

DJ Quik, Jus Lyke Compton (Clean)

Finally got a chance to leave the C-P-T
Off to other cities to trip
No longer just an underground hit
Movin thangs... a local brother made good
I made a name off of making tapes for homies in the hood
And now, let me tell a little story
About the places that I been to and the shit that I been through
Like fightin and shootouts and bangin and trip
All because I came out with a hit, check it
Nineteen-ninety-one, while everybody else is smokin the splits
I was thinkin of the fonky hits
About hoochies and playaz and gettin drunk and off that bud
I was doing the things they hadn't heard of
But foolish was I to think that it wasn't no other cities like this
And that they didn't like this
That Compton was the home of the gangster class
Where you got blast and knowledge, that's a thing of the past
Let me tell ya why firsthand, we did a show up in Oak-land
And brothers was kickin up sand, to them bangin ain't nothin new
And slangin ain't nothin new
And for every sucker we done shot
They done shot two
Straight doin dope since the sixties, before I was born
Families of hardheads mourn
So I'm just letting you know
That if ya plan to take a trip to the bay
Keep your hand on the clip

Beacue Oakland...
Yeah, I'm telling y'all Oakland...

Moving on to St. Louis, where they thinki they be buffin
with gold teeth in they mouth but they still know whassup
And the summer is kinda hot
Hot enough to make ya cuss
And that's why I stayed on the bus
But later on when it cooled off we came down and made a couple of friends
Who put us up on the St. Louis cap
The Smith Center, with Big Bob, Little Steve, Tojo, Biss and Rich
and a couple of hoochies
Then they took us to a man named Gus in a store
He put us down with a herringbone and shoes galore
That's when I started thinking that this wasn't like home
But then they had to prove me wrong
Cuz later that night after we did the show
We went back to the afterset, and wouldn't ya know
Yeah, Bloods and Crips start scrappin and shootin - in Missouri?
Damn, how could this happen?

Now St. Louis...
Yeah y'all, St. Louis...

I don't think they know, they too crazy for their own good
They need to stop watchin that "Colors" and "Boyz in the Hood"
Too busy claimin Sixties, tryin to be raw
And never ever seen the Shaw
But now, back to the story that I'm tellin
We packed up the tour bus one more time and started bailin
When we arrived I saw red and blue sweatsuits
When I'm thinkin bout hors d'ouvers, and cowboy boots
I guess Texas ain't no different from the rest
And San Antonio, was just waitin to put us to the test
And before it was over the show got deep
A fool got shot in the face, and was dead in the street

Then they came in the club thinkin of scrappin
Little did they know that we was packin
Yeah, we was puttin em down and scaring the rest, yo
I even had to wear the bulletproof vest

Now San Antonio...
Yeah, San Antonio...

After a month on the road
We came home and I can safely say
That L.A. is a much better place to stay
How could a bunch of suckers in a town like this
Have such a big influence on brothers so far away?
But still my story ain't over cuz I got one more to tell
And the people of Colorado, they know it well
It was all in the news and if you don't remember
I had this show I did in Denver
With a first time promoter, it was done in a skatin rink
Hoochies was lovin us, but suckers was ready to bust
To the front of the stage to throw their gang signs
But I'm getting paid so I didn't pay it no mind
Then I poured out my brew onto their face and chest
then they start throwin soda, and fuckin up my guests
When it was over two niggaz needed stitches
Got cracked in they jaw for being nothin but snitches

Now Denver...
Yeah, and Denver...

...
I thought ya knew...