

Andrew Sisters

"Compton Swingin'"

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[Chorus]

Hey hey hey (Comptooooooooon Compton swingin)
All day every day I gotta pray
All day every day I gotta pray
Hey hey hey (Comptooooooooon Compton swingin)
All day every day I gotta pray
All day every day I gotta pray

[Dresta]

Yeah, you know in 94
Me and my bro
Hit your ass with a blast
Now we gotta hear this trash
From this busta named Daz (but Daz)
Ain't Nothin but a mark who be buggin out
Stop the monkey shit
Put my fist in your monkey mouth
So everybody swing with me
D-R-E, O-B-G from the C-P-T
It's on again so tell a friend
We got it poppin
Me and BG Knocc Out swingin back to Compton

[BG Knocc Out]

Yes, well i'm back on the block where the BG's chill
Where niggas like to get ill
But marks get killed
Feel the strength of a loc
As I go for broke
Step right up and get smoked
Cos I ain't no joke
Wack MC's I knock them out the box
You can go kick ass
Or either get your ass kicked
Steady packin my chrome
And i'm known, for hoo bangin
BG Knocc Out, I got clout
And i'm Compton swingin

[Chorus]

[BG Knocc Out]

Givin up love to the hood
The city where i'm from
So when you come to Compton
You better bring a big gun
Or run and hide from the 165
Worldwide
Niggas thats straight do or die
Taggin out my set
As I mob through your town
Crossing out the Dogg Pound
Cos i'mma haul ground
So don't trip
You might get your fuckin lip split
Cos niggas from Compton don't play that shit
Still up on top
And you know it don't stop
All busta's bow down
Or prepare to get dropped
By that nigga named Knocc
As I rock your block
And I bet you never seen the BG callin shots
Down for my turf
Put in work in my days
Now i'm in the house, without a doubt
Tryin to get paid
Laid back and relax
With tracks to keep you bumpin
Original baby gangsta
And i'm swingin back to Compton

[Chorus]

[Dresta]

It ain't nuthin but the Compton G
D-R-E-S-T-A-ster
Nutty nigga Dresta
Givin girls the vapours
Take ya
Second to relax your brain
I'm still the same
You know my name
I don't get caught up in fame
I do my thang
And hang with my homies non stop
Much props, to Compton and Watts, yeah
Sure shot, a body rock
Mix Master Spade, used to rock my block
But now its history
Another mystery, of a legend
And I been checkin mics since 87

Steady on these stripes
On the streets with my speech
And keeps me a new chick to freak every week
So girls you can page me
With a freakin outburst
Or you can leave a message with my niggas up at
outburst
Though i'll hit you back with a voice mail or somethin
And tell you meet me in the hood
I'm swingin back to Compton

[Chorus till fade]

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