

Eazy E, Real Compton City G's

Comp-ton.. Comp-ton.. Comp-ton

[quiet voice that whispers]

Real compton city g's...

Real compton city g's...

Real compton city g's...

Eazy-E:

Hey yo doctor, here's another proper track

And it's phat, watch the sniper, time to pay the piper

And let that real shit provoke

So youse a wannabe 'loc, and you'll get smoked, and i hope

That your fans understand when you talk about playin me

The same records that you makin is payin me

Motherfuck Dre, motherfuck Snoop, motherfuck Death row

Yo, and here comes my left blow

Cause i'm the e-a-z-y-e and, this is the season

To let the real compton city g's in

You're like a kid you found a pup and now you're dapper

But tell me where the fuck ya found a anorexic rapper?

Talkin about who you gon squabble with and who you shoot

You're only 60 pounds when you're wet and wearin boots

(damn e, they tried to fade you on "dre day")

But "dre day" only make eazy's pay day

All of a sudden dr. dre is the "g thang"

But on his old album cover he was a she thang

So nigga please, nigga please, don't step to deez

Motherfuckin real compton city g's!

"yo dre, what's up?" *bang*

"boy you should have known by now.."

"yo dre, what's up?" *bang*

"boy you should have known by now.."

Dresta:

Everyday it's a new rapper, claimin to be dapper than the dresta

Softer than a bitch, but portray the role of gangsta

Ain't broke a law in your life

Yet every time you rap you yap about the guns and knife

Just take a good look at the, nigga and you'll capture

The fact that the bastard, is simply just an actor

Who mastered the bang and the slang and the mental

Of niggaz in compton, watts, and south central

Never ever once have you ran with the turf

But yet in every verse claim you used to do the dirt

But tell me who's a witness, to your fuckin work

So you never had no bi'ness, so save the drama jerk

Niggaz straight kill me, knowin that they pranksters

This is going out to you studio gangstas

See i did dirt, put in work, and many niggaz can vouch that

So since i got stripes, i got the right to rap about that!

But niggaz like you, i gotta hate ya

Cause i'm just tired of suburban niggaz talkin about they come from projects

Knowin, you ain't seen the parts of the streets g

Think you started tryin to bang around the time of the peace treaty

Wearin khakis and mob while you rhyme

Little fag, tried to sag, but you're floodin at the same, time

And your set don't accept ya

Scared to kick it with your homies cuz you know they don't respect ya

So nigga please, check nuts before ya step to deez

Motherfuckin real g's

B.G Knocc Out:

Wellllllll.. it's the knocc out, definition orginal baby gangsta

Approach me like you hard, motherfucker i'ma bank ya

Shank ya, with my fuckin shank, if i haveta

Dr. dre and snoop doggy dogg are fuckin actors

Pranksters, studio gangstas, busters

But this time you're dealin with some real motherfuckers

G's, nigga please, don't try to step
Cause if you do, then a pealed cap is all that would be left
See young niggaz like me, will break ya off somthin
Claimin my city, but dre you ain't from compton
Niggaz like y'all is what i call wannabeez
And ain't shit compared to real compton city g's
"yo dre, what's up?" *bang*
Eazy-E:

I never met a o.g., who never did shit wrong
You tried to diss the eazy-e, so now nigga it's on
You and your doggy dogg, think that y'all hoggin shit
Both of you bitches, can come and suck my doggy dick
Beatin up a bitch don't make you shit, but then again
Some niggaz think it makes a man
Damn it's a trip how a nigga could switch so quick
From wearin lipstick, to smokin on chronic at pic-nics
And now you think you're bigger
But to me you ain't nothin but a bitch-ass nigga
That ain't worth a food stamp
And at death row, i hear you're gettin treated like boot camp
Gotta follow your sergeant's directions
Or get your ass pumped with a smith & wesson
Learn a lesson from the e's
Stay in your place and don't step to real compton city g's!
"yo dre, what's up?" *bang*
"boy you should have known by now.."
"yo dre, what's up?" *bang*
"boy you should have known by now.." x5
"yo dre, what's up?" *bang*
"boy you should have known by now; eazy-duz-it"