

Problem

Let's go, I'm ready baby
It's Compton shit, Compton shit everywhere
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What nigga
Let me catch that groove on this
What's happening niggas?
Aye, aye, aye, aye
My mama used to tell me
Your babymama always tell me

What I gotta cry about?
Huh, cause I done lived the life of winners
Expensive dinners with sinners of all sorts
Judges to the Staples, we wanted on all courts
Gavel slamming, tough talkers get ambulances
An all expense paid ticket to where their nana laughing
And shit you haters out of chances
I say the word bitches feel moves like Hammer dances
To get to the real, charge back with that shit you can feel
That get in your zone music when shit get too real
Hoe you gotta calm down cause dumb shit get you killed
Just push play, light the J and call that bitch that you like
And have her put them tights on with that jacket that's right
Grab her butt and turn me up, then get cracking tonight
Aye shit, that's what I do it for
Positive vibes influencing me to do it more
Got negative thoughts triggered by angry souls
But I make sure my face never shows what I do endure
Si, mi amore, di'adore
Compton's eighth baby, nigga Thriller coat up in the drawer
Since my mom in the bed, probably laid on the floor
Fell asleep thinking like, I gotta go get us more
Gotta go make it better, gotta go be the best
Make sure every time I speak I say it with my fuckin' chest
Paintbrush to a can, when I spray it, I'm the best
Ghetto nigga grew up in the Westside of Compton
Take a shot with a shooter, I'm flying often
And after dick they wish for this in my earlobe

[illegible][illegible]

You are everything
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