

Dj Quik

"Just Lyke Compton"

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Finally out the motha fuckin CPT
Off to other cities and shit
No longer just am underground hit
Moving things, A local nigga made good
And made a name off making tapes for niggers 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 fighting and shoot outs and banging and shit
All because a nigga made a hit, check it
Nineteen-ninety-one, it was double or nothing that a
nigga would hit
The we broke out with the funky shit
About bitches and niggas and gettin drunk, and off
that bud
I was doing that shit they hadn't heard of
But foolish was I, to think that it wasn't no other city like
this
And they didn't like this
That Compton was the home of a foot in your ass
Where you got blast
And now that's a just a thing of the past
Let me tell you why first hand, we did a show up on
Oakland
And niggas was kicken up sand
To them banging ain't nothing new
And slanging ain't nothing new
And for every nigga we done shot, they done shot two
Straight through and long since the sixties before I was
born
Families of young niggas mourn
So I'm just letting you know
That if you plan to take a trip to the bay
Keep your hand on the clip

Because Oakland (Is just like Compton)
Yeah, I'm telling ya'll Oakland (Is just like Compton,
fool)

Moving on to St. Louis, where they country as fuck

With gold teeth in they mouth, but they still know whats
up
Where its as hot as a mother-fucker
Hot enough to make you cuss
Thats 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 on the St. Louis cap
The Smith Center, with Big Bob, Lil Steve, Tojo, Biss
and Rich
and a couple of bitches
Then they took us to a man named Gus in his store
He put me down with a herring-bone and shoes galore
Thats when I started thinking that this wasn't like home
But then they had to prove me wrong (prove me wrong)
Cause later that night after we did the show
We went back to the afterset, and wouldn't you know
Bloods and Crips start scrappin and shooting
In Missouri? Damn, How could this happen?

Now St. Louis (Is just like Compton)
Yeah ya'll St. Louis (is just like Compton, Nigga)

I don't think they know, they too crazy for they own
good
They need to stop watching that "Colors" and Boyz in
the Hood"
Too busy claiming sixties, trying to be raw
And never even seen the Shaw
But now, back to the story that I'm telling
We packed up the tour bus one more time and started
bailing
When we arrived I saw red and blue sweatsuits
When I'm thinking about horse dookie and cowboy
boots
I guess Texas ain't no different from the rest
And San Antonio, was just waiting 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, thinking of scrapping
Little did they know that we was packing
Yeah, we was putting them down and scaring the rest,
shit
I even had to wear the bulletproof vest

Now San Antonio (Is just like Compton)
Yeah San Antionio (Is just like Compton, Bitch)

After about a month on the road
We came home and I could safely say
That LA is a much better place to stay

How could a bunch of niggas in a town like this
Have such a big influence on niggas so far away
But still my story ain't over cause 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 niggas was shoving and shit
To the front of the stage to throw they 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 chests
Then they start throwing soda, and fucking up my
guests
When it was over two niggas needed stitches
Got cracked in they jaw, for being punk ass bitches

Now Denver (Is just like Compton)
Yeah ya'll Denver (They want to be like Compton, Bitch)

And you know that Oakland (Is just like Compton)
Yeah ya'll St. Louis (We made it just like Compton, fool)
Uh huh San Antonio (Is just like Compton)
Yeah and Denver (They wanna be like Compton, Punk
ass nigga)
I thought you knew.....

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