

411**"Comptown 2 Stocktown"**Visit "[Comptown 2 Stocktown](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Westside, in the house, for the nineteen ninety sick.
Yeah, Mc Eiht in the house, Infinite Mass in the house.
And this is how we represent... check it out!)

(MC Eiht)
We represent from six thousand miles away.
We get our slang on, bang on, hang to the A.K.
You don't wanna play, say what you say.
What the _ _ _ , Westside puts it down all day.
Handle mine with the nine-mill.
Clocking bills on the westside of the hill.
Ain't nothing change but the scrilla'.
You don't work, you don't eat.
So Im nothing but the killa.
Keep on sweating this Compton thang.
Eiht Da Mack come strap, and high jack.
And damn plane, flowing like hawking birds.
You gets dub by this criminal nigga on the run.
We bangs like Crips and Bloods.
Straight thugs, from Comptown to Stocktown.
Killing and drugs.
It don't matter where you at gee.
From under the fifty night to Rinkeby.
We holds it down, E and the Infinite.
Bought it, twenty million crowns.
One two one two, check it out!

chorus(*2)

We represent from Comptown to Stocktown.
From block to block, glocks to glocks,
all around.
You fucks around and you gets no pass
It's the MC Eiht baby down with Infinite Mass.

(Cham)

For the one's who's down with the Eiht hype sound.
From block to block, to da last busstop in your town.
I don't mean to rag, but we've gots that shit.
Make weak rappers stand still, while we be spitting
out hits.
Foes get killed, everyday. And peace say may West.

Cause Infinite Mass and MC Eiht is like two to the chest.
That's wheel, that's how I feel, I gotta be hard.
Cause the world is hard, I'm glad I'm alive, that's why I
thank God.
Standing here, in the middle of nowhere.
My mind is tripping on me cause, butter's gone there.
What should I do? I'm stronger than I thought.
Got my peeps together, and say, let's do it from the
heart.
Years went by, my click got tight.
Pimps and hustlers on the late night hype.
On the next level, that no one can fear.
Cham represent from my block, to your town.

chorus(*2)

We represent from Comptown to Stocktown.
From block to block, glocks to glocks,
all around.
You fuck around and you get no pass
It's the MC Eiht baby down with Infinite Mass.

(Rigo-Rod)

Foes be sayin' gees be weak, while my block not.
Just squeeze my homie Shelf. With the sock round his
glock.
And that's how we live in the R-I-N-K-E-B-Y.
The place I call home, in the Stocktown zone.
And this is for all the slanging foes.
From them one's locked down, to them still hanging in
the hood.
And nothing new, cause we been here for years.
With the Mass and the Compton Psycho dropping shit in
your ears.
And every track we makes be banging, for the ninety
sick.
It's from Stocktown and Compton thanging.
And a lot of groups out there, the lack, with the Mass.
Rollin' with record-reppers, checking for fast.

chorous(*2)

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From block to block, glocks to glocks,
all around.
You fuck around and you get no pass
It's the MC Eiht baby down with Infinite Mass.

...Sweden is the bomb, Stockholm is the bomb.
From Comptown to Stocktown, yoimsayin', it's ALL
GOOD...

