

Eatmewhileimhot

"Eazy Duz It"

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Well I'm Eazy-E, I got women galore
You may have a lot of women but I got much more
Wit my super duper group coming out to shoot
Eazy-E, homegirls, 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 got it like that
And if a sucker talks thrash, I give him a smack
8 ball sipping, the women 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
Always got the nuckleheads on the run
Hit me like that, I make you ask what was it
Boy you should have known by now, Eazy duz it
I was knocking out
What's your name boy
Funky, fresh Eazy-E
Kick, kick that
Where you from fool, Compton, yea
Rolling through the hood, cold tearing it up
Stick my head out the window and I say what's up
To the homies on the corner cold bumping the box
But you know that's an alibi for slanging the rocks
A dice game started so I pulled out a buck
Then I put my car in park so I could try my luck
Hard to roll wit my girl jocking 24-7
Rolled one time, ate 'em up, hit 11
Got another point, I made a ten a fo'
Was cleaning up fast and was itching for mo'
Laughing in their faces cause the boy was too quick
Then one fool got jealous, said you're making me sick
He acted really stupid, I knew he wouldn't last
So I said to myself, homeboy, you better think fast
He went damn, then I went money gone

As you can see, I cold broke his (ha ha)
Chorus
(Wait a minute, wait a minute, who does it)
I said 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 named Tucker
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 fool on the block and cold knock the boy out
Now I wanted for assault that I had to commit
Yea I went to jail but that wasn't it
Got to the station about a quarter of nine
Call my girl to get me out 'cause I was down for mine
The girl 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 on top
I swear when I get out, It's gonna have to stop
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 I'm feeling good
I got the stupid girl in the neighborhood
Pulled her by the hair and it was all because
I had to show the girl what time it was
Chorus
From around the way, born in '73
Harcore B-boy named Eazy-E
It's '88 now, '73's obselete
Boy wit a serious attitude and 100% street
Yea (ha ha ha)

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