

Lil Eazy-E, Coming To Compton

[Lil Eazy:]

I heard the streets been talking
He keeps saying my name, that nigga game gon be layin in his coffin
I'm a muthaphuckin prince of Compton
First and last
Don't make me the first to blast
You the type I would murk and laugh
Cause youse the phony
Walkin like you was the homie
Knowin damn well you was never close to E
Jacion who the hell you supposed to be
On my block I got homies who compose to squeeze
And have a muthufucka layin face down to the streetz
Certified G and I didn't have to pay for that
Knowin E brought ya all ya little fame in rap
I drop sixteen and I'm gettin paid for rap
(He don't write his own raps)
How lame is that
You sound just like a bitch when she start to bleed
You gonna have a nigga trippin once he spark this weed
The old E keep a nigga straight fuck that vodka
Can't waste time dealin with this punk impostas
Had to holla at the doctors so we know what's poppin
Lil E is the name and I'm coming from Compton

[Lil Eazy:]

Real recognize real my nigga
Youse to be a strippa in the club, cause you ain't no killa
Loc nigga to the death note and said I claim
In the hood homies action never said you bang
If I can change a motherfucker in the new york minute
You're from compton, but keep puttin new york in it
I'm a west-coast nigga I get respect from both
The tattoo on your arm is disrespectful loc
Gotta smoke cause this nigga keep working my nerves
I'm a headed butterfly in his face on a curve
Get served try to hit me with a come-back verse
Already known in the streets I'm a come back worse
The truth hurts
And I hate to expose yo homie
Before the game tha nickname it was dosha homie
He's a phony and a fake can't relate to E
Certified and I'm coming from the C.P.T