

Caution

MC Eiht

Gyeah

Gyeah

We can take it to the streets with the crips and the bloods

These real cpt g's please show no love

Compton

Compton

In this bitch

Somebody told me

Mc eiht is back with that thug shit

Compton

Check it out[verse 1]

My mindstate too late it's been gone

Tryina take me out of the hood you're dead wrong

I hustle all day to the f**kin break of dawn

Sendin niggas' bodies to hell like sadam

Appetite for destruction corruption

To the highest degree my gat steady dumpin

Always into something you heard of me

Killer for reala my nigga another tragedy

Pops in the clip and slips the automatic

Anybody killer I gat it stay tatted

F**ks them high class I like em hoodratted

When the shells slide they panic

Nigga straight static

Catastrophe caught in monopoly you copy

Defy you mock me you're gettin sloppy

I rolls through goes through such and such

The angel of death meets you time to touch

Mind of a lunatic quick to handle

Sackin muthaf**kas like I was john randall

I blows out your spot like a candle

I f**ks you up muthaf**ka like I was rambo

[verse 2]Easy as it comes I can handle the drama

I bucks givin a f**k and high off marihuana

Sendin your body through some muthaf**kin trauma

I can dump the damn body you can scream for mama

Common sense you make your ass hit the fence

Run fast or catch the consequence

My straight aim I got it with confidence

The sticky situation I make it intense

The instigator the muthaf**kin regulator

The quick to dump the shells in the ass of a infiltrator

The violator the muthaf**ka with heat
Let me see if you can beat it from across the street
I'ma knock your damn noodles cos your talk is cheap
I'm a rockabye nigga cos your ass asleep
I'ma show you the way let these real g's play
Stick and move with the working clock like sugar ray[verse 3]Y'all know what the song and
dance is get the flows up
Y'all know when the f**kin cash drawer your hands goes up
Close up shop nigga the hood's in town
Hand over the money and don't make a sound
Doomsday no parlay no politickin
We packs up with extra clips and steady dippin
Niggas in black coats with black nines
Dig into your body and catch the flatline
Your mama cry over your body at funeral time
Gang related one-time reported the usual signs
Hot crimes killin who dropped dimes
Smokin chronic reefer listen to gang rhymes
Y'all know the time it's now the pow-wow
The big payback have a nigga lay down
Anyway you bring it I want it
Gun-totin killin muthaf**ka from compton's most wanted
Lifestyles of the ghetto foul
Music to driveby in my dash when I style
100% gangsta steady servin
Me and my homie dub-c curb servin
Gyeah

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