

# Thicker Than Water

MC Eiht

Gyeah, Westside, somebody told me  
They want some of that thug shit up in here  
So I'ma take ya back down memory lane  
And give ya some of that wicked shit

And I'ma do this right here  
For all my CPT G's in the house  
Check this out

As my life takes a twirl, I say fuck the world  
'Cause sometimes it seems that it's all a bad dream  
Pops must have fucked with moms on the scheme  
But sooner or later he left our 2 man team but fuck him

Times done changed, I'm in the game  
And I bring moms pain, 'cause the game is slangin caine  
Cries from my eyes as I hits the street  
Pounds in the chest the heart beats as I roll with heats

Pops wasn't around but for a minute or shit  
Until he skipped across town with another bitch to stick  
Stuck moms one more times then dropped a dime  
And on top of that had a son same age mine

But, uhh, don't blame me, 'cause, Lord, I try not to  
Have an attitude like "Fuck him until I die"  
But now I rebel and 'cause moms hell  
And hit the blocks, 'cause I'm into makin illegal mail  
Gyeah

If you keep your hood tight, everything's gonna be alright  
If you're down then you can ride with me  
It's thicker than water, baby, me and you  
It's thicker than water, baby, so what we gonna do

Now I runs with a gang that Hoo-Bangs for fame  
And crosstown robberies know tha nickname  
Leave 'em dead in they shoes as we servin' the blues  
G's that pack tools pay dues to rule so it's cool

They dumps and we dumps back  
Me and my G's and the 6-4 black layin 'em flat  
Rata-tat-tat from the Gat and shit  
We represent y'all hit the bricks when the pistols spit

And I had a straight bitch and shit, that's cool  
I slang for cash while she hit the books in school  
I live and die for the hood, she knew the rule  
Love for this thug when the world would seem cruel

I crips where the enemies dwell but I'm no fool  
Undercover drive off strapped with the tool  
But I slipped then packed my clip  
My hoodrat tripped and didn't scoop  
But they still didn't shoot, gyeah

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I made it to Deuce-5, baby and that's luck  
In this rap shit to try to make some bucks  
Seems like the gang bang thang got tougher  
A little bit younger but then bit rougher

They been tellin' me to watch out for jealousy  
'Cause now a friend of me was a enemy  
Strange the game done changed switched  
Ain't that a bitch with the rivals makin' some change

In and outta lanes in the passenger seat  
Me and you and our crew strapped with heat  
Outta town runs for funs no beef  
We all hit licks and blows the chronic leaf

But payback's a bitch in the end you know  
And she sets up traps, 'cause she snatch for dough  
Let it go no come up your last trick  
'Cause my brother's got my back when the shit gets thick  
Gyeah

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