

The Game, Compton Compton

Uhh, uhh, gangsta gangsta yeah
Uhh, uhh, it's gangsta gangsta yeah
Uhh, uhh, shit I'm livin gangsta gangsta shit
Yeah

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

I'm from Compton, Compton, Murderville
You heard these niggaz is gangsters, and they kill
Rob and steal, my niggaz will peel at will
For real they real, niggaz gon' feel this steel

(The Game)

Walk with me through the ghetto where the packs get sold
And them niggaz sellin the work ain't half as old
as the fiends and the hippies, same ones smokin since the 60's
Everybody yellin gimme, gimme
Every nigga in the hood, one hand on his jimmy
Other hand grip the semi, c'mon walk with me
Every ten houses, one got 'caine for sale
And I give you a dope track like my name Phar-rell
And you can get that stainless steel
Walk in my Chuck Taylors for a day, if you think it ain't f'real
When I buy rocks homey baguettes on my ring
And only neighborhood watch is my Tecno Marine
Keep a (Mac) on the block, I ain't talkin 'bout Beans
QB in the hood and I'm far from Queens
The boys in the hood is always hard
So come through and get smoked like a Cuban cigar

(Chorus)

(The Game)

I'm from Compton, Compton, a block from hell
And you can come get a bird for eleven
And we ain't got a penny for the reverend, a dime for a witness
Only (Church's) in the hood sell chicken (ba-KAW)
Every nigga in the hood sell chickens move work like city buses
You fuckin with the Hub City Hustler
The vans on the block won't touch us, the streets my home
So I move weight on the block like I'm Moses Malone
Bring the guns anywhere I roam, go with the chrome
And I hit all my shots, like I'm in the A.I. zone
And mob like Al Capone through N.W.A.'s home
Homes like Ed Jones will cripple your team up
In the home of Dr. Dre, Venus and Serena
Where 14-year-olds pack ninas and drive Beamers
We ball up subpeonas, take niggaz to the cleaners
And you know what I'm talkin about if y'all seen where..

(Chorus)

(The Game)

We drug dealin, but niggaz is squealin (fuck you rats)
What more can I say, just kill 'em
Fuck 'em, the gun bust 'em, we just knock on wood
Now is this under-stooooooood?
I mostly George when I whip, my supply is good
The man behind the bricks, I'm supplyin the hood
Catch bodies like Pistol Pete passes on the wood
Benz parked by the fence, brick stashed in the hood
Top work by the inch, I bag it, it's gone
Ask Quik, we rock more than microphones
Some niggaz ball, some niggaz do what we do
And other niggaz sing for Cash Money like TQ

The block will heat and sink you (hey dude)
Cali ain't all palm trees, purple haze and sea dude
Lose your life tryin to get these jewels
I keep the 40 cal wrapped in chrome like R2-D2

(Chorus)