

Fifth Dimension

"Hit the Floor"

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Kniggety-Knock, Kniggety Knock, knock, knock,
punk guess who's back, geah its that Compton Nigga.
How'd you figure?
That I'd give your ass the first jump,
Sorry fool, The Eiht dont sleep chump.
Some want me to stop with the violence.
Some say, take a code of silence.
But you'll get the mutherfucking middle finger
Cause Eiht won't be no rap-pop singer.
Now you still want me to flip flop
Straight black no [huh]
>From the depths of hell as I bell,
Fresh outta jail, nigga might as well
get too drunk and hit the fucking blunt,
then peel your cap back sorry punk.
Back in your shit so here we go.
Mutherfuckers hit the floor.

[Squeeze the trigger and bodies are hauled off]
[Nigga, I'm a trigger happy nigga...]

Shiggety Shits gonna hit the fan Jack.
When I'm blunted off the mutherfuckin chronic sack.
Geah, So hit the floor when I cock the gatt.
Bloods goin' spill when I rat-tat-tat.
Bitches scream, niggas yell,
3 days later left is a fucked up smell.
Coming from the Compton psycho.
Can you fuck with me? I dont think so.
I got the mind of a lunitic
and I'll fuck you quick, so you can suck a fat dick.
And take that shit to the bank.
So on the way the Eiht can gank.
And my style aint friendly often,
Eiht times outta ten, you end in a coffin.
I dont think you can deal no more.
C-M-W say hit the fucking floor.

Punk ass nigga! Back in your shit for the nine-duece to
get loose.
Eihthype in the mutherfucking house...Geah.

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