

Compton's Most Wanted, Rhymes Too Funky Pt.

Who's playing all that damn loud-ass music out there?

[Chuck D] (With the funky piano...)

Turn that shit down, man

Don't you know I'm tryin to get some sleep here?

[Chuck D] (With the funky piano...)

Huh?

What you say?

I'll go upside your goddamn head, man

If you don't put that goddamn music down, man

[Chuck D] (With the funky piano...)

Woman, call 911 to get these niggas off this goddamn street

I got to sleep now

(Compton's in the house)

(Yeah)

[VERSE 1: MC Eiht]

Yeah, killin off suckers, it's me

You're stupid tryin to take me for some punk MC?

I'm here to tax dollars, raps not cheap

Compton's Most Wanted, punk, rollin four deep

Gats that I'm packin, sucker better put it back

I'm slappin dumb girls cause my rhymes on hit

But on the smooth tip, kickin that butt

Had too much St. Ides, and started throwin it up

Super lyricist, yeah, cold in fact

I'm sprayin all you faggot fake MC jacks

Boy, I smack and rack and pack and stack

To smash all the sucker MC's in a war-like attack

So Chill (What's up?)

Tell these punk fools that they ran out of luck

(Hey yo Eiht) What's up?

(Boy, I think you said enough)

Chill, I ain't said shit until I call a punk's bluff

Put you on to punishment, Eiht is like your father

Wanna beg? Sucker, don't bother

Last-place MC's think you can handle this?

(1-2-3) Sock em smooth through the canvas

It's time to start pumpin, know what I'm sayin

Yeah, I got the picture, I commence the sprayin

[VERSE 2: Tha Chill]

Boy, hold up, Tha Chill's on the stage

C.M.W. is like a Hub City army brigade

Give no slack to no plack or no punk new jack

Get racked like that because your rhymes are wack

So hit me with your best shot, and boy, you see

How Tha Chill and the Eiht drop punk MC's

But credit's never due to you suckers that be fakin it

Call it a jack, but yo, I'm just takin it

Your money, your gold, your fortune, and your fame

So hang it up, because you got no game

So just let up, I'm gettin fed up

You're talkin trash, punk, just shut up

Leave it to Tha Chill, yeah, I take care of business

(That's bet, cause Eiht is the witness)

A super hype mellow Compton cold chillin lyricist

Like a scary movie suckers play fearin this

In fact you're a pole caught in thick asphalt

But diss my down posse, yo, I'm droppin the dogs

So just chill as Tha Chill explains

When it comes to gettin over I know all the game

So suckers don't jock me like a backstreet junkie

Cause C.M.W.'s cold runnin it, rhymes too funky

C.M.W. - is that you, man?

(Yeah!)

Keep on playin that shit, man

I like that shit, man
Woman, cancel that 911 call
They ain't comin anyway, this is Compton
Man, that shit was gonna sound good in my T-Bird, man