

DJ Quik "Jus Lyke Compton"

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Finally out the motherfuckin' C P T
Off to other cities and shit, no longer just an
underground hit
Moving thangs, a local nigga made good
And made a name off of making tapes for niggaz in
the hood
And now, let me tell a little story
About the places that I been to and the shit that I been
through
Like fightin' and shootouts and bangin' and shit
All because a nigga made a hit, check it

Nineteen ninety one, it was double or nothin' that a
nigga would hit
Then we broke out with the fonky shit
About bitches and niggaz and gettin' drunken off that
bud
I was doing the shit they hadn't heard of
But foolish was I to think that it wasn't no other cities
like this
And that they didn't like this
That Compton was the home of a foot in yo ass, where
you got blast
And now that's just a thing of the past

Let me tell ya why firsthand, we did a show up in
Oakland
And niggaz was kickin' up sand, to them bangin' ain't
nothin' new
And slangin' ain't nothin' new
And for every nigga we done shot they done shot two
Straight through and on since the sixties before I was
born
Families of young niggaz mourn
So I'm just letting you know
That if ya plan to take a trip to the bay keep your hand
on the clip

Because Oakland
(It's jus lyke Compton)
Yeah, I'm telling y'all Oakland
(It's jus lyke Compton for y'all)

Moving on to St. Louis, where the country is fucked
With gold teeth ain't hey mouth, but they still know
what's up
Where it's hot as a motherfucker, hot enough to make
ya cuss
That's why I kept my ass on the bus
But later on, when it cooled off we came down
And met a couple of friends, who put us up on the St.
Louis cap
The Smith Center, with Big Bob, Little Steve, Tojo, Biss
and Rich
And a couple of bitches

Then they took us to a man named Gus in a store
He put me down with a herringbone and shoes galore
That's when I started thinking that this wasn't like home
But then they had to prove me wrong
'Cuz later that night after we did the show
We went back to the after set, and wouldn't ya know
Yeah, Bloods and Crips start scrapping and shootin' in
Missouri?
Damn, how could this happen?

Now St. Louis
(It's jus lyke Compton)
Yeah y'all, St. Louis
(It's jus lyke Compton for y'all)

I don't think they know, they too crazy for their own
good
They need to stop watchin' that Colors and Boyz in the
Hood
Too busy claiming Sixties, tryin' to be raw
And never ever seen the Shaw
But now, back to the story that I'm tellin'
We packed up the tour bus one more time and started
bailin'
When we arrived I saw red and blue sweat suits
When I'm thinkin' 'bout horse donkey and cowboy boots

I guess Texas ain't no different from the rest
And San Antonio, was just waitin' to put us to the test
And before it was over the shit got deep
A nigga got shot in the face, and was dead in the street
Then they came in the club thinkin' of scrappin'
Little did they know that we was packin'
Yeah, we was puttin' 'em down and squaring the rest,
shit
I even had to wear the bulletproof vest

Now San Antonio
(It's jus lyke Compton)
Yeah, San Antonio
(It's jus lyke Compton for y'all)

After a month on the road
We came home and I can safely say
That L.A. is a much better place to stay
How could a bunch of niggaz in a town like this
Have such a big influence on niggaz so far away?
But still my story ain't over 'cuz I got one more to tell
And the people of Colorado, they know it well
It was all in the news and if you don't remember
I had this show I did in Denver

With a punk ass promoter in a bunk ass skating rink
Bitches was loving it, but niggaz was shovin' and shit
To the front of the stage to throw their gang signs
But I'm getting paid so I didn't pay it no mind
Then I poured out my brew onto their face and chest
Then they start throwin' soda, and fuckin' up my guests
When it was over two niggaz needed stitches
Got cracked in they jaw for being punk ass bitches

Now Denver
(It's jus lyke Compton)
Yeah y'all, Denver
(They wanna be like Compton, bitch)

And ya know that Oakland
(It's jus lyke Compton)
Yeah y'all, St. Louis
(It's jus lyke Compton)

Uh-huh, San Antonio
(It's jus lyke Compton)
Yeah, and Denver
(They wanna be like Compton, punk ass niggaz)
I thought ya knew
(Yeah)

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