

# Mc Eiht, My Life

## [INTRO]

Gyeah

We're on this smooth shit

Takin you back to the old school (westside)

Gyeah

Hoo-Bangin in the house

And right about now

We got the real CPT G's up in here

MC Eiht , Boom Bam , CMW representin to the fullest

Hoo-Bangin to the fullest

Gyeah

## [VERSE 1]

I once heard don't forget

Where you came from , son

And if you're bailin thru Compton

You better bring a gun

Cops tryin to set off spots and raid niggas

Just cause we some fuckin paid niggas

Zags and crack that I used to sell

To the swap meet to get my gear and straight bail

What 'll it be to they lost my loot

So 5-O wants all a blue khaki suit

Shoot if ya'll come down the block, static

Dash like a rabbit barely escapin the automatic

Tragic is the scene that's left

Bringin the pain like Meth(od Man)

The yellow tape means death (boyaa)

Steps the fuck off or meet your maker

The Tech 9 will take ya be the back-breaker

Out for cash flow the way I was part of

Keep your hood tight nigga don't get caught up

Yeah

## [CHORUS]

My life , my life , my life

With the Tech 9 , come on

I said my life , my life , my life

Check it out

## [VERSE 2]

I've been in the street game since '86

With Mc's on gold D'z takin gangsta flix

Screamin : fuck your clitch

Bitch you best not trick

Hoo-Bangin these full straps came with clips

6 shots is all you get (ping , ping)

You better put in work

Or scurb or get covered with damn dirt

My mission is the ride for the west

And make cash and pick of enemies

Tryin to trespass , for sho'

I ain't no joke but it ain't the blunt

I light it's the fuckin gun THAT smoke (boom ,boom)

Provoke any nigga that try to step

Fools trip Imma show 'em

Who's fast from the hip

Clap you Once cause G's leave no

Witnesses clap twice out the door

Slow with the creep while the neighbour's asleep

Still music to drive-by and I'm N2 deep

Come on

## [CHORUS]

My life , my life , my life  
With the Tech 9 , come on  
My life , my life , my life  
Fuck One-Time  
Gyeah  
I said my life , my life , my life  
In the CPT  
I said my life , my life , my life  
Hoo-Bangin gangstas  
Check it out

[VERSE 3]

In the 6-6-6 5-0 Trey or Deuce  
Real G's draggin it low with much juice (gyeah)  
Loose lips sink ships is what I was told  
While my bankroll fold  
I'm leavin your body cold  
Down the role-road since the B.G.  
The O.G.'s had me actin crazy  
Like fightin and blastin cause life ain't funny  
Young niggas strugglin best get your money  
Creep up in the late night  
Keep your grip tight lay low outta site  
And watch the porch light  
Cause I ain't got nuttin to lose  
And I ain't nuttin when I'm dumpin  
Ya'll catchin the blues  
I needs the money and the cola baby  
Don't make me react pulls out the strap  
And then clap Hoo-Bangin to the fullest  
In Compton is where we're dwellin  
In the WEST where we're yellin  
While the yea keeps sellin (westsiide)  
Come on

[CHORUS]

I said my life , my life , my life  
With the Tech 9  
And that's how we representin  
To the fullest  
With the real CPT G's  
To the I-N-G  
All the way up to South Central  
To all my Hoo-Bangin gangstas in the house  
Gyeah , that's how we're doin it  
To the WEST  
All day , we don't play  
Gyeah , come on  
I said my life , my life , my life  
With the Tech 9 , come on  
I said my life , my life , my life  
Fuck One-Time  
Gyeah