

# Mc Eiht, Drugs & Killin

Geah, uh  
In the muthafuckin house  
Is you with me...  
For the 9 to the 6  
Bitch  
Eihthype in the house  
The thug niggas in the house  
Compton in this bitch, uh  
Is you with me?  
Is you with me?  
Cause these niggas...

I was raised on the fucked up side of town  
Moms used to make me wear hand-me-downs  
Pops wasn't around, nigga pulled a skip to my loot  
In the midst of the shit what the fuck to do?  
No Mercedes Benz (that's right)  
Moms used to cluck a lotta fuckin ends (that's right)  
But a young nigga needs the green in this day and age  
Phones my seven man crew, grabs the 12 gauge  
But now fools tryin to trip  
My little homie named Sis say you best not slip (watch out)  
I hear some fools say you got too much shit  
I look at them niggas and say you don't know who you fucking with  
Just watch your back for them skan'less pack of niggas  
On me and my seven man crew, they wanna pull the trigger  
But we on a quest for niggas that's dealin (that's right)  
Son, it's either drugs or killin, c'mon

Is you with me? Is you with me?  
Cause these niggas straight killin for life  
Geah

Damn they done got my nigga (shit)  
But before he killed off he told me who pulled the trigger  
(geah, right)  
Lying in my arms dying, what is this?  
And I'm thinkin' I gots to handle my business  
Gots to get my hands on my gat  
But my G's say: nigga please we'll handle that! (we got that!)  
As they procede to put the hit down  
I hooks up with this big boss across town (ping)  
He pullin' all kinds of schemes to get the green like robbin trains  
But now me flips all them snips to gets to stacking caine  
Sets up shot on your block to clock ends (that's right)  
And I heard your big homey went straight to the pen  
I heard One Time done found his straps  
Snatch one of my little locos for the murder rap (check it out)  
We gon' get you out cause ain't no stoppin  
Something just got to be poppin from all this drugs and killin

Is you with me? Is you with me?  
Cause these niggas straight killin for life...

Eihthype in the house  
Compton in the house  
Geah, nigga

10 years passed and I got fat pockets  
Niggas be trippin I grabs the Glock and then I quickly lock it  
Business is boomin and the birds still flying south  
I guess it's time to get my muthafuckin homie out  
Moms is tryin to tell me to quit  
And my girl is gettin pissed cause she's tired of the shit

I got fools at my back door tryin to buck  
But I'm that killin-ass nigga who don't give a fuck  
Now my long time rival is tryin to break me down  
Done kidnapped my man, goddamn  
He said he want the keys  
But that punk-ass nigga can't get none of these (pop pop pop)  
To get my homie back I bust his cap  
And now my homie in the pen is back on the map (geah)  
My crew's back on swoll and we chillin  
We rolls around and we get top billin  
Geah, back on top, don't know if I'ma stop  
This muthafuckin' drugs and killin

Is you with me? Is you with me?  
Cause these niggas straight killing for life...

Geah  
Is you with me?  
Geah  
Uh, c'mon y'all geah