

Compton's Most Wanted, This Is Compton 2000

(Compton's in the house)

[Chill]

You know what time it is

Youknowmsayin

O.G.'s in this shit

CMW back in yo ass one time

It's part 2, bitch

You better bag yo hoe ass up and recognize real game in yo face

What

[VERSE 1: Chill]

Make a right on Alondra and see my name on the wall

Tha Chill MC, remember me, from the land of the small

Creepy crawlin, so I'm thuggin till my eyes shut tight

Scandalous shit that I see, so the scandalous shit that I write

I know the world got a ghetto, but see, I'm speakin on mine

One-time, rat bitches, greedy niggas on the grind

Hub City, boy, I love it, wouldn't trade jack for it

Only half-employed, the other half ain't bored

They credit-scamming, panhandling, lley-slanging, gangbangin

Hangin to get the chips, haters flappin they lips

Trip if I have to, hook and I know that I could

Hooked up, meet with every set, spread love through every hood

But there's too many beefs to be callin some shots

Tryin to plug the [Name], Tragniews and Nutty Blocks

Niggas done died for they turf, doin life for they turf

Puttin work in, they close the curtain, the judges are adjourned

And it's probably the same where y'll at

Fools losin they whole life on both ends of the straps

I'm low key, still in the City and gon' keep it jumpin

Bitch, they call me Tha Chill, and yo, this is Compton

(Compton's in the house)

(Compton's in the house)

[Boom Bam]

This is Compton

(Compton's in the house)

This is Compton

[VERSE 2: Boom Bam]

C-o-m-p-t-o-n

That's where I'm from, my friend

That's the place where all that gangsta shit started

Rest in peace to my dearly departed

Smoked in the line of duty, no mystery

Now you see why Compton's makin history?

Heard you was dissin me, talkin about killin me

Shit, I don't think you muthafuckas feelin me

We here to take the crown back

Cause most of you high profile suckers sound wack

In fact, you lackin the skills that's needed

You must be too drunk or you must be too weeded

Enemies get defeated, and that's a fact

Thousands of Westsider niggas got my back

So come strong, bring it on and catch a stompin

Muthafucka, this is Compton

(Compton's in the house)

[MC Eiht]

Geah

Compton, nigga

Geah

Compton all day, come on
Geah

(Compton's in the house)

[VERSE 3: MC Eiht]

Remember the days when I used to tote a deuce-five heater
Coppin the fat sacks of stress in Watts off Alameda
Young nigga from the hood, love the hood life, son
Compton - bail through, better bring a gun
My nigga Todd from the Park to nigga on cue
Battle ground was the ghetto down in Tragniew
Ballers, skeezers, no age limit matters
When the one-times hit the block, knuckleheads all scatter
Hittin the fence down the alley with a ass full of cavi
One house downtown that'd love to have me
With a swap meet up the block to get gear when I'm loc'in
Liqor sto' right next do' to get papers, we smokin
Fo' deep in a fo' do' bucket with fo' heats
Add fo' mo', that's 16 slugs sweepin your street
Who say Compton niggas can't get no pussy and scratch?
When it's a gang of fuckin cluckheads and a pack of hoodrats
This is Compton

[DJ Mike T scratches]

(The might Mike T is now..)
(Compton's Most Wanted, punk, rollin fo' deep)
(Tha Chill is ready, so pass me the sack)
(Compton's Most Wanted, punk, rollin fo' deep)
(Eiht is back again with power after hour)
(Compton's Most Wanted, punk, rollin fo' deep)
(Slip plays the drums, the SP 1200)
(Compton's Most Wanted, punk, rollin fo' deep)
(Compton's)
(Compton's in the house)