# Mc Eiht, Geez Make The Hood Go Round (Rmx)

Geah
In your shit for the 94 shot muthafucka
MC Eiht in the muthafuckin' house
And that's how we goin' doin' the shit
This goes out to all my G's, know I'm sayin', all my niggas
For the 94 shot
The funky ass hood mix
So peep game

Let me take you on a muthafuckin' trip wayback
When niggas that used to give their straps on ??? they packed (geah)
Remember pops used to be an alcohol abuser (right)
Remember when you wheeled the world around on your beach cruiser
Remember moms waited on the County Check (geah)
Thirteen, damn, need to pull a lick (that's right)
Seen the bad influences on the block
My homie handed me my first sack of bucks
About the thousand muthafuckas on the street hanging (geah that's right)
Tried to get their slang on definitely they bang on (what up homeboy?)
Puttin' a sweat down a fool at the bus stop
Wave your ass fast 'fore you hit the pop pop pop
Hit the hood up everytime I go
Tight Loc (that's right) O-B-G C-P-T (Compton)
Disrespect the hood we put you down, geah
Old school makes the hood go round, geah

Ain't nuthin' but the Eihthype gang, uh
Ain't nuthin' but the homies got slang, uh (geah)
I said peace to the homies got bang, uh (nigga)
It ain't nuthin' but the Compton thang, uh

The hood done took under all kinds
Got their mommas and their daddies
in their Caddies all strapped with 9's
I guess it's back in the 70's caps got peel
Afros ho's ??? bills
And everybody's up on the gank (right)
In the parking lot, shots went out at Soul Train (pop pop pop)
You best believe they gon' playin' how they sayin'
Back to protect like Goldie the Mack
With their leather jackets and their fuckin' ??
Shoot 'em up, shoot 'em up, yeah they got 'em (geah)
And givin' a damn if they spent time in jail
Grabs their 38 and bail from Adam 12
A place where there's about a million crazy (right)
Niggas and they ladies, havin' more babies (oh geah)
Better watch y'all or yo' assess'll be losin
Drive-by's be poured by smokin' robbers and cruisers, geah

Old school makes the hood go round, geah
Old school makes the hood go round, geah
It ain't nuthin' but the Compton thang, uh

Damn, One Time's dirty (say why)
Just heard my O.G. homie got 30 (damn)
And he gon' be a locked up for a long long time (geah)
But I'm straight at ??? got my first 9, uh (right)
Because thangs ain't the same no mo'
Adam 12 held to turn into 5.0
Niggas ain't playin' cause they shootin'
Keep a grip on yo' shit cause niggas be lootin'
Damn I thought I never see
My O.G. on the wall R-I-P
And for that I need your hood and wreck

The enemy no friend of me, I blast with the Tec
So gang way cause I'm goin' out with a fight
The hood where is good to collect my stripes, geah
That's the way it goes down (right)
Peace to the deceased G's that made the hood go round, geah

[Chorus...]

And that's how it goes down in the 94 shot you know what I'm sayin'
Geah, old school makes the hood go round
The hood remix you know I'm sayin
MC Eiht, DJ Slip in the muthafuckin' house
And that's how we do it for the 94 you know I'm sayin', geah
Ain't nuthin' but them Compton muthafuckas, fool
Slangin' them thangs
Make it a grip
So don't trip or you'll get a fat lip
Peace to the O.G. homeboys rest in peace you know I'm sayin', geah
Old school makes the hood go round, geah...
Geah, nigga
That's right
Geah