

Compton's Most Wanted, Compton's Lynchin

Compton's lynchin mutherfuckers with a left hook.
So turn the Eiht on 80 as I start to cook.
As my name stays terror when you're caught in the dark.
I punk bitches and kill off all scary marks.
So get a puff of the bomb ass Compton shit.
And watch the A double M pop in a second clip.
And when I'm all finished unloading,
I set the timer to 8 seconds, heads start exploding.
So punk get your shit in gear.
Say your prayers, your scared, as Mike brings up the rear.
Now your caught in a trap and you can't escape.
Made a bad mistake cause you dissed the Eiht.
You broke the penalty, punk start paying.
And your short, shorter then short, knowutumsaying?
So step back sorry clown, you ain't hitting.
You gets no juice, cause Compton's lynchin.
(Compton)..(no, please don't!)..(Now I'm lynchin mutherfuckers) [x2]
Fools gang way, no time to play pussy.
Eiht is back to attack so dont push me.
Dont try to play with my rhyme you can't stand this.
I'm from Compton so I dont give a fuck if you ban this.
I got you trapped in a mutherfuckin straight coat.
I guess you just cant talk with a clenched throat.
So punk don't try to bargain with your rhymes.
Playing me close will mean your crossing Eiht's line.
And thats not good for your health.
Cause when it comes to Eiht and Mike, you'll get dealt with.
The mutherfucking power after hour.
No air to breath, cause all the suckers we devour.
So hang up your dreams of making snaps.
You won't make a penny with your fucked up raps.
So step back or its your title I'm clinching.
Punk ass fool, cause Compton's lynchin
(Compton)..(no, please don't!)..(Now I'm lynchin mutherfuckers)
(Compton)..(Now wait a minute. Hey man)..(Now I'm lynchin
mutherfuckers)
(Compton)..(stop stop stop!)..(Now I'm lynchin mutherfuckers)
(Compton)..(Now I'm lynchin mutherfuckers)
I guess I'll start dropping these fools, cause they lyrics be like
offending me.
So you can say that Eiht's your worste enemy.
So make tracks or its your fucking hood I'll blow down.
One on one in the Compton streets we'll have a showdown.
And when it comes to Eiht its quite simple.
Pull the trigger, bullet smacks dead in your temple.
No explanations on why I did it.
When they ask, I tell em cause the punk bullshitted.
So now I leave his homeys in grief.
I can't just stand here and trip off a sucker who got beef.
And the Eiht aint bullshitting G.
I got to kill off the sucker before the sucker gets me.
So raise the fuck up because the Eiht aint tripping.
Before I let a sucker slide, he's already slipping.
And whats left is a sucker caught up in suspension.
Word em up G, cause Compton's lynchin.
(Compton)..(no, please don't!)..(Now I'm lynchin mutherfuckers)
(Compton)..(stop stop stop!)..(Now I'm lynchin mutherfuckers)
You give up? I see your sweating like crazy.
Eiht'll stay cool, cause fool you tried to phaze me.
Your rhymes are washed up your beats are fucked.
Your just a victim punk you'll get stuck.
By a brother with a evil vengence.
And when I say Eiht kills, boy I meant this.
And if your caught in the crossfire its like that.

I mean the shooting of lyrics or the damn gatt.
And geah, Eiht is back.
Teaming up with the Mike on the sneak attack.
So be prepared to get gaffled in the mix.
As my DJ Mike T fuck with the turntable tricks.
So take flicks, cause your all on his dick.
And its making me sick as he start to do a trick.
So raise the fuck up, its pieces of your brain that I'm pinchin.
Word em up G, Compton's lynchin.
(Compton)..(oh oh oh)..(get your ass up)..(whats up nigga)..(Now I'm
lynchin mutherfuckers)
(Compton)..(shit)..(punk ass nigga)..(now I'm lynchin mutherfuckers)
(Compton)..(surprise nigga)..(now I'm lynchin mutherfuckers)
(Compton)..(Compton's in the house)..(mutherfucker)
(Compton's in the house)..(mutherfuckers)
(Now I'm lynchin mutherfuckers)
(Compton's in the house)..(mutherfuckers)
(Compton)..(Now I'm lynchin mutherfuckers)