

# A New Nite / Rosecrans Grove

## Problem

Is that my fucking pager going off?

Big city, big city, big city  
What it is? Where you stay?  
Everytime I come 'round  
I'm so ready for whatever  
Cause I can't go down  
Cause these streets don't love nobody  
And these hoes don't love nobody  
And these streets don't love nobody  
But themselves

I'm just tryna spread love through these Compton streets  
Hey DJ Quik need a Compton beat  
Fuck around and have babies with some Compton freaks  
Real beef ass wings you'll be gone in weeks  
Street shit like sight [?]  
Lotta niggas start hating when you fucking these hoes  
Lotta niggas start hating when you getting the cash  
Everyday gotta stuff more cash in the stack  
Black bitches with titties, white bitches with ass  
Hit the chach with a knock, I put my boy on the lick  
Brought it back like a G, rolls out of the sheet  
Knew some niggas girls back when they was swallowing dick  
So they remember the times Michael Jackson don't  
These niggas know I fuck so they flexing though  
Now a nigga think he gotta be mad at me  
Keep it cool though you know my niggas blast at me

What it is? Where you stay?  
Everytime I come 'round (tonight)  
I'm so ready for whatever  
Cause I can't go down (tonight)  
Cause these streets don't love nobody  
And these hoes don't love nobody  
And these streets don't love nobody  
But themselves

Now this the kinda beat that I might need Dre on  
Them 14 hours studio sessions, I'm a stay on  
The kind of on that makes you go higher and higher  
I sleep when I'm dead I come alive when I'm tired  
Now this the kind of beat I make when I'm just dippin'  
The bassline sound like my fingers set-trippin'  
On what better spot the El Segundo and Central  
This the intersection that made me make instrumentals  
I got haters in the outfield lookin' at me  
I got ladies in the front row looking OG  
I got a stiff pair of Levi 501s in my britches  
And got a stiff third leg for when I'm dogging my bitches  
I got a working record label, what the hell y'all got?  
I got Jimmy Purple Haze, what the hell y'all got?  
And I still own the equipment that brought my deal  
But smart enough to buy multiples cause y'all niggas steal

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Problems gon' come you gotta deal with them  
Fake niggas stop politicin' on real niggas  
Talking Breezy on motherfuckers that kill with him  
Snitch right on his partner then go and chill with him  
Right at his momma house like nothin' happened  
Cops hit his momma house while his granny nappin'  
Hoes make niggas turn to somethin' else  
There gotta be a better way shit is somethin' else  
Cause this baller just ain't gon' stop no time soon  
No, oh, oh, so you might as well get into the money like I do  
Woah, woah, woah

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She let him roll that ass  
Shake it to the floor  
And when she shake that ass  
The DJ hit it next  
She likes it Compton  
She likes it Compton  
She let him roll that ass  
Shake it to the floor  
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The DJ hit it next  
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