

Compton's Most Wanted, Duck Sick

[Milk Dee] (You was jealous, it's all your fault)

(What's up, punk?)

(You was jealous, it's all your fault)

(Pretty soon it's a homie you're grievin')

(You was jealous, it's all your fault)

(Got beef? What a pity)

(You was jealous, it's all your fault)

[VERSE 1: MC Eiht]

Back for the payback, black, you came up shorter

Geah, your ass is out, Eiht wrote a-

Nother funky rap about your jealous conflict

How you diss C.M.W, boy, you ain't said shit

Your senses should tell ya: kick it, don't be a hero

Equipped to whip is Eiht, unlike a zero

I gotta hitcha, or get witcha

Sit down, clown, I commence to paint a picture

Hm, it's kinda funny, but yet somewhat amazing

Take you serious? I think about it while I'm blazing

Only then will my reaction show

How I chill and let my tempo flow

Too sorry is the name for your rap

No competition, dissin, boy, you need to be slapped

Eiht ain't no punk, so learn it quick

Oh yes, p.s., C.M.W., and you can get my duck sick

You can get the duck sick

You can get my duck sick

You can get the duck sick

[VERSE 2: Tha Chill]

I don't believe it, how the hell'd you get on wax?

Makin demos on your tape deck tracks

You did a show, and I heard it was wack

You tossed our records, think I tossed right back

You got the nerve, tryin to go down like a trooper

In better words, you go down like King Cooper

So stop your little dissing, saying that I can't handle

I put your lights out, you have to rap by a candle

Go head up punk, or sell out, I know you must've

Heard the word, new jack, I'm not a buster

Always down to bust a record, a party, know what I mean?

But unlike yourself, sucker, I do it for cream

So period, end of story, don't even bore

Me, Tha Chill MC, claim to gory

So that's it, the Eiht and Chill is the shit

(Chill) Word, and you can get the duck sick

You can get the duck sick

Yo, you can get my - duck sick

You can get the duck sick

Geah - get the duck sick

You can get the duck sick

Get the duck sick

Word up

You can get the duck sick

[VERSE 3: MC Eiht]

Wait a minute, hold up, punk, I know you're kiddin

Sayin E can't hang, you're bullshittin

I'm not a rookie, meaning a beginner

If fakin was a sin, you'd be a sinner

Load up my mic and gat, start gunnin

Fresh off the Compton streets, so start runnin

You come across like a two-bit sucker

Tryin to compare with a hard mutphafucka

Punk, they call me Eiht, so give me respect

I heard you did a show on your Mom's tape deck

Fool, you fucked up smooth tryin to diss

A victim of a violent crime on the list
So wake up and smell the bud', you little pupils
Tryin to go head up, punk, you got no scruples
Conflict you pick, you're sick
You can't fade us, but yo, you can get the E's duck sick
You can get the duck sick
Geah, you can get the E's duck sick
You can get the duck sick
School em
[VERSE 4: Tha Chill]
Now, who got you hip to be a rapper?
You sorry jack-ass (You punk whipper snapper)
Just take a step back, and boy, start peepin
On Eiht and Chill (Geah, ain't no sleepin)
Quiet as it's kept, the news'll spread like AIDS
Hip-Hop, C.M.W. gets paid
Always down to dunk the funk
Or clownin down a weak-ass punk
The beef you got, to Chill, don't mean shit
Just a test I have to pass to show I'm on hit
And Tha Chill's on hit, legit
With the E I don't quit
I grab a chair and a whip
Like a lion, suckers I'm tamin
Peel a cap and snap on the mic, because I'm gamin
So watch me rip, cause you suckers is on a ego tip
Stupid suckers, yo you can get Chill's duck sick
You can get the duck sick
What you say, E?
Get the duck sick
Get the duck sick
Yo, who want the duck sick now?
My man Unknown want the duck sick, E
My man DJ Slip want the duck sick
Word em up, Mike we be boomin on the boards want the duck sick
My Deejays Ant C and Mike T want the duck sick
You guys are sick