

# Mc Eiht, So Ruff

Geah  
Geah  
Geah  
Hoo-Bang, nigga  
Some of that futuristic shit  
For that ass  
Keepin it thuggish, though  
Check it out

## [VERSE 1]

The concrete streets bring heat, it's so rough  
Niggas test everyday, calling your bluff  
Eiht had enough, I'm smoking my fluff  
Spitting game, letting you know my turf is tough  
My theme is I push music to driveby  
I slide through, scoop up four and ride high  
Strap under the seat my hood technique  
As I destroy your block like \_Dante's Peak\_  
Feel me, partly a killer, clocker for fun  
On my turf puttin in work since day one  
Y'all ain't heard enough about a nigga singin the blues  
Niggas bendin in two's while y'all watch the news  
John Walsh, wash me up, you're crazy  
Havin my face captured 180  
Can't go there, ain't havin that, man, fuck  
The strap turned me corrupt, so prepare to duck

## [CHORUS]

Sometimes in the hood it's so rough  
That makes niggas from the hood stay tough  
Slings packs, pack straps, quarters and halves  
16, double the stash, you do the math [x2]

## [VERSE 2]

I guess my mind's on the track, gotta get me a stack  
And in fact, homebody, you know what gun I pack  
Keeps y'all enemies close that stay cheatin  
When they ask make fast and start heatin  
Niggas ain't fuckin around - dodge mine  
Drop yours, bitch, and lay that ass down  
Keep your face to the ground, don't even look  
No positive ID and all the money was took  
Shook the hell up out the spot and kept away from snitches  
Took a trip across town just to floss my riches  
Bitches turn into niggas and start yappin  
One more hit on your house where y'all nappin  
Dumpin one, catch you in the midnight, the late night hour  
The hollow point shower  
The sweet success thatt you taste has got sour  
Straight, Eiht regulate my thug power

## [CHORUS]

## [VERSE 3]

My niggas disappoint me thinkin y'all can fade it  
Still player-hated, wishin y'all made it  
Stay down, Hoo-Bangin niggas takin over  
G's in lows puttin holes up in a Rover  
Told ya, stop tryin to walk in our shoes  
Real thugs hail from the west, first rule  
In fact, we the first Bloods and Crips  
First niggas to drive by sendin tricks on trips  
First niggas to hit yo town and set up shop  
Bring the prices down low, y'all pick the rest to cop

Copy cats, now y'all dippin lows with heats  
Peperatin Fresh Coast, tryin to roll our streets  
Hate your sight, catch you on a red-eye flight  
Commence the sweatin the groove just for spite  
Lucky though, I give you a pass and let you go  
I'ma catch you on the road at another rap show

[CHORUS]

Geah  
Hoo-Bang, nigga  
That makes niggas from the turf stay tough  
Geah  
Westside, you know  
Sometimes in the hood it's so rough  
Geah, you know what we do  
That makes niggas from the turf stay tough