

# Mc Eiht, Streiht Up Menace

Wake your punk ass up for the 93 shot  
MC Eiht's in the motherfuckin house.. gyeah  
And it ain't nothin but a compton thang y'all  
And we ain't nuttin but niggaz on the run  
And this goes out to my niggaz.. gyeah

A fucked up childhood, is why the way I am  
It's got me in the state where I don't give a damn, hmm  
Somebody help me, but nah they don't hear me though  
I guess I'll be another victim of the ghetto  
Ain't no escapin, cause I'm way too young  
Pops is dealin, and on top of that got moms sprung  
Scheamin off the top, pops never figured  
That he'd go down by the hands of another nigga  
Now my pops is gone and that ain't no good  
Got to follow in the foot steps of the homies from the hood  
And where's the role model?  
Niggaz putting brew in my fuckin baby bottle!  
Damn, and through all the motherfuckin pain  
They done drove my moms in-sane  
So I guess I gotta do work so I ain't finished  
I grow up to be a streiht up menace, gyeah

Uhh, come on y'all  
Streih't up menace

Now I'm of age, and livin in the projects  
Gettin paid off the clucks and the county checks  
I'm Fil-ia fresh outta high school, never did I wonder  
That the motherfuckin hood would take me under  
Gyeah, I'm kickin it with the homies and they got the straps  
Off to the corner store, owned by the fuckin {Japs}  
See a bitch in the right lane so I comes with the mack  
Astro Bam pulls a motherfuckin jack from the back  
Now he's got the strap to my homie's head  
See him play that shit cool, and don't be a fool!  
He shot my nigga in the fuckin head  
I caught one in the shoulder, if I didn't run I was dead  
Now I'm layin in the hospital bed  
Thinkin about them punk motherfuckers and my eyes is bloodshot red  
Gyeah motherfuckers, I ain't finished  
Be on the look-out for the streiht up menace, gyeah

Uhh, whassup y'all  
Streih't up menace .. damn!  
Really..  
Streih't up menace .. damn!

I'm in too deep  
I done killed a motherfucker and I just can't sleep  
One-Time's tryin to do a smooth, creep  
And on top of that  
Niggaz after me for fuckin one of they hood rats  
I ain't got time for the fuckin bitch's story  
Niggaz want me gotta come to my territory  
And ain't no "You Can Get the Fist"  
Niggaz come, and they get done on they own risk  
What is it all about?  
Should I leave or should I stay cause I don't wanna punk out  
Oh what should I do? The homies say  
"The hood's where it's good, homeboy, I thought you knew"  
So in the process to show the hood my best  
No time to react, caught two in the chest  
Now look who's down, I guess I'm finished

I go out like a streiht up menace, gyeah

Uhh, come on y'all  
Streih't up menace .. damn!  
And on and on  
I guess we outta here  
Peace to my niggaz on the run  
And it ain't nuttin but streiht up menaces, damn!  
Just like I said before y'all  
It ain't nuttin but a compton thang  
And MC Eiht's in the house for the 93 shot  
And this one's for the niggaz, gyea