

Trina F/ Missy Elliot**"Eazy Duz It"**

Visit "[Eazy Duz It](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Well I'm Eazy-E, I got bitches galore
You may have a lot of bitches but I got much more
Wit my super duper group coming out to shoot
Eazy-E, muthafukas cold knocking the boots
'Cause I'm a hip-hop thugster, I used to be a mugster
If you heard Compton, you think I own a drugstore
Getting stupid because I know how
And if a sucker talks shit, I give him a (POW)
8 ball sipping, the bitches are flipping
Slow down, I hit a dipping, continue my tripping
Hitting my switches, collect from my bitches
The money that I make so I can add to my riches
Fill my stash box and start rubbing my gat
Feeling good as hell because my pockets are fat
A hardcore villian cold roaming the streets
And wit a homie like Dre just supplying the beats

(Chorus)

Because I'm a gansta having fun
Never leave the pad without packing a gun
Hitting hard as fuk, I make you ask what was it
Boy you should have known by now, Eazy duz it

I was knocking muthafukas out
What's your name boy
Funky, fresh Eazy-E
Kick, kick that shit
Where you from fool, Compton, yea

Rolling through the hood, cold tearing shit up
Stick my head out the window and I say what's up
To the niggaz on the corner cold bumping the box
But you know that's an alibi for slanging the rocks
A dice game started so I said what the fuk
So I put my shit in park and had to try my luck
Hard to roll wit my bitch jocking 24-7
Rolled them muthafukas, ate 'em up, hit 11
Got another point, I made a ten a fo'
Was taking niggaz money and was itching for mo'
Laughing in their faces and said you're all making me
rich

Then one punk got jealous, cold slap my bitch
He pulled out his gat, I knew he wouldn't last
So I said to myself, homeboy, you better think fast
He shot (gunshots), I shot (gunshots)
As you can see, I cold broke his ass (ha ha)

Chorus

(Wait a minute, wait a minute, who does it)
Muthafuking Eazy duz it
But how does he do it
Eazy duz it do it eazy
That's what I'm doing
STOP
Man whatcha gonna do now

Now I'm a break it down just to tell a little story
Straight out the box from the gangsta category
About a sucker, a sucker muthafuka
He's addicted, he's a smoker but in Compton called a clucker
he used to have a house car and golden rings
But the cooky cooky crack took all those things
he must of been starving 'cause he broke in my house
Caught the nigga on the street and straight took his
ass out
Now I wanted for a murder that I had to commit
Yea I went to jail but that wasn't shit
Got to the station about a quarter of nine
Call my bitch to get me out 'cause I was down for mine
The bitch was a trip cold hung up the phone
Now my only phone call was in the ganking zone
All the things I did for her like keeping her rich
I swear when I get out, I'm gonna kill the bitch
Well by now you should know it was just my luck
The baliff of the station was a neighborhood cluck
I looked him straight in the eye and said what's up
And said let's make a deal, you know I'll do you up
Now back on the streets and my records are clean
I creeped on my bitch wit my uzi machine
Went to the house and kicked down the do'
Unloaded like hell, cold smoked the ho

Chorus

From around the way, born in '73
Harcore B-boy named Eazy-E
It's '88 now, '73's obselete
A nigga wit a serious ass attitude and 100% street
And if you all wanna hear some more
In one way or the other, I'm a bad brother

Word to the muthafuka

Visit [Trina F/ Missy Elliot](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.