

# Bg Knocc Out & Dresta, Compton Swingin'

(chorus)

Hey hey hey (comptooooooooon compton swingin)  
All day every day I gotta pray  
All day every day I gotta pray  
Hey hey hey (comptooooooooon compton swingin)  
All day every day I gotta pray  
All day every day I gotta pray

(dresta)

Yeah, you know in 94  
Me and my bro  
Hit your ass with a blast  
Now we gotta hear this trash  
From this busta named daz (but daz)  
Ain't nothin but a mark who be buggin out  
Stop the monkey shit  
Put my fist in your monkey mouth  
So everybody swing with me  
D-r-e, o-b-g from the c-p-t  
It's on again so tell a friend  
We got it poppin  
Me and bg knocc out swingin back to compton

(bg knocc out)

Yes, well I'm back on the block where the bg's chill  
Where niggas like to get ill  
But marks get killed  
Feel the strength of a loc  
As I go for broke  
Step right up and get smoked  
Cos I ain't no joke  
Wack mc's I knock them out the box  
You can go kick ass  
Or either get your ass kicked  
Steady packin my chrome  
And I'm known, for hoo bangin  
Bg knocc out, I got clout  
And I'm compton swingin

(chorus)

(bg knocc out)

Givin up love to the hood  
The city where I'm from  
So when you come to compton  
You better bring a big gun  
Or run and hide from the 165  
Worldwide  
Niggas thats straight do or die  
Taggin out my set  
As I mob through your town  
Crossing out the dogg pound

Cos i'mma haul ground  
So don't trip  
You might get your f\*\*kin lip split  
Cos niggas from compton don't play that shit  
Still up on top  
And you know it don't stop  
All busta's bow down  
Or prepare to get dropped  
By that nigga named knocc  
As I rock your block

And I bet you never seen the bg callin shots  
Down for my turf  
Put in work in my days  
Now I'm in the house, without a doubt  
Tryin to get paid  
Laid back and relax  
With tracks to keep you bumpin  
Original baby gangsta  
And I'm swingin back to compton

(chorus)

(dresta)  
It ain't nuthin but the compton g  
D-r-e-s-t-a-ster  
Nutty nigga dresta  
Givin girls the vapours  
Take ya  
Second to relax your brain  
I'm still the same  
You know my name  
I don't get caught up in fame  
I do my thang  
And hang with my homies non stop  
Much props, to compton and watts, yeah  
Sure shot, a body rock  
Mix master spade, used to rock my block  
But now it's history  
Another mystery, of a legend  
And I been checkin mics since 87  
Steady on these stripes  
On the streets with my speech  
And keeps me a new chick to freak every week  
So girls you can page me  
With a freakin outburst  
Or you can leave a message with my niggas up at outburst  
Though I'll hit you back with a voice mail or somethin  
And tell you meet me in the hood  
I'm swingin back to compton

(chorus till fade)