

Compton's Most Wanted, Def wish

Geah. The MC Eiht's in the mutherfuckin house y'knowutumsayin?
The Compton maniac,
here to break your ass something off real proper, y'knowutumsayin?
Damn!
Suckers, I go for broke so dont choke on the smoke.
Cause if I hit the chronic, Eiht starts the rap bionic.
So enough with that punk shit.
With your fucked up lyrics you can't shoot the gift
like it should be shot.
Gots no hearts, punk ass marks, dont start you'll get got.
And at the end of the trail is whats left.
Is a sucker mutherfucker who done simped to death.
So if ya got static go and gather up your army.
you'll be a short ass punk trying to harm me.
I bet you sorry MC's never seen this.
A sucker punk hung up by his penis.
So watch out for a sucker on the gank
cause while Compton's Lynchin, I'm taking money to the bank.
And its the MC Eiht on your shit list.
Commence to killing you off you gots your def wish.
[I'll make you famous...]
[Now when I go for my gun...you can start shooting]
Phase 2, Its the brother who be taxing.
Running over punks like my brother Bo Jackson.
As your card's on freeze frame your chicken.
It's the Eiht double M and I'll keep sticking.
All that pay back shit is in effect.
Cause I'm the type a brother who'll blast your ass, check.
So if your biting my lyrics, then fool you'll pay.
As you commence to say em you'll get tooth decay.
So give up to the Compton psycho,
Biting me Quik will mean you get the duck sick quick.
Not a funny man, but still I gives surprises.
Lyrics are deadly plagues, the death toll rises.
So now your shit outta luck with your rhyme scheme.
And now I hunt your punk ass in your bad dreams.
Another victory on my list.
One more punk ass fool with a def wish.
Chorus
Now say your prayers, because its difficult to get with this.
I'll haunt your studio, become your ghost lyricist.
No mistakes I make, so don't fake.
Yous as sorry as fuck, so jump your ass out a cake.
Dont try to bargain with the maniac mistro.
On the stage I'm in a rage with a gangsta show.
The Capital E, The Capital I, the Capital H,
The Capital T, down MC.
Mike T is the partner down with me.
Suckers got static, here goes the G-A-T.
So take a step up and play for the rhythm.
>From Compton boy, and this is what I give em.
A blast from the gat just for talking that junk.
Feel like handling the business might smoke the punk.
I run the nine one, fool, so get hip to my ways.
And don't be no hero like in the western days.
At sundown, you'll press your luck and try to shoot me.
Grab your davey Crocket, I'll grab my gangsta Uzi.
And after all that, you'll still be R.I.P.
If you fuck with me...Fool theres your def wish.
Geah, y'knowutumsayin? MC Eiht stepping to the mutherfuckin 91
My DJ mike T's in the mutherfuckin house.
Down with the DJ Bolo, and Unknown. Geeeeaaah.