

Mc Eiht, Flatline

Geah

Thug shit, check this out

Compton, geah

I don't think they heard me on this one

I said: Compton, nigga!

That's how we doin it

Regulating for all the gangstas

West Side, nigga, Hoo-Bangin' Gangstas, you know I'm sayin'

Check this out

I said I dig into yo' body, you catch the flatline

Compton, where we from, nigga?

Compton, all day, nigga

We gon' start it like this

Check this out

Way back 4-4's seven years in the pen

.38 with wooden handles and a fifth with gin

Let me begin, before the days of committin sins

I was a lil' knucklehead getting courted in

Till I die C.P.T., y'all can't budge me

Kill a nigga for the neighborhood, can't judge me

I'm lettin' the fire spit, y'all fools catchin' some slugs

I regulate, servin' you way that straight thug

You know if you're slippin' you get laid up in the mud

Take over your spot, pushin' china white and bud

The devious, the mind blowin', the over-throwin

Christmas everyday in the hood, I keep it snowin

It's hot like that where I'm from

You bitches tryin to test, you meet the M-1

From sun up, nigga, to sun down

I pull out, your gat go down

Bitches, I run town, what up?

Geah

I said I dig into yo' body, you catch the flatline...

Y'all start runnin' and screamin' and pushin'

and yellin' and slippin' and duckin'

When you see the Tec-9 buckin'

Stagger them motherfuckers, make em wish they hid

Spittin, call me the ghetto fuckin' Billy the Kid

You be layin on your back tryin' to catch yo' breath

Life starts to flash, now you're nearing death

What's left, bitch? You see the glock starts tickin'

Die, as I blast one more you stop kickin'

Flee the scene to my next to akin

Call back to the house, so they fly in ends

Just made a real close trip to the pen

And in another town I start the same trend

I sets up shot cuz your ass is done

Hoo-Bang all day, my uzi weighs a ton

Ain't no fun if you don't want none

Ricochet off your shoulder blade, nigga, you're numb

C'mon, geah

[Chorus...]

My mind got me caught in a twist, I can't cope

I reminisce on the days in the hood slangin' dope

Certain territories yo' ass couldn't float

And if you caught slippin', then fool, that's all she wrote

I like the life while dippin' blocks with heats

I'm ready in a second to stop yo' heartbeat

Fuckin' around in the hood, smokin' with hoes

Violators hit the blocks, we hittin' the floors
Y'all ain't caught us slippin', only wasted your ammo
We dips back through, dumps with the 4-4
Hollows come out the dark chamber
Express my anger, never run from danger
Servin mo' yayo, dash from the ranger
Die by the hand of the unknown stranger
My position is stick, situation is thick
I ride with real muthafuckas and hit licks
The Compton lunatic, way too sick
Conflict you pick, hear the 9 click, c'mon

[Chorus...]

Geah
Compton gangsters all day
Hoo-Bangin' affiliates
You catch the flatline