

King Tee, 2 G's From Compton

Say what
Tell me somethin
Where the gangstas at?
Where the hustlers at?

[King T]

Now relax your mind cause all the drinks is free
And get down with the sound of K-i-n-g
And MC Ren, I bet you're like, "Where them niggas been?"
The backstreets of Compton checkin ends
Original residents, I'm off Caldwell and Kemp
About a hoe short from a pimp
With the gangsta walk limp
I tossed up the hat by the Raiders
Now I'm crocodile and alligator
Tryin to get my paper, man, they say King T was (?)
The alcoholic funk from Tha Liks, bust this
From Alondra to the top block of Central
I'm known for crackin niggas' dental
Loc, I'm like mental, my attitude starts to get mean
Now Ren's (?) with the King
What we gon' sing? Some old gangsta spiritual theme
Hell naw, lyrics gotta cling

[MC Ren]

Niggas be lovin em Compton niggas, put the West Coast on the map
Now every bitch nigga and they mama tryin to rap
Go check the Real Nigga tree from the CPT
You got them Niggaz 4 Life and that muthafucka King T
The Villain be down with the King like Joey Simmons
Niggas in Compton'll make your ass see sparks like Robin Givens
Or you can go for a ride in a trunk
While I'm hangin with the King while he's sittin on a tow-truck
My big dick still live in khakis since day one
I got a gang of nigga shit, go and play one
My nigga still Tha Coolest, now we makin pussies hot
If you ain't from Compton, nigga gotta shake the spot
Got a big fuckin pot for me to piss in
Cause all the bomb shit a nigga make, hoes listen
Nigga, fuck shows, I don't have to be seen
You makin demos, I'ma make that cream

[CHORUS: both]

Watch the gangsta boogie, watch the hustlers get paid
And watch all these freaks get played
Two gees from Compton, originals from back in the days
Lowridin 64's and rag treys

[MC Ren]

Niggas in the streets bump my shit in parking lots
While they fuckin in backseats from Riverside to Watts
Me and the King, nigga, ain't nothin nice
Niggas Hollywood, turnin into hoes like Heidi Fleiss
Butt-naked like they hot from some sherm
Kissin groupie-bitches with a mouth full of sperm
While Ren help the King lay claim to a city
Cause niggas tryin to rule sound shitty
I'm dedicatin this to Compton niggas inside
Y'all can bump this when you niggas wanna ride
You niggas ain't knowin I got vaxines for wackness
Niggas close by that make yo ass fade to blackness
So nigga, the Villain be droppin shit like this and I slide
I got my bitch, the King's on my side
It shouldn't have to be like that

But it's where you're from, not where you're at

[King T]

Another heartless attack, there's a cool locomotive on the track
Cavi vocab by the batch, I serve it like crack
What, they huddle up for the double up, Bombay
I do this shit all day
What the dizzneal, these fiends who stressin
They think I'm from the Westside with no connections
I run it in perfection, protection be the Tec-9 fully
Kick rocks or get popped by the bully
The Aftermath terror begins soon as I grace the throne
Don't fuck with the microphone, leave it alone
Man, check this six-foot gangsta baritone spark
From (?) down to Kelly Park
It's respected, we keep the dancefloors hectic (here it is)
I know it's not what you expected (but it's square biz)
Locs from Hub City, Capone and Frank Nitty
Gets down with a brand-new Compton sound

[CHORUS]