

# Mc Eiht, Caution

Gyeah

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We can take it to the streets with the crips and the bloods

These real CPT G's please show no love

Compton

Compton

in this bitch

Somebody told me

MC Eiht is back with that thug shit

Compton

Check it out

[VERSE 1]

My mindstate too late it's been gone

Tryina take me out of the hood you're dead wrong

I hustle all day to the fuckin break of dawn

Sendin niggas' bodies to hell like sadam

Appetite for destruction corruption

To the highest degree my gat steady dumpin

Always into something you heard of me

Killer for reala my nigga another tragedy

Pops in the clip and slips the automatic

Anybody killer I gat it stay tatted

Fucks them high class I like em hoodratted

When the shells slide they panic

Nigga straight static

Catastrophe caught in monopoly you copy

Defy you mock me you're gettin sloppy

I rolls through goes through such and such

The angel of death meets you time to touch

Mind of a lunatic quick to handle

Sackin muthafuckas like I was john randall

I blows out your spot like a candle

I fucks you up muthafucka like I was rambo

[VERSE 2]

Easy as it comes I can handle the drama

I bucks givin a fuck and high off marihuana

Sendin your body through some muthafuckin trauma

I can dump the damn body you can scream for mama

Common sense you make your ass hit the fence

Run fast or catch the consequence

My straight aim I got it with confidence

The sticky situation I make it intense

The instigator the muthafuckin regulator

The quick to dump the shells in the ass of a infiltrator

The violator the muthafucka with heat

Let me see if you can beat it from across the street

I'ma knock your damn noodles cos your talk is cheap

I'm a rockabye nigga cos your ass asleep

I'ma show you the way let these real G's play

Stick and move with the working clock like sugar ray

[VERSE 3]

Y'all know what the song and dance is get the flows up

Y'all know when the fuckin cash drawer your hands goes up

Close up shop nigga the hood's in town

Hand over the money and don't make a sound

Doomsday no parlay no politickin

We packs up with extra clips and steady dippin

Niggas in black coats with black nines

Dig into your body and catch the flatline  
Your mama cry over your body at funeral time  
Gang related one-time reported the usual signs  
Hot crimes killin who dropped dimes  
Smokin chronic reefer listen to gang rhymes  
Y'all know the time it's now the pow-wow  
The big payback have a nigga lay down  
Anyway you bring it I want it  
Gun-totin killin muthafucka from compton's most wanted  
Lifestyles of the ghetto foul  
Music to driveby in my dash when I style  
100% gangsta steady servin  
Me and my homie Dub-C curb servin  
Gyeah