

# Tim Dog, Fuck Compton

Oh shit mutherfuckas step to the rear and cheer  
'Cause Tim Dog is here  
Let's get down to the nitty gritty  
And talk about a bullshit city  
Talking about niggaz from Compton  
They're no comp and they truly ain't stomping  
Tim Dog a black man's task  
I'm so bad I'll whip Superman's ass  
All you suckers that rif on the West Coast  
I'll dis and spray your ass like a roach  
Ya think you're cool wit your curls and your shades  
I'll roll thick and you'll be yelling raid  
One hard brother that lives in New York  
Where brothers are hard and we don't have to talk  
Shut your mouth before we come out stomping  
Hey, yo Eazy  
Fuck Compton

(Why you dissing Eazy?)  
'Cause the boy ain't shit  
Chew him with tobacco, an' spit him in shit  
I crush Ice Cube, I'm cool wit Ice T  
But NWA ain't shit to me  
Dre beating on Dee from Pump it Up  
Step to the Dog and get fucked up  
I'm simplistic, imperialistic, idealistic  
And I'm kicking ballistics  
Having that gang war  
We want to know what you're fighting for  
Fighting over colors?  
All that gang shit is for dumb muthafuckas  
But you go on thinking you're hard  
Come to New York and we'll see who gets robbed  
Take your jeri curls, take your black hats  
Take your wack lyrics and your bullshit tracks  
Now you're mad and you're thinking about stomping  
Well I'm from the South Bronx  
Fuck Compton

Tim Dog and I'm the best from the East  
And all this Compton shit must cease  
So keep your eyes on the prize and  
Don't jeopardize my arrive 'cause that's not wise  
You really think that you can rhyme  
Well come and get some of this loaded tech-nine  
Bo bo bo shots are cold gunning  
And you'll really be a hundred miles and running  
You wanna play go ride in a sleigh  
I'm so large I fuck Michel le'  
In the bathroom we was boning  
You shoulda heard how the bitch was moaning  
Do do do do doo do do do do do do do  
Shut the fuck up bitch, you can't sing  
Ya sound like a kid playing on a swing (Fuck you)  
I'm the man at hand to run the band  
That's in command  
You know who the fuck I am  
Tim Dog, what's my muthafucking name  
Tim Dog, that's my muthafucking game  
So whether you think that I'm just a myth  
That riff, the lift, the gift, the if, the fifth'  
The shift, the spliff, that's in control, to hold  
To fold, to bold and make an ache and take and fake  
Wooh! and I'm still great

Fuck Compton