

King Tee, Straight Outta Compton

[MC Eiht]

Geah

C'mon

Geah

Straight outta Compton, crazy muthafucka named Eiht, fool (geah)

From the gang called C-M-W

When I'm called off, I got a sawed off (boom boom!)

Squeeze the trigger, and bodies are hauled off

You too boy, if you fuck with me

One Time's gon' after come and get me

Off your ass, that's how I'm goin' out (geah)

With a gat (c'mon, uh!)

Gots pointed at (geah)

Niggas start to mumble, they wanna rumble

Mix 'em and cook 'em in a pot like gumbo (geah)

Goin' out on a muthafucka like that

with a strap, that's pointed at your ass

So give it up smooth

Ain't no tellin' when I'm down for a jack move

Here's a murder rap to keep you dancin'

With a crime record like Charles Manson (c'mon)

Tec-9 is my muthafuckin' tool

Don't make me act the gangsta fool

Cause me and you can go toe to toe, no maybe (that's right)

Knockin' niggas out the hood daily

Yo weekly, monthly, yearly

Until them mark-ass fools see clearly

that I'm down, it's the capital C-P-T

Marks can't fuck with me!

So when I'm in your neighbourhood, you better duck

Cause Eiht Loc, is crazy as fuck

As I leave, believe I'm bustin'

But when I come back, fool (c'mon)

Geah you know it's Compton

[King Tee]

Straight outta Compton

Another crazy-ass nigga

Punks I smoke, yo, my rep gets bigger

I'm a bad muthafucka and you know this

But these mark-ass niggas want show this

But I don't give a fuck, I'ma make my snaps

If not from the records to jack in and craps

Like burglary, the definition is jackin'

But when illegally armed it's called packin'

I shoot a muthafucka in a minute

Find a good piece of pussy, and go up in it

So if you're at my show in the front row

I'ma call you a bitch, or a dirty-ass hoe

You'll probably get mad like a bitch is supposed to

But that shows you slut, don't get close to

a crazy muthafucker from the street

Attitude legit because I'm tearin' up shit

King Tee controls the automatic

for any dumb muthafucker, who want static

Not the right hand cause I'm the hand itself

Every time, I pull an A.K. off my shelf

Security is maximum and that's the law

K-I-N-G Tee and I'm raw

See, cause I'm the muthafuckin' baller

And double baller tossin' up the ???

Ah, that ain't a place without a clue

And once their ass is in the scope, their ass is through

Look, you might take it as nigga simple
But a nigga like T is on a gangsta tip
Straight outta Compton

[Dre'sta]

Straight outta Compton
Another brother that'll smother your mother
And make your bitch think I love her
Dangerous
Muthafucka raise in hell
And if I ever get caught
I make bail
See I don't give a fuck nigga
That's the problem
I see a muthafuckin' cop I don't dodge him
But I'm smart
Lay low, creep a while
And when I see a punk pass
I smile
To me it's kinda funny
The attitude showin' nigga drivin'
But don't know where the fuck he goin' just rollin'
Lookin' for my lil' nigga Eazy
I just blast, they never seize him
Ruthless; never seen like a shadow in the dark
Except when I unload
And with the strap I blast, no hesitation
You hear the screams of the one
Who caught the last penetration
Feel a little gust of wind and I'm jettin'
But leave a memory no one'll be forgettin'
But what about the bitch who got shot? Fuck her!
You think I give a fuck about a bitch? I ain't a sucker!
This is the autobiography of the D
And if you try to fuck with me
You'll be taken, by a stupid-ass nigga that I'll smother
Beggin' like a muthafucka
Straight outta Compton