fuckaz, It's 2 compton muh'fuckaz
Geah