

# We Come Strapped

MC Eiht

Geah  
We in the muthafuckin house  
Eihthype in the muthafuckin house  
C.m.w. back in this muthafucka  
Geah, the most wanted muthafuckas in compton, y'know I'm sayin?  
And can't nobody can compare  
So niggas beware cause eihthype's runnin' this bitch  
Geah

Run muthafuckas run  
I got the muthafuckin gun and I'm ready to blast on your mark-ass  
We shoot first then take names later  
No one can fade a crooked ass scheming alligator  
No one can stop us cause we quick to catch the fever of the flavor  
Punk fool nuthin can save you  
You crossed the line boy you slipped  
Nuthin' to lose, shootin at your friend as I'm poppin' in another clip  
You try to scream but it don't do no good  
Too many killin niggas from my hood, fool uh  
Too many drive-by's no one can point or pull the trigger  
Too many muthafuckin loc'ed ass young niggas  
We bail deep and it's an everyday thang, them fifth's  
We slang a game of mutherfuckin compton gang  
I gots to peel your fuckin cap, nigga  
We come strapped

One more hit on your hood muthafucka ain't no bullshittin'  
Better scatter that ass over the fence before the 9 start spittin  
And gather up your fuckin kids  
1-8-7's for my homies who got stuck with lifetime bids  
I'll cap that ass up in the car  
When your rollin the streets the gats get blasted by n.o.t.r.  
Don't try to hang with the fire power it's a slaughter  
We bust caps on your awake at the funeral parlour  
You get the short end of the stick  
Rollin with a click and the way we role, muthafucka it's thick  
And my brain is sayin' kill so nigga you're stuck  
I like the sound of the 'k when it start to buck  
Ain't no damn playin', ain't no rhyme sayin'  
One more point for the hood when my gat start sprayin'  
We gots to peel your fuckin cap, geah  
We come strapped

Night time hits the fuckin streets  
Loadin up the clips and we ready to kill rollin the gangsta beats  
One time try to run a make on my plates  
Routine jack but jack is too fuckin late  
Put the strap up in my lap  
Hopin these muthafuckas don't trip, slip pass me the extra clip  
I hit the mutherfuckin volume up on the dash  
So no tittle-tattle can hear the muthafuckin blast  
I give him one to the dome  
As the cop start to drop I'm sayin to myself damn it's on  
I guess the blunt made me do it  
Knew the other times would be comin so I grabbed the strap and threw it  
Hit the corner fast, hit the fuckin gas  
Be on the lookout cause they coming to tap my ass

We gots to peel they fuckin cap  
That's the way we get'em muthafucka cause you know  
We come strapped

Geah  
Nigga  
In the muthafuckin house  
Eihthype in the muthafuckin house nigga  
So stay the fuck back  
Niggas on the run in the muthafuckin house  
Lil' hawk & bird in the muthafuckin house

Stick'em  
Geah, we in the muthafuckin house  
Nigga  
Stay the fuck down clown  
Cause ain't no love ho  
In the 94  
Eihthype, half ounce in this bitch  
C.m.w. in this bitch  
Geah