

# Compton's Most Wanted, One Time Gaffled Em U

[Chorus: Scratched by DJ Unknown]

Tired of the mother fucking jackin  
Boys that be jackin  
Tired of the motherfucking jackin  
Police, wanna front; wanna jack

On a day at the spot where the homies be chillin  
Gossiping about the latest Compton killin  
Brothers is deep, and no time to sleep  
The Boys on the tip, and they trying to creep  
Had a G-ride, so I suggest that we punch it  
Grover was driving, and doing about a hundred  
Hit a corner on the plata. Checked the spot  
Seen the P.D. lights. Down the spot was hot  
Ed Dog was cuffin'. Threw in the back  
Chiste and Lil' Rock jacked for selling that crack  
E, man, hit the fence. Yelled out, "See you later!"  
Shark then pulled out the big blue blazer  
Dookie and Boo didn't know what to do  
Jumped in the car with D.T, bumpin' CMW  
Hit a U around the corner. Did it work? I wonder  
C.P.D. on my ass, and they burnin' rubber  
Didn't want to be like Brother and Fly: locked up  
So I downed the Bird that was still in my cup  
Parked the G-ride, and I started to bail  
'Cause my trip was to home, not the County Jail  
Police swooped. By the time the Boys was near me  
Go Go fled 'cause the homie was kind of leary  
I wasn't sweating shit, 'cause they had nothing on me  
Bam looked bag. They were named. Now his Pony  
They peeped out the pager. Said, "How much did it cost?"  
By the way MC Eiht, where's the dope you toss?"  
(Eight): "Me sell dope? Um sir. I'm a rap singer  
Won't go down like the Compton gang banger."  
They ran a warrant check. I must have had good luck  
But the homie who ran. Mmmm  
One Time gaffled him up

[Chorus x3: Scratched by DJ Unknown]

Get your ass in the car.  
Ho hold it now.  
Keep still boy. No need for static.

Get your ass in the car.  
You're coming with us!

[Verse 2:]

Had a show to do on a Thursday night  
Me, Chill, Slip, and Tom rolling in Big White  
Loaded as fuck, bumping "The Cactus."  
I hope the Stoney Boys don't try to jack us  
Gas tank was loaded, and so was the E  
Kind of buzzed of the sack of the good E.T.  
Chill was bustin' raps about the good ol' days  
Switching to another form about how he get paid  
Just then the Boys came behind the truck  
Tom looked out and said, "What the fuck?!?!"  
A motor cycle cop riding hard on the tip  
Had to clown his ass once. N' said, "This ain't no C.H.I.P.S!"  
Homie had a warrant for a D.U.I.  
And in my pocket was a fat sack of Chocolate Thai  
Damn! (damn)  
Now it's time to get nervous  
Starey Clown caught back em

And they was fixing to serve us  
Dumb Dumb walked up and started asking for names  
They he peeped me out and asked what's the gang I claim  
The fact that I'm black is the reason you jack me  
I've got to gang bang 'cause of the hat and khaki's  
If I was in the hood, the dummy wouldn't have found me  
He said, "Shut the fuck up 'fore you're headed for the County!"  
He was already late. The fools had they nerves  
To have us sitting contest on the edge of the curb  
Twas showt, shorter that showt. What can I say?  
"Keep on talking. Go ahead. Make my day  
He started to acting tough n' Chill thought he was bluffin  
But in a second or two, the Boys started the cuffin  
Bud in our pockets. Brew in our cups  
No time for explanations. One Time gaffled us up

[Chorus x3: Scratched by DJ Unknown]

Get your ass in the car.  
Ho hold it now.  
For when? For what?  
I ain't guilty!

Get your ass in the car.  
You're coming with us