

Eazy-E

"Real Compton City G's"

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[Intro:]

Compton.
Compton.
Compton.
Compton.
Compton.

Real Compton City G's...
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[Verse 1:]

Hey Yo' doctor, here's another proper track
& it's phat, watch the sniper, time to pay the piper
& let that real stuff provoke, see you's a wanna be 'loc
& you'll get smoked & I hope that your fan's
understand
When you talk about playin' me, the same records that
you makin' is payin' me
***** Dre
***** Snoop
***** Death Row
Yo & here comes my left blow
'cause I'm the E A Z Y E & this is the season
To let the Real Compton City G's in
Your like a kid, you found it bumpin' down your dapper,
But tell me where the hell you found that anorexic
rapper
Talkin' about who you gon' squabble wit & who you
shoot
Your only 60 pounds when your wet & wearin' boots.
{Damn E, they tried to fade you on Dre Day.}
But Dre Day only meant Eazy's pay day
All of a sudden Dr. Dre is a G thing
But on his old album covers he was a she thing
So sucker please, sucker please don't step to these
Real Compton City G's.

Stop him in his tracks & show him I'm ruthless.
Yo Dre. "What's up?" (Censor) Boy you should've known
by now.

Every day it's a new rapper, claimin' to be dapper than
the Dresta
Softer than a girl but portray the role of gangsta
Ain't broke a law in your life, yet every time you rap you
yap about the guns & knives
Just take a good look at the brother & you'll capture
The fact, that the bastard is simply just an actor
Who mastered the bang & the slang & the Mental
Of homies in Compton, Watts & South Central
Never ever once have you ran with the turf
But yet in every verse claim you used to do the dirt
But tell me who's a witness to your damn work
See you never had no business, so save the drama jerk
Brothers straight kill me knowin' that they prankster's
This is goin' out to you studio gangsta's
See I did dirt, put in work & many brothers can vouch
that
So since I got stripes I got the right to rap about that
But brothers like you, I gotta hate you
Cause I'm just tired of Suburbian Brothers talkin' about
they come from projects
Knowin' you ain't seen the parts of the streets G
I Think you start tryin' to bang around the time of the
peace treaty
Wearin' khaki's & mob while you rhyme, little *** tried
to sag
But you frontin' at the same time & your set don't
accept you
Scared to kick it with your homies 'cause you know they
don't respect you
So brother please, brother please, don't step to these
Real Compton City G's.

[Verse 3:]

Well, it's the Knocc Out, definition original baby
gangsta
Approach me like you whore little buster I'm a bank ya
Shank ya, with my damn shank, if I hafta
Dr. Dre an' Snoop Doggy Dogg are really actors
Pranksters, studio gangsta's, busters
But this time your dealin' with some real last brothers
G's, fool please, don't try to step
See if you do, then a peeled cap is all that would be left
See young brothers like me will break you off somethin'
Claimin' my city, but Dre you ain't from Compton
Suckers like y'all is what I call wanna be's
& ain't Nothin' compared to Real Compton City G's.

Stop him in his tracks & show him I'm Ruthless.
Yo Dre. "What's up?" (Censor)

I never met a ol' G who never did nothin' wrong
You tried to diss the Eazy E so now sucker it's on
You & your Doggy Dogg, think that y'all hoggin' it
Both of you tricks can come & suck my doggy dick
Beatin' up a Blvd. don't make you it, but then again
some brothers
Think it makes a man, damn it's a trip
How a player can switch so quick from wearin' lipstick
To smokin' on Chronic at picnic's & now you think your
bigger
But to me you ain't nothin' but a trick ass buster
That ain't worth a food stamp
& at Death Row, I hear your gettin' treated like boot cap
Gotta follow your sergeant's directions, or get your ass
Popped with the Smith & Wesson, learn a lesson from
the E's
Stay in your place & don't step to Real Compton City
G's.

Stop him in his tracks & show him that I am ruthless.
Yo Dre. "What's up?" (Censor) Boy you should've known
by now.

Stop him in his tracks & show him that I am ruthless.
Yo Dre. "What's up?" [Bang] Boy you should've known
by now.

Stop him in his tracks & show him that I am ruthless.
Yo Dre. "What's up?" Boy you should've known by now.

Stop him in his tracks & show him that I am ruthless.
Yo Dre. "What's up?"
Boy you should've known by now, Eazy-Duz-It.

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