

Mc Eiht, Must Be Murder

Geah

Yo, Hoo-Bangin' niggas officials for the year 2G
I want y'all niggas to say hello to the bad nigga, uh
Hoo-Bangin', what's up

Geah

Ya know this ??? muthafucka's life ain't shit

Right here

Creepin' up on your ass

For the year 2G

Must be murder

Nighttime vision, my hot nine catching you while you sleep

It's critical nigga, it's too deep

Fuck, your talk is cheap, paid to sweep

Ya know this killa nigga from the west side of the street

Old school fool, pack choose the rules

Confrontation, confront blazing tool

My mighty black sword is ready to duel

No sympathy when punishment's include

Back the fuck up, niggas, I act up

Homerun-hitter, the quick nine-spitter

When my mind starts playing tricks and flashbacks

Of seein porno flicks, done criminal acts

Y'all ain't touching my squad

Run the whole yard, anybody disguised, pulling your card

Mock my life, nigga, it's too hard

Ready for battle in the streets, you get scarred

Must - be murder

Hoo-Bangin' for life ain't no joke

Must be murder

Reppin' the West, so watch the gun smoke

I know my momma be praying her Lord save me

I bail the street with the strap, the homie daily

You're crazy, y'all ain't from my spot, so push

Before your dead body's recovered, multiple shots

You speak by your weak position, thinkin' you're strong

You're wrong, nigga, watch my killa ambition

Touch ya, Hoo-Bang niggas who ride

Who roll on your side ready to die

Who lights up your life with hot flames

Real straight game, thug life's the game

Gettin' it, never pretending since the beginning

Niggas like me keeps the world spinnin'

I ain't done yet, enemies don't tempt me

Unload episodes until my clip empty

Y'all ain't gettin' the front line

Your front line, you can save conversation with my nine

[Chorus...]

Criminal mind, but this time a West Coast loc

Can't stand a Compton nigga slangin' slugs like fuckin coke

Money made the illegal way, I roll the Regal way

Brown paper bag full of baggies to maintain

Just can't stay away from hood niggas

Hood bitches, hood towns and hood sounds

Fuck anybody who disrespect get chin-checked

Fly like a eagle, the hollows hit the deck

Expect the worst in the hood if you gon' kick it

Doors open, murder show, go get your ticket

Sly, slick and wicked, bullets ready to rico-

chet off your body, they toe tag, they stick it

The guns ready to straight catch ya
Murder was the case, trying to hide my face
Evil as they come
I clicks the fuckin' nine gun, y'all fools best to run

[Chorus...]

Geah
Hoo-Bangin's official
You know how the fuck we do it
Real niggas
In the Y2K
Doin' what the fuck we gotta do
Y'all niggas perpetrating
You know, keep it thug over here
You know, keep it thug right here, Hoo-Bangin' official
Y'all niggas is just like us
Real niggas on the block is how we keep it
Never fakin' the funk
4-5's and 9's catchin' you, nigga
Till the day we die, fool
Geah
Compton, nigga
Geah