

**Eazy-E****"Monster feat. Meg & Dia, Tupac & Notorious BIG"**

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[Chorus]  
[Meg & Dia]  
Monster.  
How should I feel?  
Creatures lie here.  
Looking through the window...  
Monster.  
How should I feel?  
Creatures lie here.  
Looking through the window...

[Eazy E]  
1,2,3, and to the 4  
Eazy muthafuckin' E  
With the chrome to your dome  
Cruisin' in my '64 rag top  
I got a lot of juice  
A lot of fuckin' block  
Now when I hit that switch I'm bouncin'  
More bounce to the ounce  
And I'm clownin'  
Keep the gat in my lap  
Cuz I'm fully strapped  
For the car jackers  
Fuck no hapsters  
I pack a Tech-9  
Plus a AK-47  
Send a one way ticket to my hell  
Or maybe heaven, peep  
Nigga I don't sleep  
Burry muthafuckas in the concrete  
You try creep kinda slow in a Astro  
But I peep you niggas out in my left window  
So I blast and I blast til I blast no mo  
Yo, they call a muthafucka John Doe

[Chorus]

[Tupac]  
Now ever since a nigga was a seed  
Only thing promised to me was the penitentiary, still

ballin  
Ridin on these niggaz cause they lame  
In a six-one Chevy, still heavy in this game, can you  
feel me?  
Blame it on my momma I'm a thug nigga  
Up befo' the sun rise, quicker than the drug dealers  
Tell me if it's on, nigga then we first to bomb  
Bust on these bitch-made niggaz hit 'em up, WESTSIDE  
Ain't nobody love me as a broke nigga  
Finger on the trigger Lord forgive me if I smoke niggaz  
I love my females strapped, no fuckin from the back  
I get my currency in stacks, California's where I'm at -  
right?  
Passed by while these niggaz wonder why  
I got shot but didn't die, let 'em see who's next to try  
Did I cry, hell nah, nigga tear I shed  
for all my homies in the pen, many peers dead  
Niggaz still ballin.

[Chorus]

[Notorious BIG]  
So you wanna be hardcore  
With your hat to the back, talkin bout the gats in your  
raps  
But I can't feel that hardcore appeal  
that you're screamin, baby I'm dreamin  
This ain't Christopher Williams, still some  
MC's got to feel one, caps I got to peel some  
To let niggaz know... that if you fuck with Big-and-  
Heavy  
I get up in that ass like a wedgie  
Says who? Says me, the lyrical  
Niggaz sayin, "Biggie off the street, it's a miracle"  
Left the drugs alone, took the thugs along with me  
Just for niggaz actin shifty  
Sticks and stones break bones, but the gat'll kill you  
quicker  
Especially when I'm drunk off the liquor  
Smokin funk by the boxes, packin glocks is  
natural to eat you niggaz like chocolates  
The funk baby

[Chorus]

DJ Easy.

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