

## **Fifth Dimension**

### **"Some May Know"**

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[ \*scratching\* ]

"Let me clear my throat" --> King Adrock

[ MC Eiht ]

Geah

Geah

Some niggas may know and some may not

How the muthafuck we do it

Some niggas may know and some may not

Compton all day, come on

Some niggas may know and some may not

Original Compton's Most

Geah

[ VERSE 1: MC Eiht ]

Y'all know this killer muthafucka from ah - way back

Gun react, hit your chest in 8 seconds flat

My mindstate is me against your spot and I'm heated

Be the winner of the 10 pace, you screamin I cheated

Sir Blast-a-Lot, hit your chestplate and it's burnin

Pushin weight through your spot, all your money I'm  
earnin

Hit the flo', the hot shells spit too fast

Dr. No couldn't tell which way was the blast

Money, cash (ching-ching) money, cash, hoes

I be the cold nigga leavin your whole block froze

You catch the hot ones, I got shells to lend

The iced-out Rolex means I got money to spend

Hate the thug muthafuckas, hate the gang

Compton hood niggas for life, we hoo-bang

Get caught up, the lights went out, that's the good part

Shoulda known, done fucked up from the start

[ CHORUS 2X: Tha Chill ]

Now some niggas may know, and some may not

Been puttin it down for 12 straight  
Been through plenty headaches  
So give us a inch, we take the mile and keep runnin  
I'm sick of the homies askin when that real shit comin

[ VERSE 2: Tha Chill ]

Wanna take a little trip, like war with us  
Kicked a little dust up, tryin to score with us  
What I can't understand while I just can't trust  
Like X Clan this shit is 'vanglorious'  
Make a nigga wanna reach out and touch these fools  
Rough these fools, like Manson 'bout to cuff these fools  
Say you're thuggin, crippin, bloodin, but your ass is  
pretendin  
Hollywoodin and I'm scopin all them corners you  
bendin  
You see them niggas you chill with is the ones that's  
gon' get ya  
And them hoes you creepin with is them ones that gon'  
stick ya  
In his side like a leak, then your ass is leakin  
Homie, how I found out? Boy, you know I ain't speakin  
Just consider yourself gone by the end of the night  
??Cause fools don't really own yo ass like a diamond  
bag pipe??  
Make a story out your ass like Walter Cronkite  
Million muthafuckas swingin off the shit that I write

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3: Boom Bam ]

It's like 1, 2, 3 and to the 4  
The original CMW niggas is back up in the do'  
And I'm here to let you know that we're playin for keeps  
Don't be prayin up to God when we sprayin your peeps  
It's deep, yeah, Boom Bam had to wake up  
And realize the whole fuckin crew was about to break  
up  
But fuck that, why should we settle for less?  
Other niggas smokin chronic and you settle for stress?  
Now I don't know (know) if you heard (if you heard)  
About all the muthafuckin niggas we done served  
Words never slurred when I speak (when I speak)  
And bring the heat to clear you fools off your own  
street  
Now peep, I creep like a scorpion (like a scorpion)  
Boom Bam, but you can call me Kevorkian  
And I'm assisting you in death if you need me  
My appetite to kill, niggas feed me

[ CHORUS ]

[ Tha Chill ]  
CMW one time, come on  
CMW two times, come on  
Yeah  
For the real-ass niggas and niggettes  
Uknowmsayin

[ \*scratching\* ]  
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